Number 114
September / October 1998
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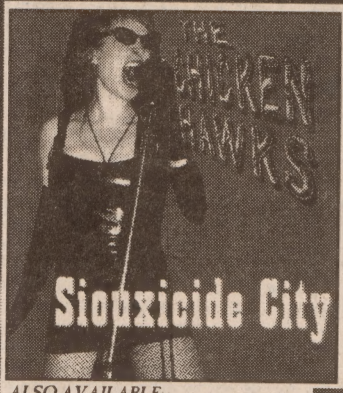

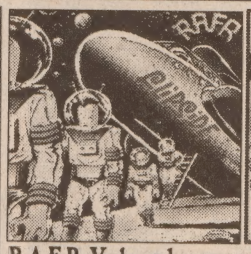

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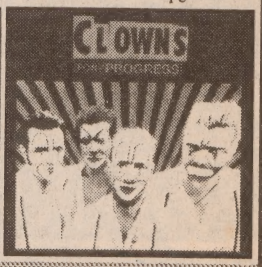

Rock and Fucking Roll Records

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Aartvark/Morticia - mortvark@ix.netcom.com
Michele - micheleflp@aol.com
Athena- kautsch@sonoma.edu
Mary - MBevRidge@aol.com
Matt Average - engine98@earthlink.net
Everyone else can be reached care of Flipside.

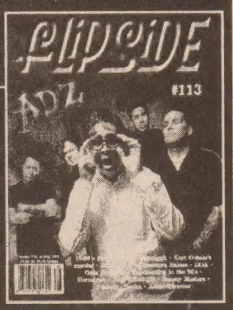
SUBSCRIPTIONS

All subs are for 6 issues (1 full year!)
Please list the issue number that you want your sub to start with remember, we come out every other month.

- US subs are $15.00 (First Class $24.00)
- Canada or Mexico/S.A. $28.00
- Europe or Asia $38.00
- Australia, Japan, etc $43.00

CATALOG

Details of all our stuff is in our catalog. There's a mini catalog/listing on the opposite page but the real catalog has descriptions and pictures of back issues, CDs and all that. Just one 32 cent stamp or IRC.



AD INFORMATION

AD DEADLINES:

Deadline for #115 - September 14
• #116 - November 16 • #117 - January 18

SIZES AND PRICES:

Sizes	(wide x high)	Autonomous	Majors
Inside covers	7 1/2"x10" Color (only)	$800.00	1500.00
Full page	7 1/2"x10" B&W	$400.00	$800.00
	7 1/2"x10" 4 Color	$600.00	$1000.00
1/2 page	7 1/2"x5" B&W	$200.00	$400.00
	7 1/2"x5" 4 Color	$300.00	$600.00
1/4 page	3 3/4"x5" B&W only	$100.00	$200.00
1/6 page	2 1/2"x5" B&W only	$70.00	$140.00
Bus. card	3 1/2"x2"	$50.00	$100.00
Classified	(per 40 words)	$2.00	$2.00

REQUIREMENTS:

- Send payments (cash, check or money order) with your ads! **If we have to invoice you, etc, then the major label ad rates will apply.**
- It ain't rocket science. Make ads the right size and the right orientation!
- Use BLACK ink on all art. No pencil, absolutely no blue pen.
- Photos/shades should be screened with an 85 line halftone screen.
- Please, no electronic files. We don't make your ads for you.
- *An autonomous label is self-sufficient. It must be free of direct or indirect association to a major label which it is dependent up for any service ie: billing, accounting, inventory, manufacturing, or distribution.
- For black and white ads send positive stats or good quality, first generation xerox or laser prints, not transparent film or negatives.
- Full color ads require color separated film negatives (right reading, emulsion down, up to 133 LPI) and color keys. (We can compose your art and create film separations at a small additional cost.)
- Ad space runs out with the flood of submissions received on deadline day. Needless to say, there is just no space left for ads received even one day late. Get ads in early!! First received, first placement.

STAFF/CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINES:

Issue #115 Sept. 1st
• #116 - Nov. 2nd •#117 - Jan. 4th

It keeps on coming to our attention from different sources that there are folks out there that are representing Flipside - some legitimate, some not - that are interviewing bands and aren't turning in their materials so we can run the interview. I know this is no new phenomenon and it can't be curbed 100% - but we need your help. If you've been approached by someone under our flag, conducted an interview, expected it to run and have never seen it in print, drop us a line via email or postal mail and tell us the details (i.e.: the person who did the interview, a contact number, when the interview was conducted, if you gave them pictures, etc.). We want to track down people whose promises overextend their abilities and have a chat with them.

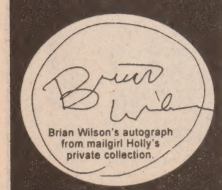
Also, if you're a label and feel that there is a sudden drop off in reviews for types of releases that used to get reviewed on a regular basis, get in touch. It may be as simple that you're directing mail to a person who isn't reviewing much any more, has moved, or is in jail. We'd like to know. It's always a good idea to flip to the back of the zine to see who's actually reviewing stuff for a higher percentage of getting something listened to.

On a related note, we can't run every interview and review every piece of music that is sent to us (notice the small print?) There is just too much material. Staffers come first. They are our family. Unsolicited materials can be considered, but just because it's sent in to our attention doesn't mean it'll be run or reviewed. We'll try to be honest and expedient in replying to you if we can use it. Sometimes we don't know if something will run until the last minute. That's called editorialship.
(Do we come over to your house and tell you how to tune your guitar, mix a song, or do your job?)

-Al and Todd

Rodney On The Roq's Top 20 Requests

Brian Wilson and Rodney Bingenheimer on Rodney's Show, Rodney on the ROQ.



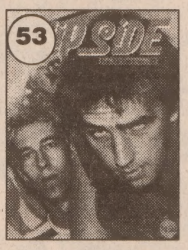
Rodney can be heard on KROQ (*the world's most listened to rock station!*) every Sunday 12-3AM. You can also read his column "It's All Happening" in *"Yeah Yeah Yeah!"* magazine and see him staring in the documentary film: "The Mayor of the Sunset Strip."

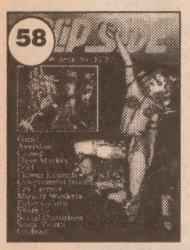
1. Black Box Recorder "Child Psychology"
2. Snow Pony "Titanic"
3. Hole "Celebrity Skin"
4. Midget "A Guy Like Me"
5. Kahimi Karie "Zoom Up"
6. Plasticine "Big Wheel"
7. The Warm Jets "Never Never"
8. Rialto "Hard Candy"
9. Doppleganger "Fill My Cup"
10. Echobelly "I'm Not A Saint"
11. The Brian Jonestown Massacre "Love"
12. The Donnas "School's Out"
13. William Pears "Johnny Rotten"
14. Rancid "Stop"
15. Dickies "Nobody But Me"
16. Possum Dixon "Firecracker""
17. Marilyn Manson "Golden Years"
18. Beach Boys "Brian's Back"
19. Bif "Famous"
20. Flick "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere"

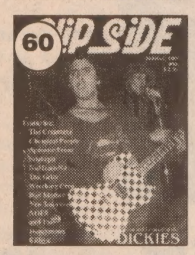
On the cover: Damnation photo by Todd

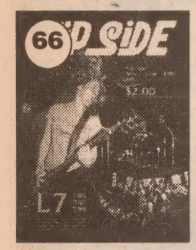
LITTLE BLACK THANK YOU BOX

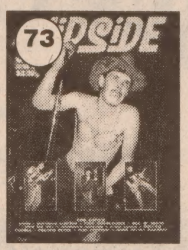
• Holly for being a mailgirl extraordinaire •De De Troit for the Stratford Mercenaries interview and book review • Metranil Vavin for the Gary Numan interview • Nurse Nam for the Jonny Chan and the New Dynasty Six interview • Jeff Portersfield and Brenda Double for their live reviews • Thomas Christian for the book reviews • Kirin for the Machine and Michael Moynihan interviews • Katz for the EyeHateGod photos • Ed Colver for the Middle Ciass photo • Jimmy Alvarado, Juan Bastos, Arthur Robert, Martin Banner, Kirin, Richard Ramos, and Squeaky for record reviews • Squeaky for getting the LTK Commune interview organized • Gary Hornberger for all of the Hootenanny shots and some of the Pleasure Fucker shots • All and Epitaph for providing the All/Descendents family shrub • Anne Hughes for Pleasure Fuckers shots.

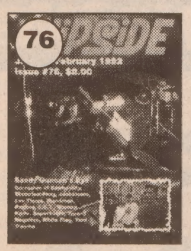












Not pictured, but still available:

59 All	106 Sluts for Hire
84 NY Loose	107 NOFX
86 Wayne Kramer	108 Lollipop
98 Snap Her	109 Nashville Pussy
100 Flipside collage	110 Superchunk
101 US Bombs	112 Tribe 8
102 Electric Frankenstein	113 ADZ
104 Tongue	(This list changes quickly - please list alternates!)
105 The Joykiller	

CDS/RECORDS/BACKISSUES SALE

Our sale is moving along nicely and a lot of people really seem to appreciate it - so what the hell, we'll keep it going. Besides, we've got a whole lot more to move...

P.U.P. Postage: Using a special personal use priority (PUP™) price for "postage and handling" we can give our direct customers the lowest price possible, which includes an automatic quantity discount. We've tried to eliminate the usual problems associated with undercutting our wholesale price by creating the PUP postage charge. How this works is that we assume an end user will only need one copy of any title, so as long as all titles in your order are different (no matter how many in your order), the postage charge for your entire order is only one PUP price. We charge one PUP price for every duplicate title in your order. If a store wants to order 10 copies of a single title, we would charge the price for 10 copies of that item, plus 10 PUP prices for postage. The re-seller ends up paying a little more - but this is still a damn good sale price, much lower than usual wholesale prices! We can only hope that the store (or distributor) will pass on this discount to their customer. We can't guarantee that they will, so that's why we've created the PUP system.

Prices good only from: Flipside POB 60790 Pasadena CA 91116 USA.

SALE PRICES

FORMAT	PRICE
7"/BACK ISSUE	$1.00
12"/CDEP	$3.00
COMPACT DISC	$5.00

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TO WHERE	PRICE
UNITED STATES	$2.00
CANADA/MEXICO	$3.00
ANYWHERE ELSE	$5.00

FLIPSIDE CATALOG!!
7", 12", EP, LP, CS, CDs

FLIP14 Detox "We Don't Like You Either" LP
FLIP17 The Crowd "Big Fish Stories" CS only
FLIP20 Bulimia Banquet "Party My Colon" LP/CS
FLIP21 Motorcycle Boy "Feel It"/"One Punch" 7"
FLIP22 Motor Morons "Conspicious Consumption" 7" EP
FLIP24 Paper Tulips "Insects" CS
FLIP26 Popdefect "Without"/"To Each His Own" 7"
FLIP28 Sandy Duncan's Eye "525 NTSC" 7"
FLIP29 Popdefect "Puro Desmadre" 7"
FLIP30 Various "The Big One" LP/CD
FLIP31 Anus The Menace "Number One" LP/CS
FLIP33 Pooch "Anyway the Wind Blows" 7"
FLIP34 Dirtclodfight "Speak Tongue Man"+3 7" EP
FLIP35 Paper Tulips "Linoleum" 7" EP
FLIP36 Popdefect "Third Degree Road Burns" 7" EP
FLIP37 Babyland "Reality Under Smrowtoh" 12" EP
FLIP38 TVTV$ "Brainwashington" LP/CD
FLIP39 Dirtclodfight "Everything That Isn't" LP
FLIP40 Sandy Duncan's Eye LP
FLIP42 Paper Tulips "Orbital" CD
FLIP43 Popdefect "Punch Drunk" LP/CD
FLIP44 Babyland "You Suck Crap" CD
FLIP45 Anus The Menace "Yeah Right" 7" EP
FLIP48 TVTV$ "Rap Music Is Killing America" CDEP
FLIP49 Dirtclodfight "Hunting Lesson" LP/CD
FLIP50 Paper Tulips "Baker's Dozen" LP/CD
FLIP51 Anus The Menace "Number Two" CD/CS
FLIP54 TVTV$ "We The Sheeple" CD
FLIP55 Dirtclodfight "Denny" 7"
FLIP56 Dirtclodfight "Suffering The Aftertaste" CD/CS
FLIP57 Babyland "A Total Letdown" CD
FLIP58 Paper Tulips "Small Bee Helicopter Type" CDEP
FLIP59 Popdefect "Don't Be Hateful" CDEP
FLIP60[1] Beck "Stereopathetic Soulmaneure" CD
FLIP61 Xylol "Alcoholic Fuckers" 7"
FLIP63 Kryptonite Nixon "Swag" CD/CS
FLIP64 Various "The Devil You Know, The Devil You Don't" CD
FLIP65 Babyland / My Suicide split 7" EP
FLIP67 Drag "Pilfer" CDEP
FLIP68 Far Flung "25000 Feet Per Second" CD
FLIP69[2] Various "Rock and Fucking Roll Vol. 1" CD
FLIP70[2] New York Loose "Loosen Up" CDEP
FLIP71 Various "Live From Jawbone" CD
FLIP72 Kryptonite Nixon "Live From Jawbone" CD+
FLIP74 Haskells "Hopscotch and Bourbon" CD
FLIP75 Chrome-moly Violets "Gentle Art Of Smoking" CD
FLIP76 TVTV$ "Pepsi Generation X" CD
FLIP77[2] Clowns For Progress "Clowns" CD
FLIP78 The Ryders "Zasso" CDEP
FLIP79 Gasoline "Driven" CD+
FLIP80 Babyland/Kryptonite Nixon split 8" EP
FLIP81 Various "Arlan's Army" CD
FLIP83 Paper Tulips "Sound Tape Recording" CD+
FLIP84 Paper Tulips "Sugar Leper" 7"
FLIP85 Popedfect "Live At Big Bear" CD
FLIP86[2] Mad Daddy's "Live At the Court Tavern" CD
FLIP87 Babyland "Who's Sorry Now" CD+
FLIP88 Mercury 9 Project "Project 1" CD+ (?)
FLIP89 The Crowd "Letter Bomb" CD+
FLIP90 Sluts For Hire "Happiest Band On Earth" CD+
FLIP91 Farflung "The Raven that Ate the Moon" CD
FLIP92 The Cheifs "Hollywest Crisis" CD+
FLIP94 At The Drive In "Acrobatic Tenament" CD+
FLIP95[3] Various "Welcome to Las Vegas" CD
FLIP96[1] Abe Lincoln Story "Dance Party" CD
FLIP97[2] Various "Rock and Fucking Roll Vol. 2" CD

[1] Flipside / Gusto Productions
[2] Flipside / Rock and Fucking Roll Records
[3] Flipside / Blackjack Records

Attention distributors:
As of right now, Flipside Records no longer has an exclusive distribution agreement with anyone. Even though that is what I prefer, it just doesn't look like anyone is likely to set up a situation similar to what Mordam has managed (ie: only selling exclusives). So we're gonna have to go back to dealing with just a select few distributors who we trust and consider reliable. Rotz, of course, is still on top of the list and carry our entire catalog. Our aim now is to beef up our west coast services (duh!), and our good friends at Outsider are up for the battle. Since this turn of events has just happend (like I said, right now), we'll keep you posted on any and all new outlets.

Any orders from stores or other distributors can assume that wholesale prices will be the same as our mail order prices and will be shipped COD.

Rotz Records Distribution

2211 N. Elston Ave., Chicago, IL 60614
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Outsider Distribution

PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809
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Transmissions from Planet Speedball
70014-2
New From ADZ

Here's what various wiseacres are saying:

"Songs strung along like Quentin Tarantino's next script...no amphetamines needed here."
-- Gracie Chavez, *Public News*, Houston

"Every song is catchy, intricate, powerful and tight."
-- Matt Masutovics, *Hodge Podge*, Buffalo

"It'd be nice to make some money for a change."
-- Mat Young, ADZ, Pasadena

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MORAL CRUX

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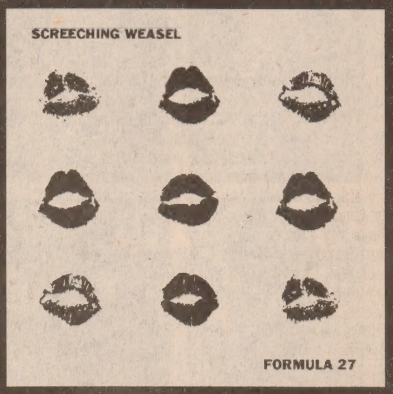

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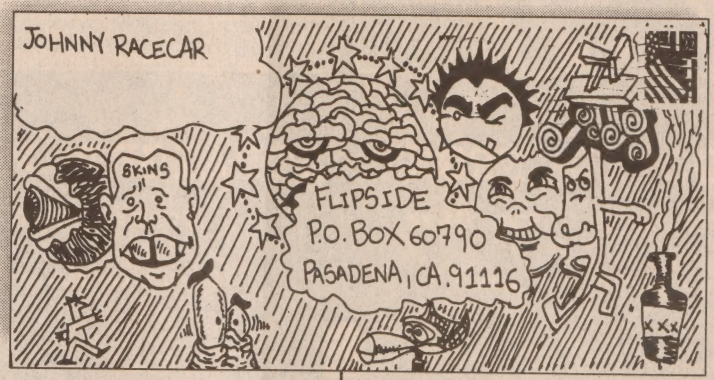
CORRESPONDENCE

HI PAUL

Hi readers, this is Todd. I've got a problem I'd like your help with, and if you feel like responding, I'd appreciate it. In the spirit and tradition of editorialship and censorship, I've got this problem with Paul Mendelowitz. It doesn't have to do with him being a Jewish nazi, it has to do with his constant calling Flipside HQ (with never furnishing his phone number), his threats, written abuse at what I see as minuscule "mistakes" (his word, not mine), and constant over scrutiny of what we're doing. Basically, he's a fucking pain in my ass and I no longer want to deal with him at all because he never seems satisfied at the job we're doing, yet constantly wants to be in the middle of it. (For an example of this, look at the last page of last issue's letter section - copies available upon request.) Last issue I banned him for life from Flipside, then I thought to myself, this should be a democratic decision for Flipside readers themselves. Here's the deal. We're taking a vote. Please clearly mark on the outside of the envelope ("The Paul Vote") and I won't open it and give all the letters to Mailgirl Extraordinaire to tally and keep as evidence. Should a lifetime ban be given to Paul - yes or no? Explanations are welcome. We'll take votes for the two months after this issue gets into your hands and publish the results in #116. (Email, the same thing, just make the subject heading "The Paul Vote.") Here's the one thing I request - if you believe that this is an issue of Paul's free speech then I strongly urge you to include your phone number and address in the communication - and I will give them to Paul so he can speak freely to you and call you "nigger lover" and "stupid motherfucker" or whatever colorful phrases he comes up with to fit the conspiracies he's brewing. Thanks. - Todd



MORE ON PAUL

Greetings Flipside staff & readers,

First of all, I really appreciate the work everyone does for the zine. My first issue of Flipside was #45 (back when there were pages upon pages of classifieds), and you continue to deliver the goods after all these years. I really enjoy reading about new bands and old, live reports, and especially the colossal record reviews section.

Enough ass kissing, let's address Paul Mendelowitz. It's good that you print his letters. You have to be aware of what kind of people are out there. He answered one of my classifieds for Bad Religion items, and a short-lived correspondence ensued. His views honestly scared the shit out of me, and I ceased writing. I don't agree with anything the guy says about racial issues, but it's nice to see that you have the balls to print his letters. My original draft of this letter included about a full page of arguments that counter Paul's claims on white superiority, but I decided that it was a waste of space. Paul has a set opinion on the matter, just as I have, and no single person can change another's beliefs.

In my opinion, your heritage is irrelevant. The only thing that matters in life is what you achieve and how you treat the people who deserve your respect. But Paul has a right to think and say anything he wants, and I am glad that you stress that by printing his letters.

Third topic, what has happened to punk? Remember when it used to be very original - new things and new sounds were happening all the time? What happened? There are still bands today that are on the proverbial "cutting edge" but nobody gives a damn. They might as well not even exist. How many times have you gone to shows, only to see legions of kids wearing NOFX/Epitaph/Fat/Pennywise/etc. gear along with their baggy pants and wallet chains? (Nothing personal against the above mentioned bands or labels.) Everyone looks the same, acts the same, listens to the same bands, smells the same, etc. Go ask a kid how he feels about Husker Du, Dag Nasty or Reagan Youth and I promise that you will get a blank stare. No one cares anymore about where punk came from, and what it was like in its heyday. "Hey, if I know about Black Flag and the Dead Kennedys, that's enough punk history for me!" I have been into punk for a while now, and I still have a long way to go in learning about the older influential bands. I went to a Descendents show last year and one guy thought the new record was their debut. Embrace it, or it will disappear.

Finally, the reviews of the new ALL record. ShitEd has it right on.

The other guys missed the point. This is the best record I have heard "all" year. How can you slag ALL for their lyrics (Money's review) when they are just doing what they have always done since '87? Quite a few of the lyrics are rather creative ("Vida Blue" is very clever) and some are rather punk and not "I I I me me me" such as "World's On Heroin." As ShitEd says, they are the one band you can always count on to stay true to their music and have done so for an incredibly long time. ALL has never weakened, never made a record they didn't want to make, and have never sold out. Praise ALL! But everyone has a right to their opinion, and they can hate the record if they like.

I agree with ShitEd on the softening of Bad Religion. However, I do not think this is necessarily bad. Of course, a band is going to go through a sound change when you lose a major songwriter, as Bad Religion did when they lost Brett in October of '94. Give them a break. Also, you tend to mature a bit when you hit your 30's. Their style is not as fierce as it was on "No Control" - so what? It's relevant and intelligent music. I think "No Substance" is a great album, a step up from "The Gray Race." Give them time, maybe they will end up recording another "Suffer." By the way, I thought it took much balls for Reflex to be honest about his feelings for "American Lesion." I tolerate the album because you can tell that Greg needed to record it. It has its moments, but it doesn't receive frequent play on my stereo (for which every day I thank the white people for inventing).

Sincerely,
Randall Helmstutler, 11 Harvest Lane, Bassett, VA 24055

MONKEY MAN

Hi you all,

Oops, I'm a little late sending you a new subscription. Hopefully you were late again. Well, don't really matter. Haven't read much of the last #111. Weird thing is: More I read English, worse my capability to understand it seems to get.

Funny, after arguments some issues ago, you now seem to publish more non-music related naked pictures. One thing you have to get rid of is those icons in those reviews. It's no fun to read a review if you don't know who's written it and way too much wasted time to check on who's icon is this. Well, Tony ADZ's monkey is easy to remember after he's spoken about monkeys in half of his reviews.

Looks like your large, excellent Tim Yohannan interview was to be his last. Unless MRR has a more darker sense of humor, I can notice (and he's actually just gone to Mongolia) one of the many fun things to see that the long-time fanzine editor "don't read."

Somebody out there seems to be really into Misfits 'cause I seem to get Misfits stickers with every zine. Saw them last weekend first time at last. Too many new songs for me but then again, what's the point in comeback without new stuff?

Oh well, gotta go. Have a nice summer (and oh shit, it started raining again like whole yesterday).

Peace & Love,
Aslak (Finland)

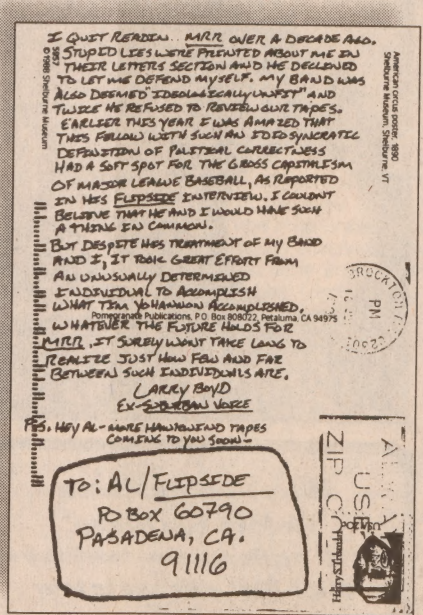
XTIAN CONSPIRACY

Dear Flipside,

Enjoying your excellent magazine this month, I came upon a couple of CD reviews which I would like to comment on, namely Training For Utopia and the Tooth and Nail recs. box set. You are obviously not aware, as most people are not, that Tooth and Nail is a Christian punk rock label. And, yes, all Tooth and Nail bands are Christian bands. Now, I'm not about to say that these CDs should never be reviewed, but we should all be aware that these people are generally of the pro-life, right-wing persuasion and maybe we don't need to be funding their operation by buying these records. There are many other Christian "punk" labels and bands (MXPX for example) that operate in this clandestine fashion. If anyone's interested, I've drawn up a little list. Email me at newport@earthling.net with your address and I'll send it to you.

Yrs, Alex

(Dear Alex, Thank you for your letter. I would like to respond, again, simply by saying that I review music, not politics. I do not find it necessary to point out that a band is queer, green, or living under a rock, if I like the music. If it concerns you that you may be buying music made by bands with Xtian sentiments or beliefs, then that is your concern. Not mine. 'Sounds to me like you're doing your homework just fine. I was wondering if you happen to have a list of bands that contain at least one transsexual, 'cause that's something I'd really like to support with my dinero. -Kirin)


I QUIT READING MRR OVER A DECADE AGO. STUPID LIES WERE PRINTED ABOUT ME IN THEIR LETTERS SECTION AND HE DECLINED TO LET ME DEFEND MYSELF. MY BAND WAS ALSO DEEMED "IDEOLOGICALLY UNFIT" AND TWICE HE REFUSED TO REVIEW OUR TAPES. EARLIER THIS YEAR I WAS AMAZED THAT THEY FOLLOWED WITH SUCH AN ODD SYNCRATIC DEFINITION OF POLITICAL CORRECTNESS HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR THE GROSS CAPITALISM OF MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL, AS REPORTED IN HIS FLIPSIDE INTERVIEW. I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT HE AND I WOULD HAVE SUCH A THING IN COMMON.
BUT DESPITE HIS TREATMENT OF MY BAND AND I, IT TOOK GREAT EFFORT FROM AN UNUSUALLY DETERMINED INDIVIDUAL TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT TIM YOHANNON ACCOMPLISHED, WHATEVER THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR MRR. IT SURELY WON'T TAKE LONG TO REALIZE JUST HOW FEW AND FAR BETWEEN SUCH INDIVIDUALS ARE.
LARRY BOYD
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PM
ZIP

BLOODIER MESSIER

Dear Flipside,

Bloody Mess here in lovely Peoria, Illinois. Remember the killer 4-page interview (done by my pal Shane Williams) with me in issue #97 in 1995? Well, I'm writing to say hi to Al and all the rockers at Flipside and to tell all the old fans (and enemies) that I'm still fucking here and have a killer band called The Vaynes. We have 1 split 7" out now (with The Psychodelics) and have one song on a local CD compilation. Both of these releases are on Fanatic Records, which is my own new label. Me and The Vaynes are doing some killer punk rock-n-roll, playing gigs all over the Midwest with cool ass bands such as 10-96 (Kenosha, Wisconsin) and Pure Bastard Extract (Detroit, Michigan). We are looking for gigs and any record label interest. My old band, Bloody Mess & The Skabs are now a part of punk rock history, but The Vaynes take it one step further and, hopefully, we will be in your town soon. We are recording our new CD now and hope to get it out soon in '98. Any interested labels?

Bummer to hear about Wendy O. Williams. She was a good friend of mine for quite a while and she was definitely one of my vocal influences! Long live Wendy! Michael Dericks in Germany - send me your address so I can pay you! Long live Flipside.

Take it sleezy,
Bloody Mess, PO Box 9021, Peoria, IL 61612. Email: BloodyM6@aol.com

FREDDY'S BACK

Dear mom, sorry I took your pills and stole the car:

Guten tag & achtung mein comerads & amerikanische freunds. Today is a good day because I'm getting my turntable back so tonight my home is filled with beautiful, glorious, abusive, shredding noize (and

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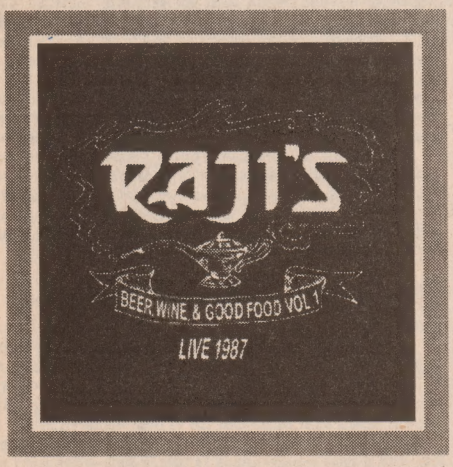

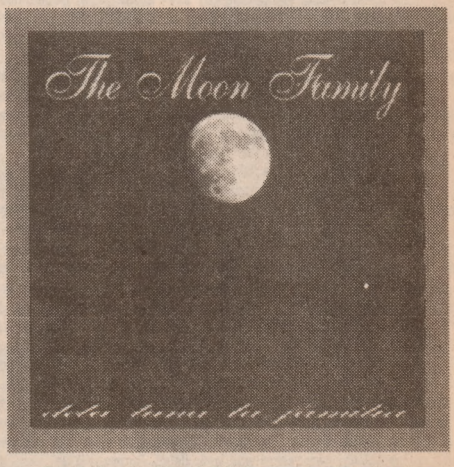

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maybe the company of a lovely lass). So, what else is new? Summer is shit, work remains lame, y'kno, the basics remain the basics. My friend has a good line on valium, dilaudid & morphine. More books of Nabokov, Gogol, Gunter Grass, Burroughs, Celine, Mishima, etc. More movies, more booze. So, tonight I gamble on baseball, the World Cup and tomorrow... Wimbleton. Keep in touch. You guys are always welcome to write or call if yu wanna talk about food, the great wars, movies and perhaps "Indieschlock Rot" 45's et al.

My bike got stolen this morning so for now it's taxis & city bus for moi.

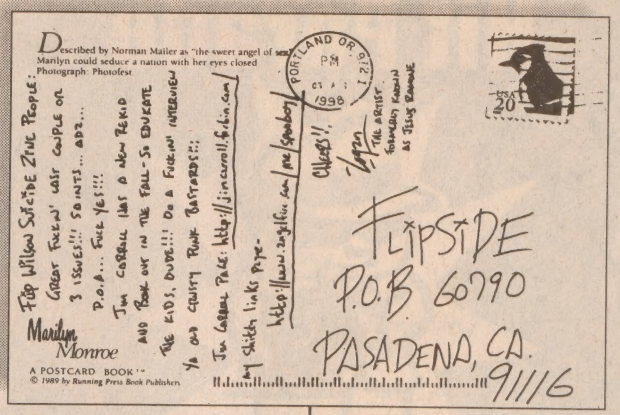
Monsieur Frederique Le Bastard,
PO Box 14932, Gainsville, FL 32604

SOLO PROJECT

Bela,

I will first apologize for all spelling and grammatical errors. And for my bad handwriting as well. I hope you aren't one to tear apart poorly written letters. Anyways, I am writing in response to the Rozz Williams piece that was in the May/June issue of Flipside. What you wrote most assuredly could've been me talking. I want to thank you for mentioning him - not many cared. You probably know by now, but there was a completed Shadow Project album at the time of his death. It was to be released April 21 but after his "death" it was pushed back a bit. The album was Rozz and Eva O. but no Paris. Somewhat a disappointment to me, for the simple fact that Eva O. is and has been a Christian for some time now. That album is alright aside from that. Personally, I hadn't/haven't heard of an upcoming spoken word from Rozz. What I found very interesting was that you know of Rozz's more obscure works such as Bloodflag. I am assuming you know that Eric Christedes passed away this year or maybe even last year, I can't remember. Erik being a third of Bloodflag and worked a lot with Rozz. I am told this was a major part of his depression. But you failed to mention; or most likely don't know about Pompei99, Premature Ejaculation, Eva O.'s solo work, and Gitane's solo work. I will be most annoying and point out that Dream Home Heartache was only the title of the CD featuring Rozz and Gitane, it wasn't a band or a project. When I first heard Only Theatre of Pain, "Romeo's Distress" to be exact, I cried and I felt just like you did. At the risk of sounding juvenile and obsessive, Rozz was everything. Part of me doesn't believe he is really gone. I will never really truly believe for so many reasons. Just a few questions for you: I was wondering where you obtained his birth date and real name. I was told they weren't going to put anything in the newspapers. I was also told his name was Robert and that he was to be buried at West Hollywood Cemetery, which is funny because I also heard he was going to be cremated. I will also mention that Rozz should've been above Wendy O. Williams in the magazine, but that's only my opinion. -Xiola Bleu

(Xiola, Thank you for your heartfelt letter. I assure you that Rozz's birth name was Roger, not Robert, and yes, he was cremated. If you feel a need to "visit" him, I should think a trip to the Pacific Ocean with some flowers would be about as close as you could get to visiting his gravesite. -"Bela")



BRAIN PAIN

Flipside, Hi!

I just received issue #112 and I'm having so much fun. This is better entertainment to me than jerking off to Babe Watch or watching all the fine Spaniard bitches *(Spaniard bitches, huh? That's cute. -Holly)* on the Mexican channel. I enjoyed the article on The Dropkick Murphys. Kick ass fuckin' band with an original sound! I seen them play along with Slammy Town of Fang this last time out. Anyhow, I'm always happy to get a new issue of Flipside in here and regarding my last letter you printed, "Sharp Point." Ha-ha, that was a good one. There's a lot of people that misinterpreted what I was trying to say but, truthfully, what was I trying to say? Why does it hurt when I think? I just gotta call it as I see it. The truth does hurt sometimes and sad to say that's big Sactown for you these days. Tore the fuck up! It's bad dope on the streets or something. I mean, where else in this state can ya be a big bad white power skin and cruise in a loc'ed out Cadillac bumping gangster rap, kicking it with Oak Park bloods good white brother? Fuck, just as pathetic as claiming, "I'm a nazi low rider holmes!" Okie dokie, and I'm the Toxic Avenger here to fuck all your trips up. Really, though, I'm just a realist. Call me a traitor or whatever, but I'm not just jumping anyone's bandwagon or flying anyone's political banner built on some lies. Even Ian Stuart would be ashamed of what I've seen happening today and who would want to be a part of others small mindedness and ignorance anyway? As far as my comments on Sharps, truthfully, I don't even really know if these people are Sharps or what they're about. That's why I was curious, but these people's actions and conduct is what I have noticed and who wouldn't credit anyone on their trueness to their scene and sense of unity and loyalty for a common ground? The punk rock movement! You know, I have my own views on race and I even feel anyone that claims to be anti-racist or against racial prejudice to the point where they're fucking with or going out of their way to ban people that are racially aware or for their race (Mostly being white people with these views or hold this stance.) are fucked up people too. A lot of people with this anti-racist or against white pride/power attitude are fucking hypocrites themselves or just very misguided and sheltered on the realities of racism and the racial problems in this country. It's very much for real and it's not just the evil white devil, sorry to say, but Uncle Sam has deceived your minds. Anyway, I'm not here to lecture no one. Everyone's gotta find the truth on their own, really, but I would like to see people open their minds some and free themselves. There is so much narrow-mindedness and censorship - even in our own scene today. Seems people are scared of the truth or of what's for real. I, myself, these last 7 years, have lived in a very racial environment. I came in racial, got extremely more racist and then I learned tolerance of others and respect later on, *(Not to beat a dead horse, but you consider calling someone a Spaniard bitch to be the outcome of learned respect? Yikes. -Holly)* which is not easy living amongst so many different people. It just don't work all the time! I have grown a lot, but in the end, here I am and I'm still a racist by choice and not out of fear. Hell, I even hate a lot of my own race, too. Don't get me wrong, I still have my "Let's hang a nigger" days, but this is natural growing up in and around the type of blacks or other races I'm temporarily forced to live amongst. But this goes with what one of my friend's kids used to say: "You get what you get, don't throw a fit." So, have I confused you all yet? *(No, you've actually enlightened us all. -Holly)* Bear with me, Flipside is therapy and I need to release all this "hatred" I'm feeling. Ha-ha. Anyway, all you Sharpies out there in Goo-Goo Zog land will hate me too, but really I'm just misunderstood. I blame society. Ya, I blame society for how I am and how I turned out! I wanna be a repo man. Ha-ha. Really, though, what happen to all the street punks and just plain ole oi skins? Fuck a bunch of political bullshit. We're all stuck in this together! Before I do cut out, I do got to say one thing about an article that I read. Thrashhead mentioned about not believing in people being violated or murdered for their beliefs. Sorry to say, but that's what most people die for in other countries, but, you're right, it shouldn't happen in America *(Except whenever you're in the mood for a good 'ol, "Let's hang a nigger" day, right? -Holly)* 'cause this is supposed to be the land of the free built on freedom of religion, speech, blah, blah, blah! I'd like to point out to you that Joe Rowan, the lead singer of Nordic Thunder (a resistance band) was murdered, shot in the back by some nigger that was never convicted of murder. He died for his right to think and believe what he wanted. So fuck a bunch of nazi scumbags, huh?

I just wonder if that makes you feel real punk rock and tuff-like to say that or are you truly sincere? So a person might support these bands or be pro-white and concerned really with the preservation of their own race, gives a right for them to be murdered or looked as less than human? 'Cause that's the message you're putting out, and if so, that gives me the right to take you out before you take me out and now we are right back where we started! Nowhere! The blood bath continues! I know I am prepared to do what I gotta do to survive in hostile times. All I know is people need to get their head out of their ass and their minds off these narrow roads. Do like Jack said. "Wake up and smell the coffee." Equal rights for all, special rights for none. Enough of my rambling, cyco therapy session. Until next time, take care. Thanx for putting a kick ass magazine out and fuck you... I got white pride!

Respectfully,
Alfred "Loki" Busby #J68517, CTF-North LB-218, PO Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960-0705

P.S. Also, I am in the process of trying to form a gathering of GG Allin fans, punx, squatters, outcasts and just plain out societies' undesirables October 31 st, '98 in the bay area somewhere. "Beer picnic" in memory and spirit of GG Allin. Anyone interested or down to loot & riot, please write. I parole in September. *(You're getting out!? -Holly)* I already got two bands that will play, but still looking for a place we can do this at or ideas and help with pulling this off. Plan, plot, write me. Scumfuck tradition, riot for the mission!

TELETUBBIES

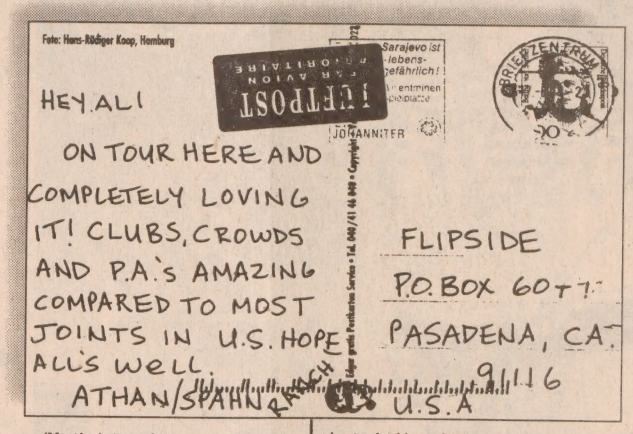
To Al Flipside,

Have you seen the Teletubbies yet? Oh, man, it's way out there! I mean, picture a show for toddlers produced by Salvador Dali and Franz Kafka! Ships float from nowhere on computer water and Inky Winky runs away carrying a purse! If you're ever around a TV at 11:30 am weekdays, check it out! It's the bomb!

Thanks for your time,
Delwin Stevenson "Kahlil Rae", 1205 East 6th Street, #318, LA, CA 90021-1209

SUMMERJACK WARP ERNIE BALL

Todd, what's up? At least you had a really damn valid excuse for missing us at Al's Bar. *(I contracted shingles on my eye, which I suspected was a spider bite. -Todd)* We had a damn blast on tour. These last few months have been so crazy for Summerjack. Two weeks before our tour, our drummer got arrested on four charges that Eric & I didn't even know he was wanted for! So we got a substitute drummer and hit the road, met some awesome people, played some really cool shows and then came back home. The day after we got home, our drummer was out of jail and in the studio with us to finish up three remaining tracks on the album. We won some Ernie Ball & Music Man Guitar Company Battle of the Bands. The only reason we entered was to get a chance to play Warped Tour so that we could get in for free. We one the "battle" and got to play a stage at Vans Warped Tour! It was fun. Now we are just playing shows and trying to relax and get this CD out. Anyway, there's an update for you. We absolutely loved the layout in Flipside, it looked so damn good! Anytime you want to do anything with Summerjack in Flipside we are ready! -Thanks, Geno.



WHO BLAGGED

Hey Flipside,

You don't have to print all those crappy white supremacy rants in the letters section. It's not censorship, it's called editing! Same goes for printing "obscene" material. If you're uncomfortable with it then don't print it. That's why we buy The Probe!

No disrespect to any of you columnists in particular but please get some new ones! It gets a bit tedious reading about who blagged into which show, etc. Tell us about bands that matter (The Chubbies, The Eyeliners), not just the ones that give you free beer. It would be nice to see some columns from outside California or even outside the USA.

I'll stop wining now and let you get on with doing what you do best!

Ivan Pawle
Ireland

LOLLIPOP BLAGGED

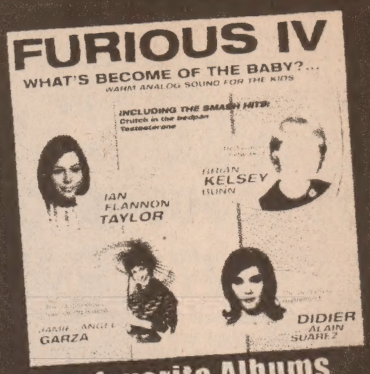
(Dale responds to Rebecca Lollipop (Flip #113), who cast him many an aspersion (namely dicksucker) because he didn't like her band -Todd)

Rebecca, Rebecca, Rebecca

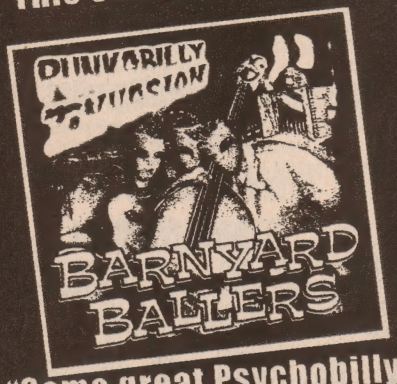
Yes, Rebecca, I DID say in issue #112 that McMartin and myself purposely missed the openers of the Nashville Pussy show at the Troub, your band Lollipop being one of the openers... Unknown to us, we accidentally arrived at the end of your set, thus the reflections in McMartin's column on your performance

The HairBall 8 Hit Parade

"This Comp Rules!" -MRR



"One of my favorite Albums this year"-Tony Reflex(Flipside)



"Some great Psychobilly here"-Flipside

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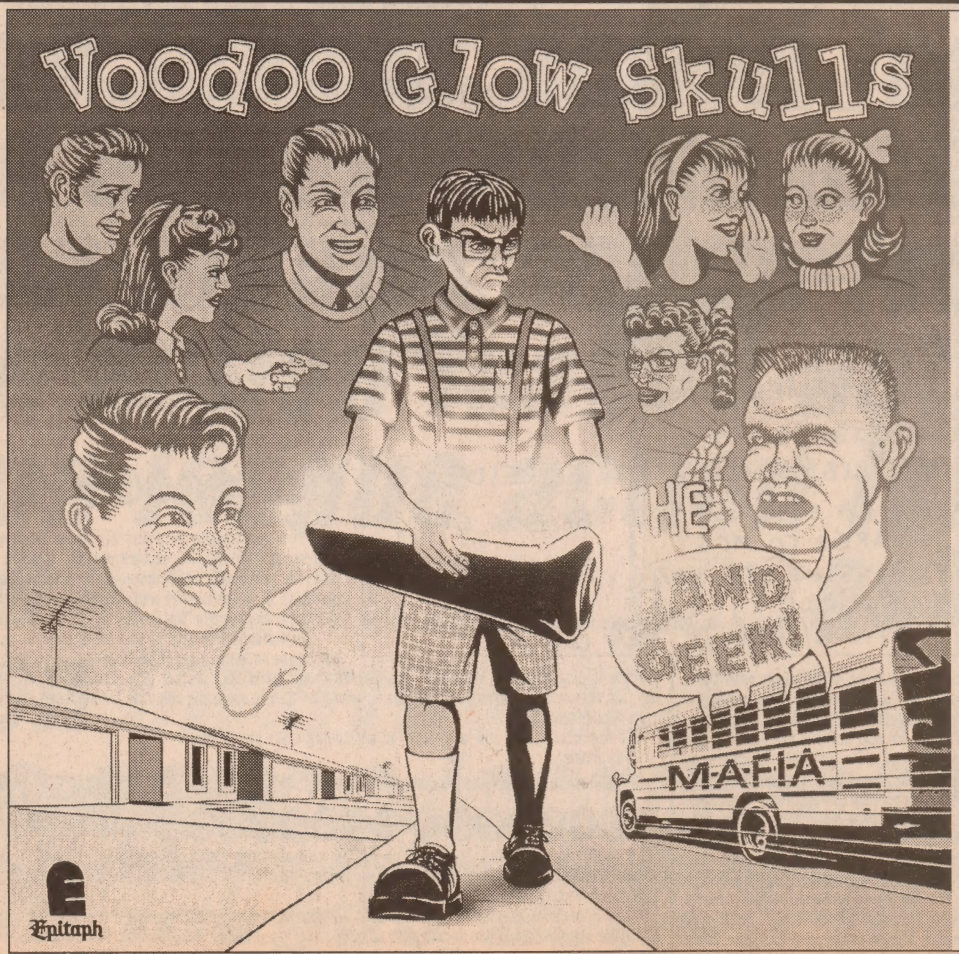

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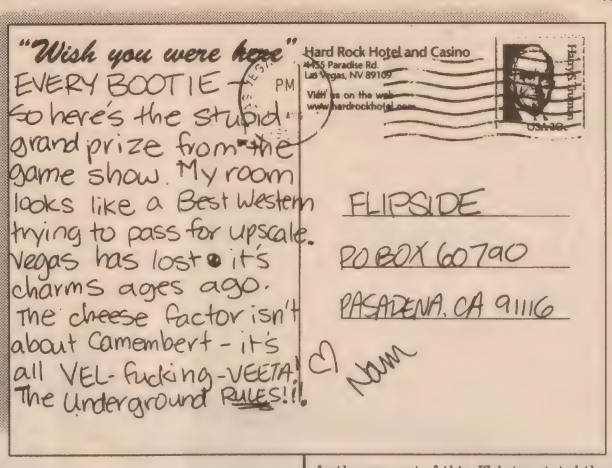
that night. So fuck ME as well for not giving your band an extreme "slagging" that night or even mentioning that I had to listen to you. I DID have a valid reason to skip your fucking set to begin with, if you had read the review about the Club Mesa show you did with Nashville Pussy the night before... "so I stepped aside being that they (Lollipop) ain't my cup o' joe." Pretty mean words, ain't they, Rebecca? But don't call ME a dicksucker, 'cause it only goes to show how easily your personal/band ego can be bruised. If you have THAT much of a problem with what one or one hundred people have to say about your supergroup that's taking the world over by storm, then stay the fuck inside of your pathetic, alternate, Lollipop reality where you play to the SAME "fans" at the SAME places who won't do ANYTHING to make you the least bit uncomfortable or, god forbid, make you snivel, 'cause I get enough sniveling every day as it is from the world that the rest of us exist in. Also, you don't, nor will you ever, hold a candle to Nashville Pussy, so no name calling on their part because of your own musical inadequacies 'cause they'll kick your ass onstage or as you call it, "celebrity style." And as far as getting a Flipside cover, SO FUCKING WHAT?! If everyone here at Flipside had identical musical preferences, it would get REAL boring REAL quick, so leave Al & Mary out of this. For future reference, please do not use catch phrases like "whipping audience members' balls into a frenzy" too loosely, because there are a few & FAR between bands such as The Candy Snatchers and Throwrag who do just that while you do NOT.

x0x0x0, Designated Dale

P.S. An ice pack may or may not help relieve your bruised ego, but more mirrors where you rehearse might do the trick. Best of luck!


"Wish you were here"
EVERY BOOTIE
PM
so here's the stupid grand prize from the game show. My room looks like a Best Western trying to pass for upscale. Vegas has lost it's charms ages ago. The cheese factor isn't about Camembert - it's all VEL-fucking-VEETA! The Underground RULES!!!
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Donna

WHOLE PAGE OF ENERGY

Ain't got no heros,

Well, I'll be damned! ShitEd gave me almost a whole column of energy. I respect your attempt (feeble as it may be) at trying to justify your stance. Of course, now it's my turn to drop true knowledge. I'll get to that shortly but first I have a few things to start off the subject. I just got issues 110, 111, and 112 so I'm going to try to cover a little from each.

Mr. Flipside, I'm happy to see that we are in agreeance on something. I understand your response to me, but quickly refer back to my statement: "Occasional anti-social acts will be looked upon as survival of former diseased conditions and attitudes (like mine!)." What I meant by that is, I will build something up just to tear it down. Now that is what I see as diehard anarchism. I see now that I should have used the theory of nihilism in there somewhere 'cause my true stance is destruction of the present for the betterment of the future. So let me just state right now that I am an individual who thrives on change and chaos. OK now, crackers, you mean power not pride. Shit, Ramen soups are often titled Ramen pride. It's all about power, brother. Hey Loki, you say, as far as politics go, you don't care. S.H.A.R.P.s or National Socialist Skins and punx write that there has been too much division in the scene already to still be tripping on that shit. Cheers and hail the new generation. Wow! I'll tell you what I get from that. You don't want division so I guess we should re-initiate free love and hippy shit. Then you say, still tripping, "What was it? Just a passing trend for you? Out with the leather jacket in with the starter jacket?" Finally you say, "Hail the new generation!" What is this about? Are you Pepsi power or something? Hey, I know some Sacto skins and like them. I'd hate to see what if they ever read your letter. Ouch! How the hell are you going to change the meaning of the swastika? It sounds to me like you got into something you weren't sure of and now you want out. I may be wrong... nay.

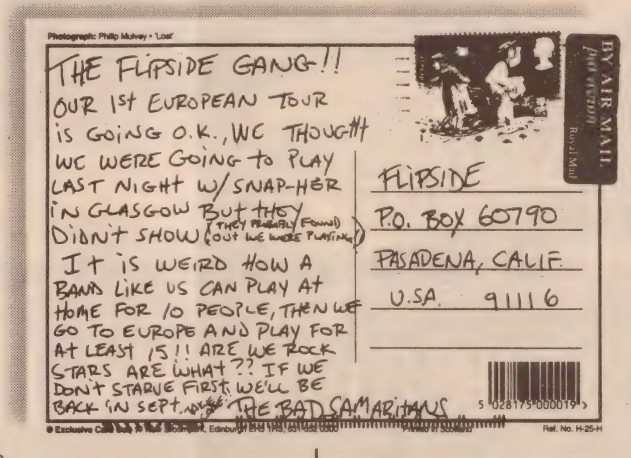
Gary X. Indecisive, even if the Utters didn't intentionally didn't play some gig full of queers, that's isn't justification for you to slag them. Not everyone believes that men fuckin' men or chicks bangin' chicks is cool.

On the loss of some cool punks in the scene, it sucks! I'm especially upset with the Brian Deneke murder. Yes, I do feel and have a heart.

Flipside, as a whole, still beats down all the others. The cover of #112 was... well... needless to say, it no longer has a cover. Even though Tim Yo was a fuck head and stood against all I stand for. He has my respect and my condolences to those close to him.

Alright, enough of that. It's go time, Mr. ShitEd. I'd like to say first and foremost, fuck you. You are a lost man and I'd like to simply kick your ass; but I'm a brighter bulb than that so I'm going to take the time to spell it out for you and others. *(Kick my ass? You say you're 200 lbs, you only have 5 lbs on me. What makes you sure you can? But a fist fight wouldn't be addressing the issues. Let's stick to the issues and discuss them with reason... and bluster, haha! Besides, don't threaten, it might get you in trouble with your parole board, not that I intend to rat on you. -ShitEd)*

Now being in prison has nothing to do with my views. Sure, it gives you more time to get your head together, but all I am doing is arranging thoughts that were already present. I don't need to read your zine to get a feel for you. By your articles, reviews, and the such, I can see your angle. I know things about you that you'd never guess. Like, for instance, you know that woman Jenny who was an au pair in Germany this winter? You know, the one you really like and were sending free stuff to. Well, she's a self-professed white supremist. Bet you didn't know that, eh? *(I still don't. Jenny's a practical girl who likes music, men and fun times. She's not interested in racial squabbling. She got to see Europe for free and got paid too, such a deal! -ShitEd)* So anyways, I can also tell you are ignorant to the scene. Being that you've never been out of LA (Your words in issue #111). *(Okay. I don't know the NY or London punk scenes. So? -ShitEd)*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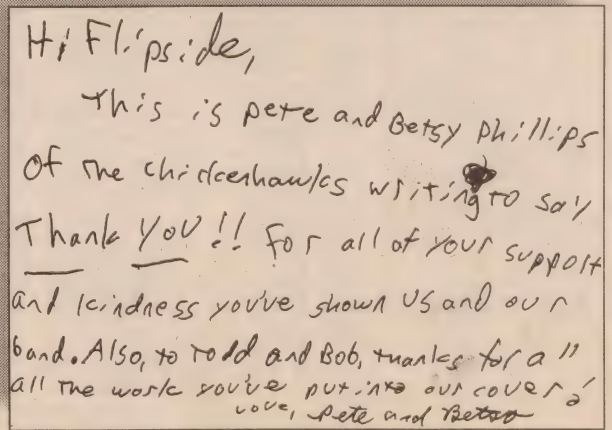
Professor Carleton Coon in 1962 stated: "All the evidence available from comparative ethnology, linguistics, and prehistoric archaeology indicates a long separation of the principle races of man... To derive an Australian aborigine or a congo pygmy from European ancestors of modern type would be biologically impossible." It is true - as Darwin declared - in *The Descent of Man*, that varieties of mankind are so distinct that similar differences found in any other animal would warrant their classification in different species, if not different genera. *(Darwin was wrong. He simply did not have access to the genetic data that we now possess. And man is not the only widespread species on this planet that has a widely varying appearance, yet is capable of interbreeding: Canis is another. Wolves, coyotes, jackals, wild dogs, domestic dogs are all one species. As for Carleton Coon, he is well known to have been a proponent of racially oriented anthropology. In his defense, for he was a brilliant man, I offer the fact that he did not possess the genetic data either. I notice all of your quotes are from people who wrote prior to modern gene mapping, and who are therefore ignorant of the facts. -ShitEd)* I'm trying to use some of the knowledge of great men past to prove my points. I hope I haven't lost you yet, 'cause we have a lot more to cover. I can tell by your views that you have some belief in evolution. If an amphibian could not gradually evolve into a reptile, then a group of white people could not have evolved into negroes, Indians, Chinese, Polynesians, et cetera, especially in just a few hundred years time or less. Quenstedt once said: "If negroes and causasians were snails, zoologists would universally agree that they represented two very excellent species, which could never have originated from one pair by gradual divergence." Voltaire (encyclopedist and philosopher) wrote in Chapter 1. Of his work, The elements of Newton's philosophy, that: "It appears that Americans (Indians), Negroes, and Lapplander are not descended from the first man. The inner constitutions of the internal organs of the negroes is evident demonstration of this." ShitEd, you mentioned a few differences between the separate races. Well buddy, I have some news for you. There are, at least, 29 major differences between white Europeans and negroes. *(Voltaire was not a modern expert in genetics and evolutionary biology. What he catalogued were minor cosmetic differences. And "negroes" could easily evolve into white skin and blond hair. I already gave an example of that in my column on race: the New Guinea tribesmen who are "black" in the coastal lowlands and "white" in the foggy highlands. Skin color is an adaptation to sunlight or lack of it. I notice that you did not respond to my many points disproving race that were in my column. -ShitEd)* Yes, there are also many differences between all other races. And, of course, through interracial breeding, you end up with mutants, derelicts, and confused shells of a person. OK, so you're award of the Jewish religion. (Sidenote: for all of you God lovers out there - the Jews killed Jesus Christ.) Well, yes, the Jews do have a lot of the same traits of the white man nowadays. *(I thought that you just said you were hesitant concerning the validity of evolutionary biology, that different genera rarely converge without mutation. -Todd)* But let me tell you a bit about their beginnings. Originally there were the Cananites, Hittites, Amorites, Girgashites, Perizzites, Hivites, and the Jebusites. All of these were races that God forbid Israel to intermarry. This desire was so strong that God commanded Israel to kill all of these other races in the land to avoid the temptation of intermixing. So,


Hi Flipside,
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all the work you've put into our cover!
Love, Pete and Betsy

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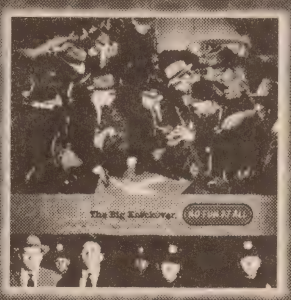

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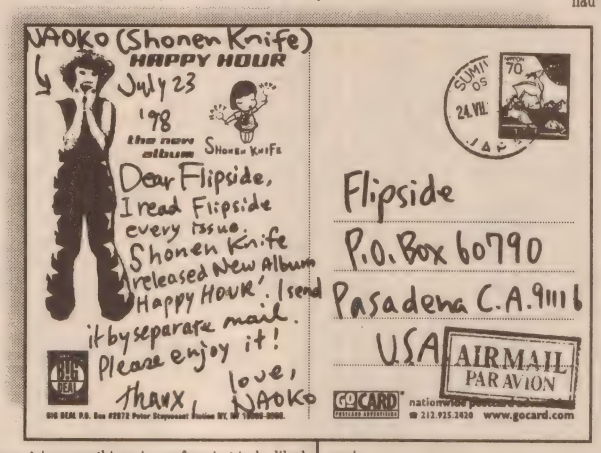
needless to say, all of these races were outcasts. Eventually the Canaanites mixed with the Hittites and created the modern Jew. *(Hittites were what you probably think of as"aryans," seeing as they spoke an Indo-European language. -ShitEd)* Now, since then, people of all nations have converted to Judeaism. Before you start trying to tell me what the bible says or the facts you have, I'll state it right now that I can back my words through history, philosophy, religion, and everyday happenings. So sit down, we aren't done yet.

There are twelve tribes of Isrealites (white tribes - the word Isrealite has been twisted by the media and ADL along with the phrase anti-Seminite. The white christian is the Seminite.) Now, you give the example of the cheetah. Well, sure I'll buy that, but there are 12 white tribes that can intermix and still be pure. Now, saying that one of my relatives mixed with a pygmy is rather stupid. I personally can not tell you if one did or if one didn't. *(Back to biology, just because the physical nature of your body is the way it is, Mendel, through cross-pollination proved time and time again the nature of recessive (dormant) genes. -Todd)* What I can tell you is that my physical appearance speaks for itself: 6'2", green eyes, straight blonde hair, 200 lbs., and yes, beautiful white skin. *(Genetically, green eyes are a variant of the gene for brown eyes and acts as a dominant gene over the more recessive gray/blue. Straight blond hair in one of European ancestry [Australian blackfellows also having genes for blond hair] often indicates a mix with slightly more "oriental" appearing Finno-Ugric speaking peoples from northern Eurasia. Are your hair shafts fine or coarse? -ShitEd)*

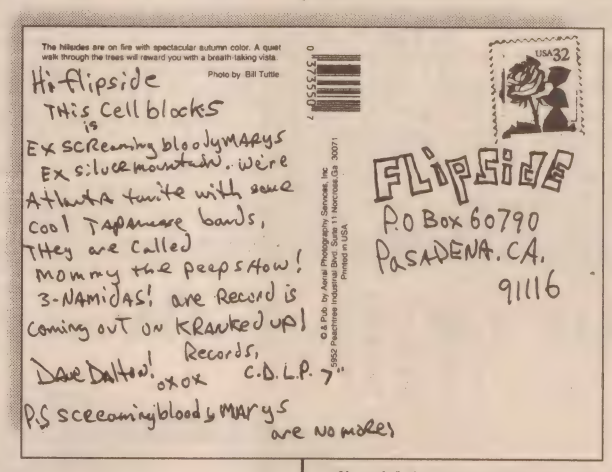


You know what I think is that, somewhere in your past you got so caught up in conforming to be liked that you lost your way to the truth. I hear you. I'm not a conformist. Well, ShitEd, you are. The majority have been taught/shamed into standing against racism 'cause it's just not right to be too proud of who you are. One more thing before I got to go. I notice you talk down to people you like. You are on a pedestal and all knowing. *(Those of you who think you know it all are very irritating to those of us who actually do know it all, ha ha! Can you taste the irony yet? Much of my bombast is done tongue-in-cheek, you may never know when I'm serious and when I'm jerking you around, and I like it that way. -ShitEd)* Well Mr. ShitEd I have to admit you do strive to learn, but you haven't even seen the book let alone opened it and started to read. Oh, and what about me, right? Well, I'll give you this little hint - in my imperfections I've found perfection. Thank you all for a great time. Knowledge is the weapon! Today's punx... tomorrow's heros. What's that? Hey, just 'cause I ain't got no heros doesn't mean you don't have any.

Subvert City,

Sick Boy. Please don't be writing to me: P. Morrison H72927, PO Box 2210 L3-102up, Susanville, CA 96127-2210

PS. ShitEd, throw me one of your rags so I can judge for myself. *(After the personal abuse and inaccurate character analysis you slung my way you expect me to give you free zines?! Why do I get the feeling that you'd just use them against me? My momma didn't raise a fool! I send zines to friends, not to people who talk like they want to be my enemies. Thanks for the response, it was fun except for the personal shit. I bet you had fun too. Think of the great time you had writing your letter to us. [What I'd really like very much for this, is the opinion of the singer of Bad Religion. Greg Graffin studied this stuff and has his degree in it. Hey Greg, if you see this would you be so kind as to give us the latest data on race?] -ShitEd)*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Damn, you could fill the pages of Flipside cover to cover with the stories of bands that have truly sold out by changing styles to make a buck. Another example - The Blisters, a North San Diego county band: started out in the '77 punk rock vein around '96 or so, when bands like Spent Idols were doing good around here, then did a complete backflip to a Sublime style of "ska." Amazing! I went to a party that they were playing last summer, thinking, "Cool! The Blisters! Punk rock!" and all that, but I swear, they had the Sublime thing down to a fucking science! Well, for money or girls, people will do anything, I guess, as now The Blisters have a record deal on a fair sized indie (last time I checked... All day I was pounding my head against the wall trying to think of the label that The Blisters signed to... well, it hit me a couple of hours ago... Skunk Records! I think I saw an ad in "Skratch" or some other little So Cal rag. A blatant attempt by the people at Skunk to continue the legacy of Sublime (and sell more records?) by signing a copycat band? Bears little thought, as the bands themselves aren't worth 2 brain cells in the first place) and gigs at the more, um, "exclusive" places around San Diego (elsewhere, I have no clue...) At least someone will remember these things, and tell people who actually may give a shit not to support bands of this sort. Viva what's genuine, is what I'm trying to say and down will bullshit, 'cause there's enough bullshit outside of punk to have to deal with it inside of our scene.

-Bob Tiltwheel

PS - Keep up the good work, your columns and letter responses and general stuff that you do are what's keeping me reading Flipside!

PPS - Have you heard the new Dillinger 4 full length? It's the best record I've bought so far this year! The Shit, you might say!

(Hey Bob, thanks for the positive feedback. It seems that people feed off of amnesia, because, well, it sells real good without the actual pain of being there and slogging it out day after day with little or no recognition. I have no problem with folks signing, it's the blatant lying and "punk bro" shit that's tiring. I'm also wondering if my column will filter down to Goldfinger. -Todd)

ITALIAN BRO?

I'm Italian, from Firenze but I was born in Bordighera (Italian west-coast, near France). My mother she was been a big national singer in the forties and I play romantic English rock. All my family love rock! Since 1973 I'm working in Italian rock journalism about magazines and fanzines. Flipside, it's in my heart and I wish cooperate with you about Europe/rock. I'm waiting for you. See you tomorrow!

Thankxx!

Ciao. (Signature indecipherable)

WHOOPS

Dear Al, Todd and Holly,

In your April/May issue I enjoyed the Retodded article, basically freaking out when finding out some little known facts about Suicidal Tendencies. Only to be *deeply* enraged by reading further where you call the song "Suicidal Failure"? it's called "Institutionalized" genius! Even most pot heads would know that! You point out how dependable your source was then you name the song wrong? What the fuck is wrong with you?...

Oh yeah I also love your magazine, great interviews Ag Front Rules! Todd doesn't rule right now.

J.Cyco

(Hey J Cyco, Retodd calmo here: Yeah, I know, I fucked up. I apologize and stand corrected. Stand in line with the fifteen other people who've told me. Why "deeply enraged"? You know the song name. Most people who know ST, know what song I'm talking about. It's the difference between a flub - which I make many (ask me to sing any song, all the way through, and sing the right lyrics and I couldn't do it) and intentional misrepresentation. Point is they changed lyrics. (PS my source told me the right song title, I had it down in my notes, and then, I fuckup at the end.) Sorry the detail of a song title has made you so hot under the collar. -Retodd)

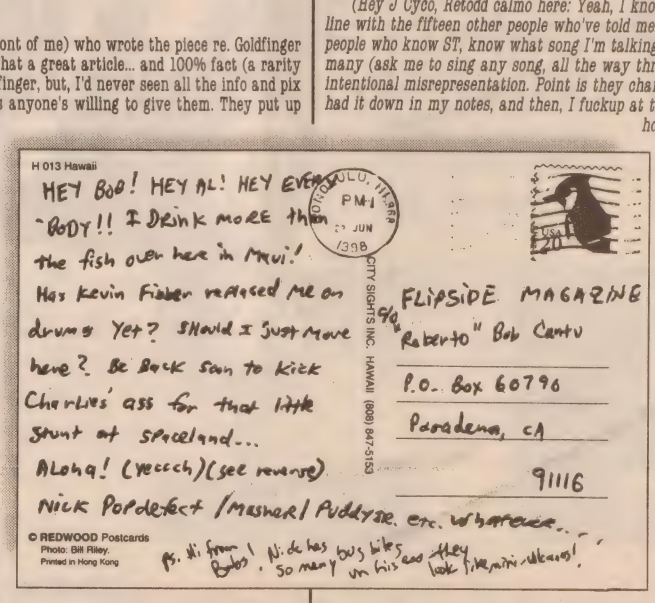
MIDDLE FINGER

Todd, I think it was you (I don't have the magazine in front of me) who wrote the piece re. Goldfinger in Flipside #113... ha, ha, ha, I'm still laughing my ass off! What a great article... and 100% fact (a rarity in today's media). I've always heard those stories about Goldfinger, but, I'd never seen all the info and pix in one place. That band sucks and deserves as much shit as anyone's willing to give them. They put up this facade that they're "street" and they're "hardcore," and they're "for the kids... anarchy!" What bullshit. As it pains me to admit it, though, I've actually seen them in concert... punk they are not. Hell, forget the label of punk vs. non-punk, they're just assholes who aren't true to anything... and that sucks in and of itself.

A few weeks ago, Nashville Pussy and the Murder City Devils stopped through town and I was talking to the bass player for the MCD before the show... he works at the club RCKCNDY (or, however they spell it) in Seattle, and was totally ripping on Goldfinger... according to him, Goldfinger was scheduled to play at the club and demanded a $1000 advance plus all this other crap they don't deserve... so, the club payed it, etc. (for whatever reason) and Goldfinger drew about 50 kids! So, the owner of the club told Goldfinger that "you'll never play here again." Anyway, keep up the quality columns and reviews for Flipside.

Talk to you later.

Ryan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1998
HEY BOB! HEY AL! HEY EVERYBODY!! I DRINK MORE than the fish over here in Maui! Has Kevin Fisher replaced me on drums yet? Should I just move here? Be back soon to kick Charlies' ass for that little stunt at Spaceland... Aloha! (yeeech) (see reverse)
Nick Popdefect / Masher / Puddytie. etc. wherever...
ps. Hi from Bobo! No. of he has so many toys like on his car they look like mini-skates!
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DOUBLE THAT

Todd,

Being from San Diego, I have to comment about your column on Electric Love Hogs/Goldfinger. Right on the fucking mark you were! To bad most of the drones that are listening to punk rock nowadays don't give a shit where a band came from or what their motives are for playing in a punk rock band. Money, obviously, is the driving motivation for Goldfinger. Which is too bad, seeing as how they are such a great band! (Sarcasm intended!) Hopefully a few people will wake up to this deception because of your column, but I kinda doubt it... We're all too willing to accept bullshit as real nowadays, it seems to me.

Dear Mr. Todd Calmo,

I wasn't deeply enraged. I was translucent with fear for you. Can I also ask why Thrashead always gives every single album a good review? Thank you for wasting precious brain cells replying to my message. I like your magazine/fanzine whatever, but I can't find new issues anywhere. -J.Cyco

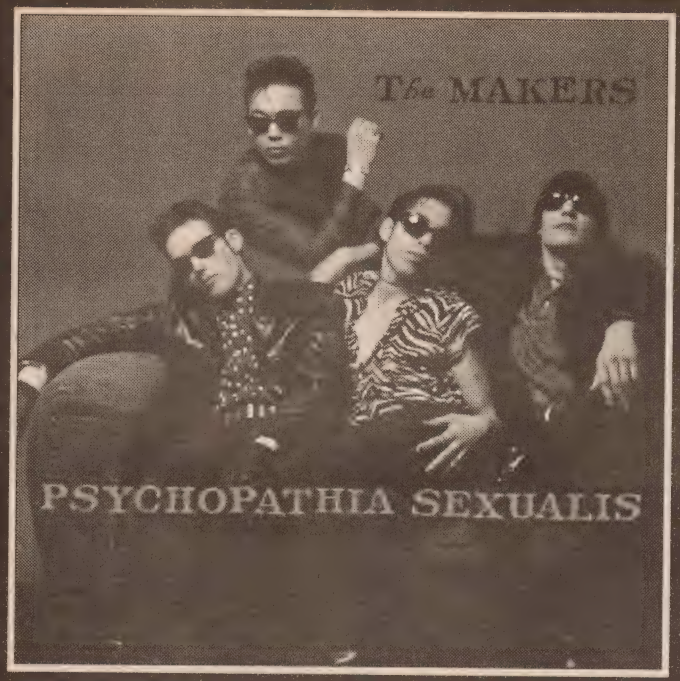
(I figure why waste my time listening or writing about bands and music I hate. That's why. -Thrashead)

BORN AGAINST CHRISTIANS

Dear ShitEd,

What's wrong with featuring Christian bands in Flipside? Look, I'm forty-four years old and I came to punk music after growing up in the hippie era, loving all those incredible guitar bands that featured electric blues. But I could recognize when things got a bit tired. And then the energy and expressiveness of punk happened and I was hooked. You might not think the Pistols were very good (I don't quite figure this out). I first heard "Anarchy" while walking down a street and this incredible music was blasting out from a record shop. And I knew I just had to have some of it. It was so powerful. Now I can listen to all types of music - I don't have a particular thing about any type. There's so much available now anyway that you could live in your own little ghetto without ever having to come outside.

Maybe what's happening is that many people are becoming interested in Christianity, seeing what it has to offer and realizing that they want to use their music as a way of communicating what



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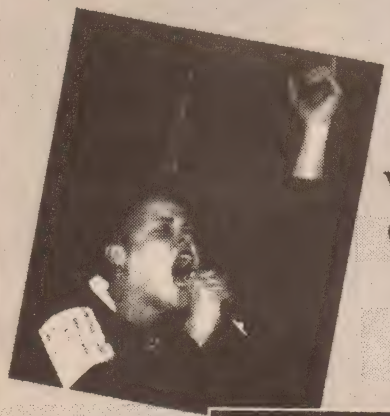

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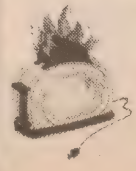

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Christianity has done for them to other people.

I say that Flipside ought to feature all types of music and if the band happened to be Christian, well I don't see what that has to do with it. It has to be said that bands that are Christian will definitely have a point to make. And one which is every bit as legitimate as atheists. After all, what in the name does anarchism contribute to one's understanding of music? That seems like a contradiction to me.

I hadn't read your Heinlein quote before. I wonder if he was being serious or just provoking people. There's recently been a big debate in the *New York Review of Science Fiction* about his political opinions. He has been called a fascist. Personally, I don't think he was. He was a man who preferred to think for himself but he was also very proud to be American - whatever that means.

I don't understand how the nature of the bands is being concealed. If you've room for atheists and whatever then why not have room for the Christians?

Enough from me.

Best wishes from Scotland,

Sincerely Norman Finlay,

50 Sloan St., Edinburgh EH6 8RQ, Scotland

(The music that inspired us to start this fanzine and the music that inspires us to continue is the sound of individual rebellion, the central theme is thinking for oneself. Some prefer to take things to their nihilistic extremes and others enjoy the sheer chaos of pure rock and roll hedonism. In any case, there are a lot of parallels that I can see with the music we cover and anarchist ideas, and far less with Christian viewpoints. It is hard for me to imagine a Christian rock scene, let alone a Christian "punk" rock scene. I want to hear about sex, drugs and rock and roll not the ten commandments. Who are you fooling, you can't have your cake and eat it too. - Al)

BOLD FINGER

Dear Flipside,

There are some people in this world that believe popcorn seeds are some kind of black magic voodoo root and will stomp them on sight with a vengeance in a weak attempt to crush the evil seed. There are those that have called upon God to put an end to the lives of others that bumped into them and did not say, " Excuse me." My neighbor has yelled all night at bugs in his house trying to fuck him. (He's gone now.) There's the ones that believe in astro-projection, - claim to have telepathic powers - do battle with comic book Gods in other dimensions on a nightly basis and have the nerve to ask me for a cigarette. There's a man down the street that will give you a G shot for a spoon of coffee and then there are those that buy into it swearing that they're straight because of which end they're on. Some like to cut themselves, mutilating their flesh seemingly anywhere but over a major artery. Some feel the electromagnetic waves seeping into their brains, fucking with their thought process by order of the governors office and have written him to complain about it. The other day someone offered to smoke a joint of grass (the mowing kind) with me claiming it to be "the primo shit, man." I said no thanks. I get crazy whenever I smoke that stuff and watched him puff away. Most recently, one walked around the community stark naked screaming Christian songs, yelling repent and then politely asking others if they've been saved. My new neighbor's been singing Christmas carols like he's in some sorta marathon - this is August. I need mail from any female earthling sympathetic to this self imposed hell and am too damn cheap to pay for a classified. Dear Al, Surge is a slime green soda that comes in a can that looks like a toad that's been shot and tastes like shit. My captors have used it to replace my favorite soda. (I suspect as further punishment.) And this the world needs to know. Dear Holly, I'm not really a brick mason but I do date nuns. What's a gravy train? *[The idiom "Woah, stop the gravy train" is a popular term used in order to cleverly say things such as, in layman's terms, "Wait just a gosh dang minute" or "Hold on there." Other clever terms include, "Get off the bus cowboy," "Stop - rewind" and "Back step the beef wagon." -Holly]* Dear Todd, After seeing your response to my letter in the last issue, I'm no longer offended by your name. Anyways, I was reading through the other letters and came across that one from Paul Menendez or Mendalalwits or whatever the fuck his name was and your reply. It made me remember something I read that you'd probably find interesting in Answer Me #3 Suicide #15 (Yeah, I don't have a life.) on page 50. There's this piece on this guy that hates Jews with a passion and immerses himself in Nazi white power culture later becoming a high ranking member of the KKK. The New York Times listed him as klan member causing him to lose his job but boosts his racist cred. Later on, a *journalist* does some digging and finds out this clown is himself Jewish and has even been barmitzvahed. Needless to say, it gets printed and said clown ends up killing himself. Now, I'm really not trying to put any ideas in anyone's head (Paul). I just thought you might find it amusing if you come across a copy.

Your friend, not mine,

Rusty Johnson

P.S. Another coincidence - Goldfinger is the nickname of the freak state employee that does the body cavity searches when you first get to hell. This I wish I would not have been reminded of.

P.S. Your mail girl is by far the best in the business. (Smooch-smooch.)

Louis Eades 214111,

B-234 Lake Murray Broad River Corr. Inst.,

4460 Broad River Rd., Columbia, SC 29210.

MICHELLE TREE

Dear Flipside,

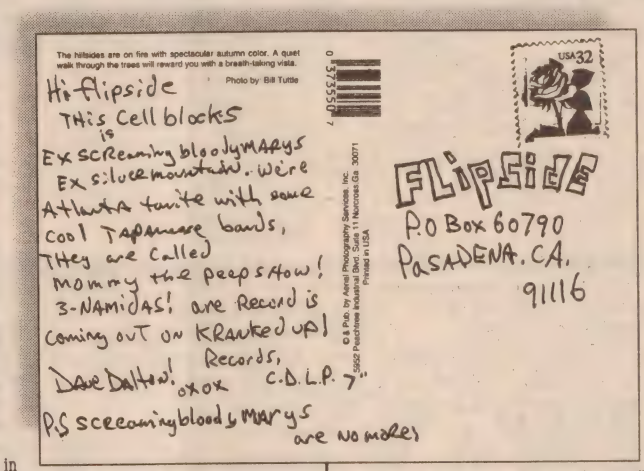
I'm just gonna write about things that were in issue #113. First of all, good job on putting the Adz on the cover. I think it's really great that people can be in punk rock for over 20 years and still put out hard and uncompromising music. I've been following Todd's feud. with Goldfinger/Electric Love Hogs in your mag and it came to a satisfying head in the Retodded column. Regarding John "Felchman" (I'm so funny) responding, what makes you think he reads Flipside anyway? Make all the pages glossy and get a hundred pages of fashion ads and maybe he would read it. The guy should just work on shitty movie soundtracks and commercial jingles and forget about trying to connect himself with the punk community. The ELH live show picture was priceless. There has been a lot of confusion in your letters page over punks named Michelle. My answer: Fuck the proposed soCal punk rock family tree. Make a family tree with every punk rocker named Michelle ever. Maybe people will stop sending in letters. Here is my report on the Inglewood punk rock scene. I saw a guy wearing a Rancid t-shirt. I also bought some Grand Theft Audio CDs at a record store. That's it. Also, I'm in a couple of garage bands. (The Thrill Killers, Spick Wetback, the Border Patrol and Apathetic Youth.) We mainly play backyards and whatnot. Advice for people that get bands to play for them: Give them a lot of free bar. And finally, the connection between punk rock and porn: Punk is (or should be) filled with losers. Most are horney people who will masturbate to anything. There you go.

Sincerely,

Johhny Racecar

P.S. This is for Rick Bain. First off, your photos are fucking awesome. The U.S. Bombs picture from #108 should be a poster! Anyway, I don't consider myself an expert on the history of OC punk rock (Hey, maybe after that family tree!) but I own TSOL's Dance With Me, the EPCD on Nitro Records and I saw Beneath the Shadows at a record store. (He said GTA should do a TSOL re-issue.) What else is there? Do you mean the tracks for the album that was never released? Explain to me oh punk rocker who's older than me and knows what the score it.

P.S.S. I knew I had become a full on punk rocker when I turned on MTV one day and realized I had nothing in common with it. Sure, I'll masturbate to Spice Girls' videos, but that's as far as I'll go.


The hillsides are on fire with spectacular autumn color. A quiet walk through the trees will reward you with a breath-taking vista.
Photo by: Bill Tuttle
USA 32
Hi flipside
THis Cell blocks is
Ex SCReaming bloodyMARys
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Atlanta tonite with some
cool Japanese bands,
THey are called
Mommy the peepshow!
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5952 Peachtree Industrial Blvd. Suite 11 Norcross Ga. 30071
Printed in USA

A TRUE STAR

Todd,

This guy I wrote about in Flipside 111 bought me and Ana drinks the other night, it's moments like that which make it all worthwhile.

Best,

Jim Hayes

FAMILYCORE

Al, well, well I guess I got caught with my pants around my ankles once again (no pictures this time!) I've heard you printed my bogus letter, "Peanut Brittle Vs. Love Canal," so do I get my free issue?! And it was Vinyl Solution that I was stealing Flipsides from, Zed's is where I would get my Maximum Rock'n'Roll's! So you wanna hear the real dirt on Love Canal? Me, Arab, and Louie "practiced" at Arab's house in late may with all the wives and kids running around. It was "familycore" at its finest and with one practice in fifteen years, we sounded better than we did in 1983 - so if Brian at GTA ever puts out the Love Canal reissue, maybe we'll even play a show or two just for laughs. I can hear you laughing now!

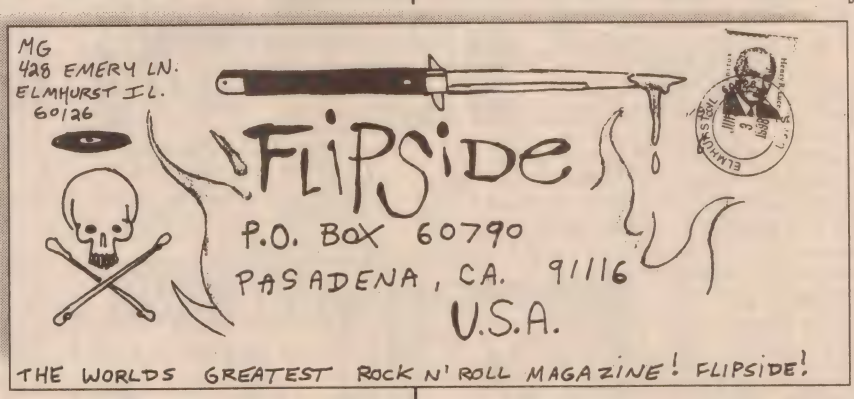
Well, Al thanks for the memories, stay well and keep doing what you do!

Love Canal and Kiss' - Kerry

LAST SO CALLED LETTER

Sonny Boy Todd at Ripside,

A hotter-than-hell howdy and purgatorial pilf to ya from rowdy Rog the roguish mutt here in nowhere at all! I've been busier than a stuffed beaver this summer with my new slave-labor job at a gasoline equipment supply warehouse plus I've been allocating my fair share of goofin' off in my spare time: a recent extended- weekend excursion to Memphis (did ya receive the postcard from Graceland I sent ya?), a sojourn to Shreveport Lousyana to witness the legendary Bo Diddley wail the night away (I had the unexpected honor of meetin' him backstage after the show!) and a couple of rambunctious roadtrips to Dallarse just for the hey of it.



By the way, I submitted a few interrogative inquiries to Four Letter Word via BYO Records, but I haven't received nary a response (I even mailed the members of FLW some Texas shot glasses to show what a classy (classless?!) feller I am... I dunno, maybe my questions weren't literate enough, but I had hoped to have the interview completed in time for the rapidly approaching deadline. I plan to write directly to BYO in the next day or two and inquire a bit more. As far as the Whippersnapper int. c/o Lobster Records, I wrote Zack a couple days ago expressin' a deep interest in doin' that. By the way, thanks for forwarding the stuff to me from My So Called Band (I deeply appreciate ya not revealin' my home address to bands that I've ragged, ranted, and raved against.)... they sent me a killer kool t-shirt with my very unfavorable-to-the-extreme review emblazoned across the back of it (I wrote Chris and thanked him and implored him to continue his musical cause through good or bad 'cause it's only rock'n'roll, afterall!)

Anyway, I'll enclose my careening-out-of-control comments - Michele's column has been non-existent the past couple of issues (has her tiki titillation transported her to more golden and glistening sands and green palm fronds?) Enclosed is a business card she might find a bit interesting: Millennium caters to all of our whorish collectible whims (seriously, they possess a vast collection of tiki art, especially mugs, so please pass this card to Michele if at all possible.

Yep, I've yada-yada-yada'd and yodelled overwhelmingly for too long now, so I'll zip it good for the time being.

Take care, and have a zippy-dee-doo-da day...

Wagin' war against myself,

Roger Moser Jr.

(Rog, I saw the My So Called Band t-shirt a couple days ago for the first time. Al was proudly wearing it. What a great review. Truly, that is something to aspire to... to have a bombastic chokehold of an album review be printed on offending band's t-shirts. I, for one, am proud and jealous of your accomplishment. As for Michele, if you continue to read this issue, you will find out that she is retiring. Read on for details. -Todd)

...WHEN I DIE

ADMIT IT! HAVENT YOU EVER SAT BACK & WONDERED JUST HOW PEOPLE WOULD REACT IF YOU QUIETLY SHIFTED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL, LIKE SAY... THIS EVENING? HAVENT YOU ENTERTAINED THESE KIND OF THOUGHTS AT LEAST ONCE IN AWHILE? SURE YOU HAVE! DON'T LIE! WELL, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU READERS HOW IT'D BE LIKE IF I DIED TOMMORROW!

ALL THE PEOPLE THAT I'M ACQUAINTED WITH, THAT NEVER REALLY CARED ABOUT ME OR REALLY KNEW ME, WILL SAVAGELY MOURN MY PASSING, FOR A LACK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO TALK ABOUT THAT WEEK! I CAN SEE IT NOW...

HE MADE FUN OF MY SOCIAL CLUB IN A CARTOON ONCE! (SNIFF..)
HE WAS A INTEGRITY-FILLED FREE SPIRIT WHO HAD A BIG HEART!
I ALREADY MISS HIM! (SNIFF..)
HE SURE COULD PARTY!
THE STINGRAY LOUNGE
Thurston Moore

MY FAMILY WILL BE DEVASTATED, CRYING FOR THE LACK OF KNOWLEDGE THEY NEVER HAD ABOUT WHAT I DID WITH MY LIFE!

ALL THE GIRLS I WENT OUT WITH AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER WILL ALL BE SHELLSHOCKED, & ALL THE GIRLS THAT I WANTED TO HAVE SEX WITH BUT DIDN'T WILL ALL BE HEARTBROKEN & SAD!

OUR CURRENT BOYFRIENDS & HUSBANDS CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM! WE'LL NEVER FORGET HIM!!
..IF ONLY I TOOK A TUMBLE WITH HIM IN THE HAY BACK IN '92! NOW ITS TOO LATE!; SOB!:

EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER DONE - BE IT DRAWING-WISE OR THE MUSIC I MADE, WILL BE RELEASED & DEVOURED BY A HUNGRY PUBLIC! I'LL BE A LEGEND!

THE BOX-SET HAS SHIFTED PLATINUM! SEND ALL PROFITS TO CHARITY & HIS FAMILY!
HELLO, "TIME-WARNER"? GO AHEAD WITH THE "BRIAN WALSBY" HARD-BACK BOOK! THE PRESIDENT GAVE THE PROTECT HIS OWN BLESSING...
WALSBY
BOX SET

SOON I'LL BE AS FAMOUS AS SAY, KURT KOBAIN! I'LL BE ON THE COVER OF "PEOPLE" MAGAZINE!

A BOOK, AS WELL AS A PLAY, WILL BECOME HUGE SELLERS & WILL FURTHER MY LEGEND!

& IN HEAVEN, I'LL ASSEMBLE AN AWSOME BAND WITH ALL MY FAVORITE DEAD MUSICIANS!

1997 B. WALSBY

STUB

THE CAT WITH NO PAWS

©1998 P. EDWIN LETCHER

WHY SO GLUM, CHUM?
I'D NEVER MAKE IT AS A HUMAN!
RECREATION AND PROCREATION INVOLVE "ALL TOE SEX".
FOR MORE FUN, THEY SUN THEIR DIGITS AND ENJOY "BERRY TONE SEX".
FOR THE ULTIMATE IN PLEASURE, IT'S MORE SUN AND "TANNER SEX".
WAAA!!! I HAVE NO TOES AND MY FUR DOESN'T TAN!!
WAIT..."ALL TOE" "BERRY TONE," "TANNER"?!? I THINK THOSE ARE TERMS FOR A WIND INSTRUMENT.
HMMM...YOU'RE RIGHT!! MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY ARE ALWAYS HORNY. HEY!! WANNA SEE MY ETCHINGS?

THE END

TUJUNGATRASHLAND

THEY'RE BAAACK!

Musical styles mutate out of older styles. Rhythm & blues begat rock'n'roll. Rock got stoned and smeared itself into psychedelic hippie rock, got knocked up one night in an alley behind a club, then spat out both the fascinating pretension of heavy metal and a few years later the unloved autoabortion of punk. When punk came along, its influence revived heavy metal just as heavy metal was beginning to sag under its own dead weight. The new "metal" (the term "heavy" was dropped about this time about 2 decades ago) incorporated punk's raw energy, along with glam's flashiness. They took the overblown wanking of heavy metal and mated it to the fast, aggressive punk approach to playing, but with a back beat, forming what some people (like myself) regarded as a hybrid monster that should have been strangled straight out of the womb. Many Flip readers are too young to remember their excesses that we hated them for: the feathered girl's hair, the eye makeup whose intention was to actually be pretty (as opposed to obnoxious), the falsetto vocals, the leopard spandex pants, the sissy-ass silken deep-cut tank top shirts that showed off their upper torsos the way the top half of a girl's evening gown is designed to be sexy and appealing by showing lots of skin, and the sin the got many punks seriously pissed at them: the bastards stole punk's metal studded, spikey bondage leathers and adopted them so thoroughly that those things became a trademark of metal instead of punk for the next 10 fucking years! The punks wore leather dog collars and black leather wrist bands with metal spikes on them, then a year later all the metal boys were wearing them instead. Fuck those guys, they sucked. I want to blame someone for their excesses and I think I'll pin it on Ted Nugent, who seems to have started the entire overblown cycle of "I'm sexy, come fuck me" metal. Yuck.

The only old metal band that I ever heard that didn't suck at least a little was Motorhead, and the reason I and many other punk enthusiasts love Motorhead is precisely because they know how to cut out the bullshit and just rock! (The whole point of rock music is to rock. It is a form of music that depends more on physical energy than technique to be effective. And though rock that has great musicianship is great stuff, it still has to rock. If the rocking gets lost somewhere then no amount of great musicianship can save it. It will suck. Punk is the extreme form of rock. Hardcore is the extreme form of punk. The late Tim Yohannon of *Maximimrocknroll* zine used to refer to punk rock as "maximum rock'n'roll," correctly identifying it as the rockin'est of all the rocks. When you forget to rock and start wanking, masturbating guitar necks, then you suck (are you listening, Supersuckers?). When you frill up your sound, and forget to shred, then you suck. I realize I'm beating the shit out of this point, but I feel it's necessary to make this clear: if you're going to play rock, then rock! If you're going to play music that you're describing as "hardcore" then it damned well better be very hardcore, energetic, violent, aggro stuff.)

Then metal passed from favor, MTV stopped playing it 24-7, and Nirvana's early flailing cut a new path for the reemergence of primal, shredding bands. A few punk bands hit it really big, and the rest were getting bookings a lot easier. I thought the world was finally going to be a better place: metal was history, hurray!

I wuz wrong! The metal wankers are back! It's time to stand up and say it loud: we're being reinvaded by metal. It's creeping back in and some of bands doing so are calling themselves "hardcore." Bands with names like All Out War, Earth Crisis, Integrity, on labels like Victory and Dutch East. And what's scary about it is that a lot of the kids, the younger punks (or at least they seem to be punks, maybe not?), accept the bogus label of hardcore. No one seems to want to stand up and declare that the Emperor has no clothes, that a segment of the punk/hardcore scene has crossed too far into metal. Those of us that were listening (willingly or not!) to hardcore punk in the early to mid 80's know what hardcore sounds like. But it seems to have mutated. How did it happen? How can it happen? (rhetorical question device) Let me tell you.

It has happened before. With goth. Goth used to be a kind of punk rock. Listen to 45 Grave. Listen to early Christian Death. And a lot of punk rockers dressed and acted very goth, it was the influence of the Damned and other horror-loving punks maybe, combined with too many drugs, made them wish or at least pretend that they wanted to die. So what happened to gothic punk music? It slowed down, it dirged out, it got all drugged out and flaccid. The people making goth didn't want to rock hard anymore, they wanted to express a feeeling, not energy. This is a normal process that all human institutions (cultures, art forms, etc) undergo. Any human social activity or group, be it a nation or a silly pop trend, starts out full of energy and vitality, then gradually its simplicity is transformed into stolidity, substituting complexity for energy. All forms of popular music undergo this degeneration... except punk rock because punk is basic primal rock'n'roll, squared or cubed, full of high energy/vitality and the moment someone tries (and they do try!) to play punk without the energy, it ain't punk anymore. And it sucks. The way most goth sucks these days.

The same thing has happened to emo. Fugazi blazed new territory with fire and fury, but most of the emo bands today are weak insipid crybabies whose music is so lazy it makes me crazy. I can think of one good new emo band: At The Drive-In.

A similar process has overtaken "hardcore." The early hardcore was sped up, stripped down punk, angry and violent. The simple speed punk of the early 80's Washington DC bands (Minor Threat, Government Issue, Faith, Void, etc), was altered in NYC by bands under the influence of the Bad Brains, who had relocated there. From the influence of Bad Brains many of these bands got into the habit of going slower in some parts of their songs, substituting heaviness for speed and energy. This was the fundamental change that began moving the NYC hardcore bands away from punk rock (not all, Agnostic Front is still the shit!). Soon "hardcore" also began to mean one's political stance or social stance, so that we ended up with the straightedge hardcore bands of the late 80's spawning slower "hardcore" bands, who considered themselves hardcore on the strength of their lyrics alone! Worse, at least one of the straightedge bands, Youth Of Today, converted to Krishna Consciousness, so that being Krishna began to be associated with being hardcore. This has led to the recent travesty of a band called Baby Gopal, who are Krishnas and who play the weakest female sung pop you'd ever want to puke in counterpoint to, being called a hardcore band! That assertion is astonishing in its absurdity.

What we see today is quite a number of bands spouting lyrics that espouse the causes of a Hindu cult-of-personality, pop-sci ecological responsibility, straightedge neo-puritanism and/or pablumized collectivism, that play intricate, florid metal guitar rock or weak pop that doesn't rock very hard. And they're supposed to be hardcore bands! Yikes! It's enough to make my hair stand straight up its full 1/2 inch! Speaking of which, it doesn't matter whether the new metal bands have long hair, or short in an attempt to look "hardcore" because the real proof is in the music, their hair is just window dressing. I expect some punk to not rock that hard, art and pop oriented stuff, but hardcore was supposed to be the pure, uncut stuff. It was supposed to sound hard fucking core, baby!

So let me make a declaration of war here: enough is enough. As far as I'm concerned, punk rock owns the term hardcore (as applied to music). You guys playing str8edge eco-poopoocaca metal ain't punk, and you ain't hardcore neither. Find yourselves a new name for your musical variant. Your licence to use the term hardcore is hereby officially revoked. Fuck off. Get out of our punk scene.

DIY

I recently received a demo from a band that set me thinking. It wasn't the music that set me off (though the music was great, from Fun in NYC), but rather the medium that the music was on. What was unusual about it is that instead of the standard analog cassette demo, this was burned onto a CD-R, a recordable CD. This fact percolated for a while in my head, while such facts as these poured into the brew: Hewlett-Packard commercials on TV for computers with CD burners built in as standard equipment, a barebones recording studio in Silverlake that I know of that mikes directly into a home computer, and Fry's Electronics (a chain store) ads in the *L.A. Times* advertising recordable CD media in bulk for the cost of $1.29 or $1.39 per CD. (If you can't tell where all of this is leading then I feel very sorry for your lack of intelligence.) Do It Yourself is a major plank in the political platform of punk cul-

↑ (l-r) Jim Decker (Crowd), Chris Shaefer, Mark Lee (Humpers, Crowd), and Blaze James at You've Got Bad Taste. ↑ Billyclub at Bollocks. Previous page: In bubble; Exene Cervenka in her store; Oscar Shoegazer at the Garage.

ture. And I think I see a new wave of DIY looming on the horizon. What's to stop bands who have home computers (that's a lot of bands) from designing their own printing to go in a jewel case, and home recording, direct or not (at some point it should be mastered, though perhaps a band could do that themselves too, as my friend Ed Bored assures me that the mysteries of mastering aren't really very mysterious), then burned onto CD-R media at home!? What's to stop the really hardcore political anticapitalist (they just think, our economic system is inescapable) bands from selling CD-Rs at their shows that they burned themselves? There's nothing to stop them except the initial investment in computer and recording gear, which many already possess. The opportunity is there and I bet bands will jump on it, especially the anarchos. As a side note I want to mention that this opportunity seems to have been triggered by the advent of the DVD, which is being used commercially at this time only for releasing movies in place of the VCR tape. The "capitalist" mainstream music and movie industries have been running scared of both the CD-R and the looming inevitable DVD-R for some time. For several years they ("they", the faceless them!) seem to have artificially kept the price of CD-R media so high that it was essentially the same price as a CD bought at a music chainstore. But when the DVD hit, the price of CD-R media collapsed within 6 months to its real value (after all: it's only a piece of coated composite plastic). The time is now for bands to sell at least some of their own music direct, completely controlling it themselves. Fuck all the neo-Luddite twerps, ain't technology great?! Go for it!

CHECK IT OUT:

The Vermin (formerly Vermin From Venus) have a new full length out on Wood Shampoo (PO Box 27801, Las Vegas, NV 89126). The graphics, drawn by the multitalented Dirk Vermin, give it the retro appearance of a garage release combined with wraslin' contentiousness. Don't be fooled. This is classic Vermin punk'n'roll, harder and faster than ever. Dirk draws cartoons (Betty Page Punk Comix) and also is willing to stick a needle in you and tattoo your ass... or any other body part you might want inked. The Vermin are Las Vegas' best, catch 'em when you're there throwing your money away stupidly. **Fun** is a NYC band fronted by bassist Andy. Their music is great, fast raw assaults that have all the melody and great songwriting you'd ever want. They are not melodicore and do not sound anything like NOFX! They are punk fucking rock. I recently got a tantalizing new demo from them, burned onto a CD-R by Andy. He's a veteran recording engineer, so one might expect that his band's music would be overproduced. No way. It is all deliberately raw mixes and raging energy. Lots of bands would like to be described as being "like Jawbreaker" (though I don't think Fun cares) but I only know of two that do sound like Jawbreaker in those critical categories of songwriting and raw rockiness: Fun and Leatherface. Andy runs his own label Polywog Recording Co. (109 St. Mark's Place #24, NYC, NY 10009). Speaking of **Leatherface**, they have a live CD of their amazing songs out this year on Rejected Records (9 Woodlands Ave., Dun Loaghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland). Gizz Lazlo tells me he heard from Snuff that Leatherface has reformed, hurray! The goddamned **Shattered Faith** CD is finally done (about fucking time!), on that label with the obnoxious name of Grand Theft Audio (501 W. Glenoaks Blvd., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202). It's the old "Shattered Faith Live" LP, plus a bunch more tracks that have never been issued before. Singer Spencer did the graphics, so it has that early 80's hardcore-gothic punk appearance that you hardly see anymore, but is an original old school graphic style here in LA. He can be heard locally around LA/OC in his new band the **Pushers**. I highly recommend them. Great songs and intense performances. Pick up the Pushers 7" recently issued by Hostage Records (7826 Seaglen Dr., Huntington Beach, CA 92648). **At The Drive-In** is the best emo band on the planet (well, there's Fugazi too, but they're not touring much anymore). They have CDs out on Offtime Records and Flipside Records, and they're with Fearless now, so look for their new CD there. Why is At The Drive-In the best? Because they aren't lame slowed down weepy emo, they're blistering fast, intense punk rock, that also happens to be emotional. Their singer has the weird ability to sound at various times just like Perry Farrell or even Cher! I realize the last sentence doesn't make them sound very attractive but trust me, their live performances absolutely rage and their songs are rad. Jim Kaa of **The Crowd** did some songwriting with Jack Grisham of **The Joykiller**. Unfortunately, I understand that the songs are all going to be pop music. Dang. Jack is one of the best singers in punk, if we can just get him to stay in punk; and Jim is a bitchen songwriter. That combination has the possibility of producing some of the greatest punk rock ever and what do they do? Pop. In the words of Slim Pickens "I am dee-pressed." Jim sings some on the new Crowd 7", also on Hostage. I hope I don't need to tell you that the new **ALL** CD "Mass Nerder" is their best album to date. If you don't own it by now you must be terminally ingrown. They and Joe Carducci have a record label called Owned & Operated (PO Box 36, Fort Collins, CO 80522), and ALL also has a recording studio there (Paid for up front for one album by major label Interscope, yeah, take the money and run! Punk rock!) called The Blasting Room. I've been listening to music recorded there by bands other than just Descendents/ALL and they do a fantastic job of capturing a band's sound really thick and strong. I highly recommend bands to go there and get recorded. There are other good studios around recording punk rock. Westbeach of course, which has a huge rep (because of the Epitaph Records connection), but a small local studio called Speed Semen Clove Factory is great too, and a lot more affordable for a struggling band. Bands that have recorded there include Babyland, Naked Aggression, Dead Lazlo's Place, The Gain and Badtown Boys Local antiheroes **Tongue** finally have their first full length out on CD, "Faulty Parts" on Cannibal City (PO Box 5551, Pasadena, CA 91117-0551). Their sound is unique and rad, with fast prog hardcore punk fronted by barking, snarling female vocals. This is a must-buy for anyone tired of the same-ol' same-ol' copycat punk being crammed down our throats by labels looking for the next Offspring or Green Day success. The singer Liz is an artist, and has been selling her paintings at local art shows. In addition to writing for Flipside (the best zine in the world) I publish a zine of my own called *Censor This.* In 3 1/2 years of dealing with record labels as a zinester (publisher) I have to say that Fat Wreck Chords has been the easiest to deal with. They're easy-going, generous, forgiving and possess a great sense of humor. Epitaph Records, despite all the shit they've taken in the punk scene, has retained its normal character without letting either success or abuse affect the way they conduct business with punks. Contrast them with Lookout! Records, who I think are arrogant and stuck up. Every time I tried to communicate with Lookout I got back an attitude that sounded like "I'm not paying attention to you because you're not important." I have bad news for Lookout: every human being on the planet is important and should be treated with respect, unless circumstances force you into conflict with them; and if you don't treat someone with respect then you should expect trouble. I resent the way Lookout dealt with me, and I'll be damned if I ever cover any of their bands in CT or Flipside. I also am horrified by the way they mistreated Dave Parasite, jerking him around for so long. Lookout, go die!

(Ed is pilf! -Norb R.)

-ShitEd

Tujungatrashland, PO Box 4312, Sunland, CA 91041-4312) ☠

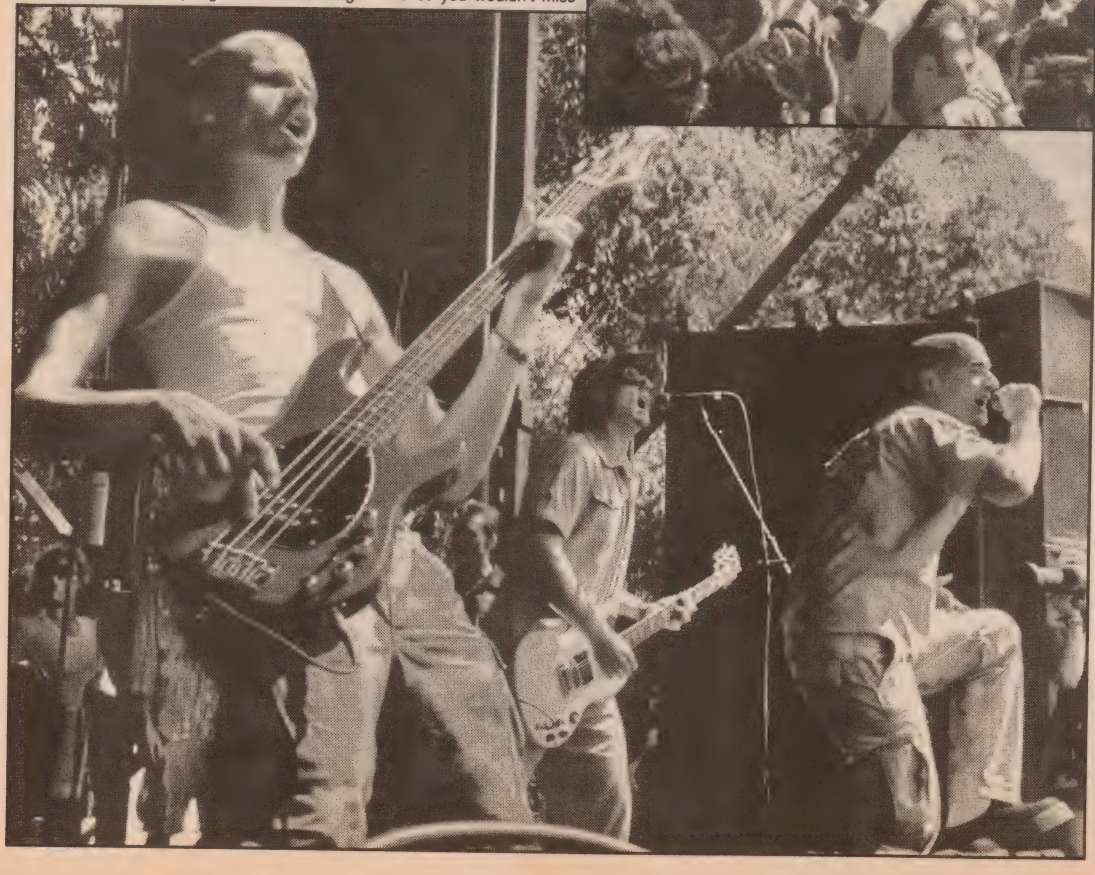
MONEY TALKS

STADIUM ROCK STILL SUCKS

Looking back, sifting through the confused pile of my rock concert memories, a few images stand out: driving my best friend's van to the Van Halen concert at the Capital Center in Landover, Maryland, and getting pulled over for discharging passengers who kept jumping out the cargo door to piss in the bushes; here's one of me sitting on the arena steps, lost and separated from my friends but not caring a whole lot because some guy has his girlfriend bent over the guard rail (her teased hair thrown back, her hands thrust out, pinkies, forefingers and thumbs extended in that gesture that simultaneously means "Satan Rules" and "Let's Get Wasted!") fucking her from behind as Ronnie James Dio rips into the first of many guitar solos; and if you squint you can see me on the upper deck at RFK, out of my gourd on cheap burgundy my friend Steve had stolen from a Knights of Columbus banquet hall mixed with Sprite, jumping around with an American flag sticker stuck to my forehead singing "Pink Cadillac" with Bruce Springsteen's video image during the "Born in the U.S.A." tour. Although I've always hated Bruce Springsteen, I remember that night in particular because when I got home my dad told me through a dark crack in the door that my music teacher had killed his mother and committed suicide, and I went to bed sober.

Precious memories aside, the collective sum of my stadium rock stories is a catalog of letdowns and late arrivals, bad seats and worse directions, surly ushers and zealous security goons, awful acoustics and no-shows, indifferent mega-stars, never enough alcohol and for what seemed like all the fucking money in the world, I never could see a goddam thing on-stage. The only thing that didn't suck was the parking lot, the place you went to drink and smoke and piss on a tire as fast as possible so you wouldn't miss a minute of the overpriced ecstasy inside. Eventually, as kids stopped listening to Kip Winger and Don Dokken, stadium rock got dodoed into extinction, and for God's sake, let's keep it that way.

Then Perry Farrell got wise and put together a music festival that wasn't really a music festival and called it a Lollapalooza. Say what you will, but give credit to Perry for rescuing the best part of stadium rock - the parking lot scene - and moving it inside the festival grounds. I'm not suggesting Perry invented the music festival, but as far as our generation is concerned, he might as well have. (I'm told in 60's a bunch of goofy hippies in New York got naked and smoked some lame grass.) It's taken a while, but the promoters have finally caught on and partnered up with dozens of sponsors, making it possible for all kinds of festivals to tour the nation each summer, and there are new ones every year. Such sponsorship allows the tour to diversify (target their marketing) and give the fans what they want (saturate the marketplace) while appealing to specific tastes (exploit the niches) of the core audience (consumers). That means even if you're a lowly punk rocker, there's a shoe manufacturer happy to sell you a ticket to an 8-hour glimpse of punk rock heaven.



WHAT IF THEY THREW A HEAT WAVE AND EVERYBODY CAME?

The Van's Warped Tour kicked off in Phoenix. Reportedly, tour promoters tossed around the idea of starting the tour in a really "hot" location like inside an active volcano, or better yet, on the face of the sun. So they settled on Phoenix, Arizona instead. Then they waited for thirty consecutive days of triple digit temperatures and let the bands loose in the desert. It hasn't cooled down since. Aside from the incessant bitching about the massive dust clouds rising out of the pits (see below), the heat has been the number one complaint. The heat makes you do crazy things: in Montreal, they ripped up the turf and threw plastic bottles at one another. In Toronto a riot nearly erupted when the concessions stand ran out of beer, and the dust was so thick you couldn't see the bands on-stage. And in Irvine, two heat-crazed teenage blondes attacked one another.

The fight broke out right as we went in. The two girls were sitting on the grassy hill in a throng of boys when they went at it. They clawed at each other and turned their faces away. The smaller one got a hold of the bigger blonde's baby-t and yanked as to pull it off. The fabric grew taut, outlining the big blonde's bosom, but wouldn't give. Talk about hills like white elephants. Word spread in a quiet ripple. It was an anxious moment for the guys sitting between them. Do we really want to stop this? The imagination reeled at the possibilities. Inevitably, the two kittens were untangled and they planted their asses back down on the hill. The procession un-paused and started moving again. I thought the fight served as a nice symbol for the kind of concert-goer the Warped Tour attracts, for it was painfully clear to me that this was a group of kids who were rough around the edges, but not too rough.

LION COUNTRY SOLFATARA

The LA show was held at the Irvine Safari Field, which is another way of saying: the big dirt lot between Irvine Meadows and the parking lot. At one time, lions did indeed roam the surrounding hills, and I wondered if the big cats ever woke from a deep sleep on a summer 's day and mistook the verdant Orange County hillside for Africa. Rumor has it, the Lion Country Safari Park was closed as a result of too many stupid people stepping out of their cars and get-

Previous page: 20,000 people standing in the middle of a dusty field. Some people are dancing and others are getting passed over people's heads. And CIV. This page: ↑ to ↓ Reverend Horton Heat, Less Than Jake, Strung Out.

"[Corey Feldman] was upstaged by a naked guy in Chuck Taylors, aluminum foil wrist bands and an E.T. mask. Anonymous full-frontal alien nudity! Punk rock!"

town to play there. With four stages, it was difficult to get a handle on what stage was what and who was playing where when. Pretty much all the top-shelf acts played on one of the two main stages (North and South) separated by a massive skate ramp. The second stage area was set-up in the now familiar grassy circle with facilities fore and aft, so to speak. Unlike most of the venues I've read about on the impressive Warped Tour Web site (www.warpedtour.com), there was no shortage of concessions, and if the heat became overwhelming there were places one could go to get out of it. Unfortunately, the walkway separating the main stage area from the second stage area frequently bottle-necked and the ensuing logjam was a pain in the ass to navigate, especially if you were on the stairs at the time. Did I mention it was hot?

ON WITH THE SHOW

After the cat fight, I caught the tail end of **The Smooths** on the South Stage and then made my way to the North Stage for **Strung Out**, a five member hardcore band from Simi Valley. I didn't know it yet, but I would spend the better part of the afternoon shuttling back and forth between these two stages. Strung Out had a large local following and the pit was impressive for a show so early in the day. Then it was back over to the South Stage for the **Bouncing Souls**, a New Jersey oi-boy band with ironic sensibilities. They were almost done with their set when we joined them and they ended it with a raucous sing-a-long that sounded like a desperate, uptempo version of "Dixie" song by soccer thugs. You can check out their latest, self-titled release on Epitaph. The Bouncing Souls also perform the opening track on Go-Kart's "Punk Uprisings Vol. 2" compilation - an edgy collection of east coast punk.

Back on the North Stage, the Gainesville ska stars **Less Than Jake** hit the stage with a retinue of two clowns and a dancing pink she-goat. Correction: my editors have just informed me there was only one clown on-stage with Less Than Jake, the other turned out to be child actor and has-been junkie hanger-on Corey Feldman. In any case, Corey was upstaged by a naked guy in Chuck Taylors, aluminum foil wrist bands and an E.T. mask. Anonymous full-frontal alien nudity! Punk rock! Less Than Jake, easily my favorite ska-punk band, performed most of the songs off of their Capital debut "Losing Streak" and played well. After LTJ, I sat tight for a while, waiting for the **Reverend Horton Heat** to feel like playing. After a long delay with nothing to do but watch the grossly overweight security staff grunt at each other and drip sweat, the impeccably dressed right Reverend came out and played a short set. I trekked back to the south Stage - armed with beers and a fresh clip of film - in time for what was arguably the most kick-ass performance of the day - **CIV** - the namesake of Anthony Civorelli of Gorilla Biscuits fame. This was the first time I'd seen the quartet (I count the Hammond organ player as part of the line-up) and had not yet heard their new Atlantic release "Thirteen Day Getaway," but I was blown away by the emo-core/power pop performance. CIV, who have a reputation for playing in matching gold lame suits, played in makeshift safari outfits.

After CIV, the festival went downhill. Punk-rock heavyweights **NOFX**, **Rancid** and **Bad Religion** were scheduled to close out the North Stage and the entire north end of the sorry safari was so packed, not even a dozen hungry lions would have thinned the ranks. The backstage area was overrun. Even the press

ting mauled. That's not an indictment of the lions so much as an indication of what living in Orange County can do to you. However, with 20,000 young punks commandoed-out in their desert camouflage gear and parachute boots, the gravel lot resembled a staging area for Rhodesian insurgents and South African mercenaries in some nameless African backwater republic on the verge of being erased from the map.

Tour promoters seem to think that the best thing about living in Los Angeles is leaving it whenever possible. Irvine Meadows, which has hosted Lollapaloozas and KROQ Weenie Roasts in the past, was the logical choice for the event, even if it meant the local LA acts had to pack up the van and leave

✝ The Mighty Reverend ✝ Anthony Civorelli

📷-Money

pit was packed. The sound system seemed to crap out on NOFX. The energy level for Rancid peaked during their old songs, but waned drastically when they switched to new material like "Warsaw," which sounded doleful and repressed, like Angelic Upstarts through an Eastern Block sound system. But again, I attribute that to the weird sound which seemed a lot different after literally thousands of people pressed into the north end of the dusty lot. On the south stage, however, the LA band **Ozomatli** turned heads and surprised quite a few people, myself included. I'd listened to the Interscope release a few days before and had decided their hip-hop infused, Santana-esque tunes weren't for me. Ozomatli's nine members comprise an ethnically diverse, multi-talented unit that isn't afraid to tackle political issues in their songs. Although they aren't remotely punk, hearing them live changed my outlook and I won't hesitate to go see them again.

QUIZTUNES TO PONDER

Is the mohawk back? Or are mohawk sightings simply more prevalent at Rancid shows?

DO YOU FEEL DIRTY, PUNK?

At the end of the day, the stifling safari field resembled a Kalahari wasteland. Kids blew black snot rockets and spat blackish chest oysters onto the trampled field. The dust hung suspended in the air like a dun curtain, clinging to sweat-soaked shirts until the sorry lot of us looked like we'd spent the day perfecting Pete Rose slides into second base and the ump's judge hadn't been in our favor. No lions crept out of the brush. No wildebeests lay dead surrounded by nattering hyenas. No drunken commandos stumbled into the periphery, firing tracer rounds at unseen enemies in the bush. Just a long march back to our vehicles, hot and stinky and wore out, and an even longer drive back to camp.

-Money

Money is interested currently making a study of the top punk flicks of all time. Send your nominations to Money via Flipside.

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REV. TIN EAR'S ZIT PATROL

In **EMIGRE #46**, a great recount of fanzines is to be had, but the first thing I must protest is how the writers, like the mainstream media to which one would imagine fanzines provide an alternative, have been duped into thinking that Factsheet Five (Pt. III, of course) "serves as the guidebook of the zine movement," which further implies that the dubious hub of the underground (that the clueless claim it to be) could be such a thing. Further frustrating is the fact that the otherwise well thought-out overview calls to task the ludicrous voices that were allowed space in FS5 (Pt.III) over the obvious results of the individuality that is redefining the human race.

The occasional factual errors notwithstanding (Ella Cross, in the penultimate piece entitled "Picks," wrongly describes MRR as "the oldest and most established of the music-oriented zines," and while the latter is true among fifteen-year-olde punks, the former is flat wrong; Flipside is easily the oldest, what with it being founded in 1977 and now approaching its 21st anniversary), it is certainly to be considered as a viable commentary.

IN STRUGGLE #1 is raw as well as rife with typos, but it nonetheless is the best prisoner-based zine I have ever seen (the related "typical" newspapers and outside-published magazines notwithstanding, as they are benign and slick, respectively). There are zine reviews, overviews of the shitty conditions (and downright awful incidents forced by the screws) of prison life, accounts about punk rock life on the street prior to the respective authors' prison terms, interviews and other relatively typical fanzine fare. The personal accounts, of which there are many, are easily the best bits about IN STRUGGLE.

(SIC)VICE & VERSE #1 is a poetry/lit mag that is available for free locally (where one may find it) in LA and is comprised primarily of the staff that used to publish **DAMAGED GOODS**. I will not even comment on the poetry, but the prose (of which there is nearly a fair amount) ranges from introspective to silly. The most interesting item is a lengthy discussion between S.A. Griffin and Orgy for World Peace, the latter entity being a distributor of amateur porno films and whose motto is "Because We Give a Fuck."

SKRATCH #28 is perhaps the best issue done by this usually semi-inept crew of OC folk, and it is the lettres section that is certainly the highlight of this particular issue. The sophomoric socio-political awareness has also (at least for this ish) taken on some importance. There are numerous music reviews and interviews, but as usual, I could not be bothered to read them (I long ago overdosed on such material, what with the sickeningly overwhelming assortment of them; even Flipside tends to bore me when it comes to this aspect). This rag is free where one may find it, too.

I greatly enjoy **VICE**, and it is with every issue that I become more enamoured of it. The fabulous mix of humour, punk rock, obnoxious attitudes, sex, perversion and even some unfavourable traits (to me, of course) makes it highly commendable; I cannot wait to steal into the canuck country so as to have a drunken, drug-filled orgy of inky fluids with this outrageous lot. Some recent topics include Terrorist Chicks, Dildo(es) 101, Why Porno Mags Suck, Being a Bad Lay, the Joy of Starving, fucking off from work (based on **THE DECADENT**, a favourite one-sheet of mine since I stopped distributing **CLASS WAR** many years ago) and loads more. For a free paper (where it is available, of course), it is superb. In fact, it is far more enjoyable than most magazines that demand payment for perusal.

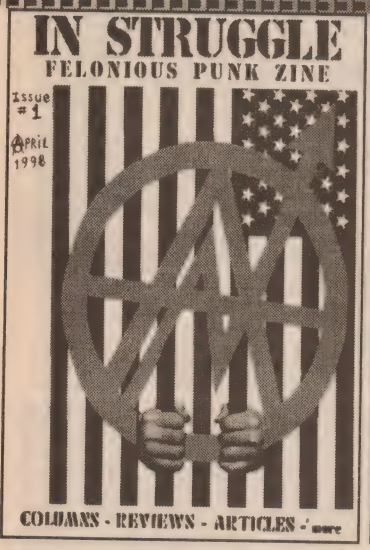
The LA Cacophony Society continues to be a bastion of dastardly delights that makes waves in even the highly weird land of Hollywood. I have for years spouted off about this obnoxious group of intelligentsia/idiot savants/irresponsible insurgents, and I was recently imprisoned in a manner very becoming of their (our?) ways: by accident, behind bars, in Rev. Al's house! **THE ZONE** is the outlet of forthcoming events for this group, and if you have, like myself, grown tired of the music scene (or have too many riots under the bullet belt), this is what will lead you to obliging your wit's worth of disastrous desire.

It was in Koma Books (formerly Amok) that, while browsing through the free floor space (filled with zines and flyers), I came across the wonderfully obnoxious albeit brief and yet somewhat serious fagzine entitled **DICK BRAIN NEWS**. Put out by the **"O BOYS** in exile," it is a very colourful (in a literary sense) and brilliantly unabashed publication that explores the tragedies, news, silliness and much else of the local boy-boy sex scene. Theatre, bath houses, AIDS, fucking, dish, disease and safe sex fill most of the magazine, and while there are two full pages in this "Double-sized 16-page issue" that point to it being a glamourised press release, it nonetheless is worthy of being recognised as a proper publication.

Having followed **NEXT** for many years, it was certainly a surprise to have one of the editors phone me in early 1998 to write a bit of anti-poetry nonsense for the (then forthcoming) April Fool's issue. I have frequently picked it up and occasionally benefitted from it (such as in regards events about Beyond Baroque), and so while it may not appeal to most folk for the poetry ideals on which it is based (and to which I am usually averse), it nonetheless is, like most underground rags, a vital thread in the fabric that keeps our world from being rent asunder by such shit as LA Times and Time Magazine.

DEMEANING (UN)DESERVED "DISTROS":

One crowd that deserves to be burned most brutally are those whose bullshit byways are trusted to delivering along otherwise meagre macadams the magazines that are ostracised by the mainstream media (a medium whose primary purpose is to pump money from the advertisers whose own ambitions are naught but the farming of cash and the power inherent of such successes). In other words, I have no compassion for those distributors/shoppes whose owners have a track record of refusing/ignoring payment or whose motives have become suspect through a refusal to communicate with zine editors despite several missives. Unlike the manner of the music industry, there is little to no profit margin in underground magazines; small circulations command petite prices from both advertisers and subscribers, distributors often allow only affidavit returns (music - CDs/cassettes/LPs are returned intact and therefore re-saleable), and the cover price makes such meagre commodities that are mere magazines not at all worth the time to return even the covers, thus the demand for profit via advertising (and thusly the advent of



advertising controlling the content simply because advertisers give dollars only to those whose content is favourable). While my and other editors' complaints may have been previously published in **ZINE WORLD**, I think it worth the time and space to make known the weasels that attempt to fuck over those of us whom have devoted too many years to writing, publishing and distributing sans the privilege afforded bands (via publicists, labels, lawyers, distributors, high profit margins and passive attitude among most music "fans"). For those of you whom have transgressed myself and other editors, you had best pray that I decide to not give up publishing lest I return to the state-sponsored violence that once I practiced (and would surely be your downfall).

The store that in Long Beach that was once called Vinyl Solution has been sold to someone else, and the previous owner, Rick, has moved to New York City. Rick has since opened a store there while simultaneously ignoring the responsibility of the money owed folk from his Long Beach establishment, and so if you are wondering where this schmuck may be reached (he has yet to return any of my phone calls for the money he has long owed me), ring him at 914.565.7778. I have also had trouble with the original Vinyl Solution (in Huntington Beach) regarding payment, too, and while I feel a bit reluctant to publicly trounce them, I nevertheless am upset in the many telephone calls and mailings that have failed to be obliged for the money owed me since very early 1997.

If you get anything from Michael Dorsey at Black Ice Books (in Boulder, CO), ignore it, for his putrid poetry pals made a habit (as far back as 1996) of soliciting "review copies" of magazines, and it was not until several increasingly indignant lettres and telephone calls that I finally received a paltry reply that attempted (in vain) to make me feel guilty for my many efforts at communication.

If ever one had a contact with the Iowa City (Iowa)-based Moon Mystique (which at one time boasted two stores), then one is probably well aware that the stores no longer exist - or at least refuse to pay up or even answer those whom have so foolishly allowed them to carry their wares. The numbers have been disconnected (319.338.5752 was the one I found to have previously been answered most frequently) and the address, while having no forwarding address (definitely a dodgy tactic), seems to be non-existent (1141/2 E. College Street, Iowa City IA 52240-4005). All I can offer is to not deal with these jerks. Other people to avoid should you find requests for "review" copies or any other correspondence: Nick Dispoldo (whose PO Box is in Yermo, CA, which is near San Diego. Nick claims to write for the NY Times, LA Times and approximately thirty other publications.), Small Press Co-op (in FL), **ALTERNATIVE PRESS REVIEW** (in Columbia, MD), **YOU COULD DO WORSE** (a fanzine out of Cedar Rapids, IA) and Pop SubCulture (a dodgy distro based in Austin, TX). Future columns will be filled with other louts, for my tenure among the fanzine/self-publishing world has been as full of excitement as it has been rife with burns.

That stated, here is my ever-present plug, and then the addresses: **ANGRY THOREAUAN** #22 ("Silly") is out and it is $4 postpaid ($6 overseas, via airmail), available from:
-Rev. Randall Tin-ear
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(Lastly, please note that if you send me anything to be reviewed in Flipside (or ANGRY THOREAUAN, for that matter), please put the address in a place where it is readily visible, if not on a separate albeit attached card. Likewise conversely; should you wish me to not pick up or receive your Flipside-forwarded zine, please note it on the package or at least in a lettre.)

-Rev. Randall Tin-ear

(bi)MONTHLY MENTIONABLES:

2600 (Without a doubt THE magazine that discloses the dirt regarding technology, 2600 is an absolute must-have for not only technophiles but anyone interested in what the fuck is going on with the world's "global community" crap and anything even remotely related. Subscribe now or be doomed to talk about it as if you were "in the know" should this great rag ever succumb to the fate endorsed by Fine Print's treachery), $21 US, $30 elsewhere, postpaid: 2600 Subscription Dept., PO Box 752, Middle Island, NY 11953-0752 {subs@2600.com}.

OX FACES THE FACTS! (German punk rock rag that is new but nevertheless a balance to the long-running TRUST.): Joachim Miller, PO Box 14 34 45, D-45264 Essen, Germany {http://www.punkrawk.com}.

AMUSING YOURSELF TO DEATH (A great spoke in the ever-conflicting world of review zines, AYTD, like ZW, offers great insight while not attempting to be a hub around which our milieu huddles.), $2 US; $3 Can/Mex; $4 elsewhere, postpaid: Ruel Gaviola, PO Box 91934, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-1934.

TRUST (If it is the music that matters, then this is the European sister to what was once MRR, one that has no dogmatic, dictatorial editor whose only goal in life is to collect "every punk rock record ever made" and whose staff is not busy sending out posthumous press releases about how everything is running smoothly, a warped perception that seems to have been swallowed by most of the punk/zine world.): Trust Verlag, Dolf Hermannstèndter, Postfach 43 11 48, 86071 Augsburg {dolf@augusta.de}.

PUNK PLANET, $2 per issue, postpaid: PO Box 464, Chicago, IL 60690 {punkplanet@punkplanet.com}.

SLUG & LETTUCE, 55 cents postpaid: Christine Boarts, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632.

ZINE WORLD, $3.50 postpaid per issue: 924 Valencia Street #203, San Francisco, CA 94110.

POPsmear, $5 postpaid per issue: 50 West 23rd Street, 6th Floor, NY, NY 10010.

OPUNTIA, zine trade, LOC or $3 for a one time sample copy: Dale Speirs, Box 6380, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7, Canada.

FARM PULP, $3 postpaid: Gregory Hischak, PO Box 2151, Seattle, WA 98111-2151.

ZINE ADDRESSES

EMIGRE (standard, offset, 68 pages, typeset): Emigre, Inc., 4475 D Street, Sacramento, CA 95819 {http://www.emigre.com}.

IN STRUGGLE (standard, offset, 36 pages, reduced type), $2 postpaid US: PO Box 11232, Salt Lake City, UT 84147-0232.

(SIC)VICE & VERSE (standard, newsprint, 64 pages, typeset), $20 postpaid for six issues, US: PO Box 27635, LA, CA 90027.

SKRATCH Magazine (standard, newsprint, 72 pages, typeset), $19 postpaid for six issues and three free CDs, US: 17300 17th Street, Suite J #223, Tustin, CA 92780.

VICE (tabloid, newsprint, 76 pages, typeset): 124 McGill, Suite 400, Montreal, Quebec, H2Y 2E5, Canada {Vicenet@Total.net}.

THE ZONE (standard, photocopied, two pages, typeset), $10 postpaid for twelve months of newslettres, US: PO Box 291718, LA, CA 90029 {cacophonyla@earthlink.net}.

O BOYS (standard, newsprint, 16 pages, typeset): PO Box 29879-D, LA, CA 90029.

NEXT (standard, newsprint, 32 pages, typeset): Orange Ocean Press, Box 13019, Long Beach, CA 90803 {NEXTmag@aol.com}.

THE CAKE MIX

I'm actually writing this on the morning of June 10th (with more to naturally come more than a little lately) and I'm feeling kind of melancholy. Just finished listening to two Albums: "German Verbs" by **The Centimeters** (bZang Editions, PO Box 1821 Los Angeles, CA 90081 or www.bZang.com) and "Coltranetime" by **John Coltrane** (Blue Note Records/ Capitol Records Inc.). Both albums feature exquisite and innovative instrumentation and are thirty-seven years apart in release dates. I wonder what John Coltrane was thinking back on October 13, 1958 when this "set" was recorded. In one day. Amazing. Produced by the late Tom Wilson, "Coltranetime" (which was originally titled "Stereo Drive" when it was first released in 1959 on the United Artists record label) is a beautiful whisper of an album. It includes such famous sidemen as Kenny Dorham (trumpet), Cecil Taylor (piano), Chuck Isreals (bass) and Louis Hayes (drums) backing up the most innovative tenor saxophonist of all time. Here is a John Coltrane that was barely known outside of his respective sideman status with the most infamous and highly eccentric geniuses of all time - the mighty and quite mad Miles Davis and here he was putting the fine touches on his newest piece at the time (of course, this would not of been possible without the help of producer extraordinare Tom Wilson and recording engineer Fernando Vargas). The tracks swirled around my head like many flies buzzing about in insane agony: "Shifting Down," "Just Friends," "Like Someone in Love" and "Double Clutching." It's a great thirty plus minute album and it's not punk, but it really is. Listen to it and let me know what you think. Onto The Centimeters and the reissue of their great cassette release from late 1996, "German Verbs." I've had the cassette release since it was self-released by Max Gomberg (vocals and all instruments and effects) and Nora Keyes (vocals) and have enjoyed it quite a bit. I remember seeing them play some early gigs back then (at some downtown hotel turned club for special occasions which was where the photograph that's on the cover of The Doors' "Morrison Hotel" (Elektra Records [1970]) was taken) and knowing that this was Max's side project (he had self-released four cassettes with his band **The Parkas** ["Bacon Never Tasted So Good" (1993), "Chocolate Kids" (1995), "12 Songs" (1995) and "Black People" (1997) and still available on Aqualade Records, 620 North Heliotrope D4 M-104, LA, CA 90004 for $3 each) and had played some bass on the aborted and never-to-this-day released album by **The 99th Fuck You** [you can get a taste of The 99th Fuck You by picking up a copy of the soon-to-be-infamous LP compilation "The Kentucky Rhythm Compilation: The Other Side of Silverlake" (also on Aqualade Records [see address above]) for $6 which also includes The Parkas, **The Bibs, The Boy Scouts of Annihilation, The Frank Alpine,** The Centimeters, **Mal Daddy, James Hazley** and **Not Fit for Human Consumption**. Note: This is ONLY available on the LP format at the moment.) and was usually seen around town sporting the most colorful and amazing suits that he could find at local thrift stores, I knew that The Centimeters would have something special to showcase their drunken and stoned friends. Hearing raves about The Centimeters coming from Gus Hudson (who produced the "Stereopathetic Soulmanure" album for the mighty Beck Hansen) and from Scott Lawrence (drummer for The 99th Fuck You and The Evans) made me even more interested in seeing and hearing The Centimeters. With the reissued and remastered German Verbs finally released on CD (with two bonus cuts) and with the single "I'm Not Exercising Enough" forthcoming (also on bZang Editions), The Centimeters are blazing a path to the year 2000. Crass would be very happy indeed.

No!

I have witnessed some quite amazing shows in the past six months: **Sixteen Deluxe** (who have a new album out on Warner Brothers Records entitled "Emits Showers of Sparks") opened for **The Jesus and Mary Chain** at the Hollywood Palace and showed the depressed Angelinos how good an opening band can rock. Sounding like a cross between My Bloody Valentine and Badfinger, Sixteen Deluxe bring good 'ol pop music into a new century full of adventure and innovation. No joke, gang! They rock! On the 4th of July, the Silverlake residents and visitors were witness to Billy Patchen's new band, **No!**, who came out dressed like conservative glam zombies with bad teeth and tons of caked (no pun intended!) makeup. Imagine T-Rex meets a more prog-influenced Led Zeppelin and you kinda get a picture/sound of what they were like. I quite liked 'em! **Possum Dixon** opened the festivities with new songs from their forthcoming Interscope Records release. Jamming along with the boys was Carey Fosse (ex-Expectorant) on guitar and keyboards. Carey showed us was he is one of the most underrated musicians in Silverlake. Watch out! Also playing at this mini-festival were **Poddy Jr. and His Punk Rock All-Stars** (featuring Rico Adair of The Frankie Machine on bass and Foster of The Brian Grillo Band on guitar), **Tzar**, **Leather Hymen** among others that my little mind can't remember at the moment. Next time I should have a more indepth perplexive study of live music and records that I've come across. If you need to contact me, you can e-mail me at CAKEFLIP@ix.netcom.com or write to me at the address appearing in the contents page of this wonderful magazine. Thanks gang!

By and obtusely written from the desk of

-Cake

MICHELE'S MATTERS

Well, here I am again after a missing a few issues in what is my "farewell" address. I'm throwing in the towel - this is it, the end of an era for me, my swan song, etc., etc. I'd like to write something profound but you know me, not much of a writer! And I suppose this calls for a lot of reminiscing, but I don't know how much of that I can do since I have such a bad memory. So I guess you'll get a little of this and a little of that, a little bit of news mixed in with getting some things off my chest. I'll tell you it was a real bummer to quit, after giving notice to Todd/Al, but it was really a long time coming. As much as I've enjoyed and appreciated having this soapbox, it is a big responsibility to write a column and make deadlines every two months, what with working full-time and getting my master's degree. As time has gone on, it has been more and more difficult to make those deadlines. In addition, I've never been comfortable fighting with people, be it in the letters section or in my own column. But as much as I hate fighting, I won't back down from an argument if I think I'm right and so it seems to me that about all I do is either fight with Mr. Shit next door or fight with someone else (I refer you to the recent almost year-long argument between the **Invisible Men/Bomboras** and myself over their fight with **Snair**). Then there's the letters from the state prisoners. Call me a snob, but seeing how my own personal experience with our Flipside resident jailbird, Mr. Shit, has gone, I'm sure many of you can understand why I really don't want to have any further contact from anyone incarcerated. And it seems like we do get a lot of readers who are in prison. Then there's the Helen complex (in reference to past Flipside writer Helen who left just for this very reason): I'm afraid as I've gotten older, I've felt more and more like I'm just TOO OLD to be writing for a punk rock zine. Then lastly there's my own self-imposed alienation from the music scene that Flipside is all about. Anyone who's been reading my column for the last few years has seen it morph from a pop-punk/Silverlake/misc. report to a full-on column about the lounge music scene. I received a nasty letter that was printed a few issues back from a seemingly faithful reader who was complaining about the lounge content in my column. I responded to the asshole based on the principle of exercising my right to free speech. This is a sound argument, but in my opinion he is justified in his criticism. Even though I've managed to recruit a lounge readership, and be it that a lot of lounge people have come from the punk scene, it is still a strange thing to be writing about one subculture in another subculture's fanzine. I guess what I'm trying to say is there are A LOT of reasons it is time for me to leave Flipside. In any case, what will never change are my punk roots and that perspective that I now make much use of as the quarterly LA correspondent for *Organ and Bongos*, a Seattle-based lounge fanzine...

MY LAST LOUNGE REPORT: I'd reported in the past that things weren't going so well at The Encounter, a problem that seemed to be linked to the club's location out of town at the LA airport. Well it seems that this situation may be turning around. Things have picked up for **Senor Amor** and he is now doing a Saturday night stint at The Encounter featuring live bands. So in celebration of this lounge breakthrough and because it was a good excuse, lounge socialite Janet Austin and I organized a dinner at The Encounter for the Saturday performance of the **Wonderful World of Joey**. Although the dinner turn-out was dismal, many people did show up later for the performance. In fact, it was a packed house of standing-room-only patrons with many people remarking that they'd never seen such a large crowd on-hand at the Encounter before. But as I've said many a time, it will take more than an occasional outstanding turnout or a handful of people showing up to keep that place afloat - I guess only time will tell. But now that there is this live music component, I do hope all touring lounge bands will make an effort to book down there.

THE BIG CASINO IN THE SKY: Yes, I'm referring to the death of **Frank Sinatra** (5/14/98). Although this couldn't have really come as a shock to faithful Frank watchers, I mean after all those rumors the last few months about his failing health and possible blood in his urine. Still, many of us were shocked to have to face the fateful day when he'd join his buddies in that big casino in the sky. That Wonderful World of Joey gig (5/16/98) mentioned above actually occurred shortly after Frank's death and old **Eddie Vegas**, who rarely makes appearances these days, performed a few of Frank's songs that night in honor of his passing. He actually sounded like Frank Sinatra, or perhaps that was just wishful thinking on my part (or too much booze). Eddie can still belt them out (after he's had a few drinks) and he's supposedly coming out with a handbook on how to avoid getting a DUI....

AN EVENING WITH THE RAT PACK: Sinatra's death came on the heels of the all-out TV Land/Fryar's Club television debut/gala (aired 4/20/98) of that newly discovered 1965 benefit by the Rat Pack for St. Louis' Dismas House (a half-way house for ex-cons). The story is that a producer named Paul Brownstein recently discovered this film footage that had originally been put on kinescope and broadcast via closed-circuit television. Somehow TV Land got on board and decided to exploit the newly discovered footage by "debuting" it on television (and when I say exploiting, I don't mean this lightly. You should have seen the billboard on Sunset Boulevard advertising the event. I think both TV Land and AMC are both anxious to claim the "you saw it here first" title for jumping on the lounge bandwagon, but that's another story...). To continue, The Fryar's Club decided to hold a gala in honor of the television debut by hosting an invitation-only party on the night of the TV Land broadcast. Who did what first, I don't know and I don't know for sure that the Fryar's Club event had anything to do with the TV Land folks (i.e., they may have just been trying to capitalize on the broadcast in order to hype their club, since Frank, Dean and Sammy were Fryars). It seems (according to my souvenir program), that AMC was at least invited to participate on some level since they sponsored an ad in the program (which basically just said: "We salute the Rat Pack"). And speaking of AMC, before I lose this thread, does anyone know who won their lounge sweepstakes? I want to know who was the old used-up lounge celebrity that the winner got to eat lunch with in Palm Springs and what kind of a vintage car did they win? But as I stated before, shortly after this event, Frank passed away. Now just think what a disaster it would have been had Frank had that fateful heart attack just before this television extravaganza - or worse, he had the heart attack the night of the televised showing? Am I just being too superficial here? But really, wouldn't that have been a disaster!? As I'd stated, this event was invitation-only and lucky me has a friend who was deejaying the show that night and put me on the list, lounge **deejay Mr. John Godin**. The event was a media circus to be sure and done in the Hollywood fashion with the red velvet carpet and ropes treatment, guest-list verifiers, floozy cocktail waitresses, television cameras and paparazzi everywhere. There also was a display table featuring the latest in print on Frank and the Rat Pack: *"The Way You Wear Your Hat: Frank Sinatra and the Lost Art of Livin'*," by Bill Zehme; *"Rat Pack Confidential"* by Shawn Levy; *"The Rat Pack: The Hey-Hey Days of Frank and the Boys*," by Lawrence J. Quirk and William Schoell. The interior of the Fryar's Club is pretty damned cool. The bar was one of those long half-circular jobs with padded and buttoned walls. It was hard to tell if it was vintage or was a re-do, but authenticity aside - it LOOKED original. There was also a "cigar lounge" upstairs - basically a dark wood-paneled room resembling a 1950s lounge. For the most part between John Godin and Sam Wick of *Lounge Magazine*, most of the crucial local lounge crew got invited and everyone seemed to have a really good time. In my mind what with the Rat Pack on screen, a drink in my hand and the club's ambience, I really did feel like some sort of big-shot, in-crowd, token Rat Packer for the night. Check out this cool website dedicated to the pack, The Rat Pack Home Page: http://www.primenet.com/~drbmbay/index3.htm Chock full of cool, swingin' pics of the Packsters and links to related sites. It's a "don't miss," website, baby...

PORTRAIT PLAGIARISM: My last word on Frank concerns the recent debut of Sinatra portraits by the "artist" Steve Kaufman. Steve Kaufman is a former Bronx-based graffiti artist

↑(clockwise) Joey Sehee and his gal at the Fryar's Club Event, Snair at Bob's Frolic Room (circa Feb, 92), Eddie Vegas at the Encounter (April,1998) Me and Tim From Pomona at Toe's Tavern (circa May, 1995)

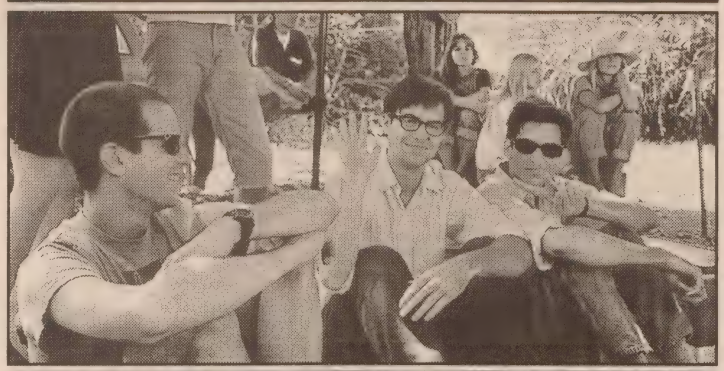
and one-time assistant to Andy Warhol. The family-commissioned Sinatra portraits, called "The Legacy Suite," consist of four silk-screened photographs of Sinatra from various stages of his career. To look at these portraits and say this artist may have been *influenced* by Andy Warhol, would be an understatement. In fact, they are in the identical style and "medium" of the famed celebrity portraits by Warhol. In the art world, it's okay to be influenced by an artist, but one must bring *some* originality to the table in order to be considered legitimate. In this particular case, Kaufman is plagiarizing Warhol's silk-screen technique; there is no originality involved, whatsoever. Kaufman profiting off Warhol's style? It stinks! AND he's charging $16,000 for the four-piece set. Forty sets had been sold at the time of the *L.A. Business Journal*'s cover story on the portraits. (See L.A.B.J. 3/23/98) The portraits are on display in the gallery at the Century Plaza Hotel, Century City/Los Angeles....

EAST COAST HOSPITALITY: At the beginning of April, the Association of American Geographers conference offered me a chance to visit Boston, which I made into a mini vacation and tour of New England for a week. While there, I met up with **deejays Jimmy Botticelli** and **Brother Cleve** (of **Combustible Edison** fame), as well as **Lounge Laura** and her band **Astroslut** and *Cheeseball* (lounge fanzine) writer Jim Boisclair, who were all kind enough to meet up with me at the local pizza parlor Bella Luna (in Jamaican Plains) where Br. Cleve occasionally deejays. You can't beat this place – no cover charge and free pizza while listening to the hip vibes of Br. Cleve on turntable and drink to your heart's content (the drinks you gotta pay for). I also ate at the famed exotica restaurant, Kowloon's, which Br. Cleve wrote about in a *Tiki News* a few issues back. The place has this amazing A-frame entrance that looks about 40 feet high with a giant tiki in the eave. Unfortunately my photos of the interior can hardly do it justice. The place has a replica of a clipper ship which functions as a podium for the live band and dancing. There is also a south seas diorama while the ceiling is painted to look like the nighttime sky. It's straight out of Pirates of the Carribean. They also serve true exotic drinks in real tiki mugs. If you are ever in the Boston area, this place is worth getting lost to find - make it a don't-miss on your itinerary! Many thanks to DJ Jimmy Boticelli for taking time out of his busy life to play host to me on this visit.....

MY POP/PUNK REPORT: And now for my pop punk readers, I guess I will start off with the only bit of relevant punk scene news I have (and what will make a nice segue) and it actually came to me in the mail - **Ridel High**, my fave local pop-punk band, has signed with A&M which will be re-issuing their independent-release CD "Hi Scores," retitled as "Emotional Rollercoaster." It's too bad that **Shufflepuck** (R.I.P.) got screwed up by Interscope because they had just as much talent and promise, in my opinion. Speaking of getting screwed up by Interscope, **Possum Dixon** recently garnered a cover story in *The L.A. Weekly* where the writer vaguely alluded to the band's derailing by said label, but didn't go into any details, since the band has apparently reconciled with Interscope. Keep tabs on Ridel High via their web site: www.ridelhigh.com. I wish them the best of luck and if any band deserved to get signed it was certainly them. Speaking of that, I would just like to once again reiterate my viewpoint on "selling out." As I've said before, I've never interviewed a band that didn't want to be signed. All bands want to put out records, get popular and get paid, just as it is true of the independent labels that form to put out bands. It's a business and that's the truth.

SUBCULTURAL CO-OPTATION: But this brings me to another issue and that is the complete pop-cultural flip flop that has occurred since "punk broke" (whenever that was). What can we make of a popular music scene where punk has managed to survive well into the eighties, climbing upon the dead remains of metal to become the music of the status quo?! It amazes me that you can now go to Tower or Virgin and buy a CD of just about any punk band. But what's more interesting is that somehow along the way, the word "punk" was dropped out of the music industry lexicon. I ask you, was this the compromise that was worked out between punk bands and the industry, who after all, would have to admit they were wrong? I mean remember in the old days they wouldn't have anything to do with punk, but now they are fast selling it to the masses and perhaps not wanting to admit they were wrong, so they call these bands "alternative."

↑ to ↓ Skiing with the Haskells (Jan, 1995), Spindle interview (circa Oct, 1996), Lounge Laura and her band Astroslut at Bella Luna, Boston (April, 1998), Jay, Sully, Rob Possum Dixon at another summer backyard party that Beck played before he got signed. (Nov, 1993), Drinks at Tiki Ti's (l→r) Michael Ascencios, Rob (Possom Dixon) (circa 1994.)



IS PUNK DEAD?: And in so far as subcultures go, what does it mean now that punk is respectable MTV fare? Can we still be a subculture if we've been completely co-opted?... I was recently reading *"Resisting Resistance: The Lounge Music Revival,"* a master's thesis by Robert Sloane of the Graduate College of Bowling Green. In his thesis, Robert sets out to understand the lounge music revival and proposes the idea that it is a reaction to the co-opting of punk music by the mainstream society. This is just one of several ideas he poses, but I couldn't help thinking directly of punk when he described the evolution of a subculture and its consequent death. This theory comes from a book, Dick Hebdige's, *"Subculture: The Meaning of Style,"* that has been cited several times on the exotica mailing list as the book to read for some deep insight into the sociological machinations of underground music. Hebdige is cited as follows: "....THESE SUBCULTURAL GROUPS USE 'MUNDANE OBJECTS WHICH HAVE A DOUBLE MEANING' IN ORDER TO CREATE A 'STYLE'; THESE STYLES THEN STAND AS A 'REFUSAL' (SIC), IF ONLY SYMBOLIC, OF THE DOMINANT CULTURE (HEBDIGE 2-3). STYLE IS THUS SAID TO HAVE A HOMOLOGICAL RELATIONSHIP TO A SUBCULTURE'S SYSTEM OF VALUES—THAT IS, ONE CAN TELL THE GROUP'S VALUES FROM THE SIGNS IT EMPLOYS (HEBDIGE 113). THE DEATH OF A SUBCULTURE COMES WHEN ITS STYLES ARE TAKEN OUT OF THEIR SUBCULTURAL CONTEXT, COMMODIFIED, AND THEN SOLD FOR THE MASS POPULACE; HEBDIGE CALLS THIS 'INCORPORATION' (94-96)." This particular passage spoke to me in terms of my observations of how punk rock was "incorporated" (i.e., "co-opted") by the mainstream in terms of style and eventually music. Many, including Sloane, have cited the **Nirvana** album as the "watershed" moment for the co-opting of punk. But in my mind, it was finally "over" when you could buy Doc Martins in an assortment of colors at your local Nordstroms department store. *(I still say it was all over when the Clash signed to CBS. - Al)* Punk rock also became and still is a clothing style sold in mall stores these days - we can all agree on this. But it goes without saying that there still exists the original subculture of punk - the "local scene" in every town in America that spawned the music and fashion co-opting.

THE FASHION OF THE SEASON: The same thing is going on with the lounge culture, although with lounge, the co-opting is so much more in-your-face. For the last two years exotica-influenced clothing has been appearing in the big chain mall stores such as Macy's and Robinson's May. Last fall we saw quite a bit of the Chinese peasant look (Mao collar-style dresses with frog closures) and this spring we witnessed the total "explosion" of the Hawaiian shirt fad in men's clothing. On the women's side of the isle, Esprit and several of the handbag designers were featuring the "exotica" thatch handbags, while Liz Clayborne, Amanda Smith, Donna and a few others were selling their version of the Hawaiian clothing for women as well. But by far the best in Hawaiian shirt wear can be found in the local surf shop. Just about every cool surf label from O'Neal, Gotcha, Rip Curl, Tavarua, Redsand, Billabong and Hawaiian Island Creations, etc. have their entire lines dedicated to the circa 70's "Hawaiian Punch"-style designs. So if you are needing to get wardrobed for this year's crop of luau's and don't feel like vintage stores for that ever-elusive Hawaiian shirt, just go to the surf shop. And for the ladies the good news is that this past season there were quite a few designer shoe lines offering vintage-like pointy-toed, stiletto high heels. Brand names such as BCBG, Ellen Tracy and Stuart Wetzman were all carrying them, but be

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ready to shell out the big bucks: they are priced between $125 to $165. Let's hope these shoe designs will be taken up by the more affordable shoe design houses. I mean wouldn't that be amazing if you could just buy a pair of these in your local Leeds for $20?... Okay so besides the clothes, there's been non-stop lounge innuendos by the advertising industry - my favorite is the car commercial that uses the Courageous Cat theme music, but there was another car commercial which used the dashboard Polynesian Hula Dancer and more recently the Camel Page in the *LA Weekly* had gone tiki. I've stopped making notes of instances since it has become so commonplace. In fact as I write this, I'm being treated to the "Tiki-God" episode of the Brady Bunch on Nick at Nite (also the subject of a song by Presidents of The United States of America). I have no doubt that the showing of this episode is yet another ratings grabbing attempt, since, as mentioned above, cable stations AMC and TV Land have both prominently jumped on the lounge band wagon. So as I've stated before and as one of my critics fails to see, everywhere you look there *IS* lounge. If you aren't seeing that, then you just aren't paying attention.

ON GETTING OLD: This co-opting or shall we call it "embracing" by the corporate media/advertising industry is a far cry of course from what we had to deal with in the early days of punk rock. It is hard to believe that the heyday of Huntington Beach (H.B.) WAS 20 years ago. What this really means is: I CAN'T BELIEVE I AM THAT OLD. Along with this revelation have come real old age "afflictions," for lack of a better word. Last summer after a complete six months of total body abuse where I didn't get to work-out for months, gained five pounds, and in general was embarrassed to be seen in public, (all of this on account of some "pioneering" type research I was doing), I really looked at myself in the mirror and thought, my God, I've let myself go to hell! By this time things had become intolerable: I was seeing, whether real or imagined, all kinds of marks and blemishes on my skin. What WAS that vein popping out on the back of my leg? What WERE all those red dots popping up everywhere? Were any of these freckles really deadly melanoma from years of suntanning? Am I the only 35-year old (oops! 36) scenester with these maladies or am I the only one noticing or caring? I was looking in the mirror each morning and getting really depressed. Things just didn't bounce back anymore; my face had lines on it when I woke up. I thought to myself, gee, I'm lucky to have Mike because either he's blind and just doesn't notice all this or he really loves me, wrinkles and all. But vain as I am and having grown up at the beach (which only serves to make one even vainer), my instinct for self-preservation (no pun intended) took over. I went to see a dermatologist. I wish I could tell you this story had a happy ending, like I went to the dermatologist and he gave me a full-body laser peel and got rid of everything, but the news from the dermatologist was just cold, hard reality. I don't think he could really bring himself to just come out and tell me "you're getting old." After all, here was this 36-year-old woman sitting in his office who just wasn't "getting it." So he offered to remove some of the red dots (which some people "just get" when they are over 30) and then told me I looked really "young" for my age while he offered to sell me some $70 miracle wrinkle cream. You see, when I was younger, I always believed all these aging maladies happened to people because they just didn't take care of themselves; as if I worked out, somehow I would continue to look like I did when I was 21. But what I didn't figure on was gravity. When I'd go to the gym, I'd see plenty of older women who were working out and looked great - FOR THEIR AGE. That's just it - you could still TELL how old they were by their sagging, loose and age-beaten skin. Okay, maybe I'm being too hard on myself, after all, I don't have major sun damage, smoker's lips or crow's feet. And there IS only one vein on the back of my leg that maybe doesn't look all that much like a varicose vein and I'm not overweight or unsightly in a bathing suit. So it could be worse.

↑to↓ Me and Howard Hallis of Don Knotts Overdrive at a Beck party (Nov, 1993), JFK Assassins ball - Bruce and Rev. Al (📷-Michael Ascencios, circa Feb, 1994), (l➤r) Leora, Janet and Jones at the Encounter (April, 1998), Ridel High at Ships Coffee Shop (April, 1996)

But I realize I'm no spring chicken. None of those guys at the beach are gonna give ME a second look over a 20 year old. That's just the way it is from now on. So part of this whole trip and what I began to talk about a few paragraphs earlier is that I've have taken to riding my new (got it for my birthday) mountain bike at the beach - Huntington Beach.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF SUBURBIA/ H.B. RULES: Yep, I'm trying to rekindle my youth in good ole H.B. I keep hoping I'll run into some old scenesters that will look even worse than me, but suffice to say so far I haven't spotted a one. And Huntington Beach is growing - what used to be "back country"- virgin undeveloped land to the west/north of Main Street is now totally being redeveloped into multitudes of condos, town homes and big expensive homes. And everywhere you look off of Beach Blvd. is an overcrowded shopping center. The development is simply incredible and I'm sure within a few short years what's left of all that natural grassland is going to disappear completely.

SLUMMING IN ANAHEIM: Meanwhile back in Anaheim, deep in the heart of suburbia and home of Disneyland, urban decay is setting in on a major scale. This is totally not in keeping with the vision of Disneyland as "suburban dream," so the city has undertaken massive "redevelopment" around the old downtown and near Disneyland (and sadly this has resulted in an old tiki-style apartment or two falling victim to the bulldozer). But otherwise, the area is turning into a very low-income minority area. Parts of Anaheim can't be told apart from bad neighborhoods in LA's San Fernando Valley (which also used to be the bastion of LA white middle class suburbia, but has demographically transformed in the past 10 years with more minority and ethnic penetration and developed some notorious crime-ridden neighborhoods like Pacoima). And speaking of Disneyland, Tiki Bob told me about a website totally dedicated to old Disneyland called "Yesterland." Go to www.mcs.net/werner/yester.html This site by Werner W. Weiss, allows you to click on full-color photos of old Disneyland rides like The People Mover, Monsanto's House of the Future, or Rainbow Ridge Pack Mules, read a brief description of the ride and the R.I.P. date info. I highly recommend it, but it really makes me sad that all these Disney places and attractions are gone!

SUBURBAN LAWNS THEORY: And while we are still on this thread, in the latest book offering on Los Angeles called, *"The City: Los Angeles and Urban Theory at the End of the Twentieth Century,"* I came across a theory which ties in nicely with this whole discussion. This theory gives us the true meaning behind suburban lawns which goes like this: ".....THE AMERICAN OBSESSION WITH FRONT LAWNS REVEALS A DEEPER IDEOLOGICAL INCLINATION. THE LAWN ALSO REPRESENTS A SUBJUGATION OF NATURE TO THE RULE OF CIVILIZATION... THE DEMOCRACY OF THE SUBURBAN LAWN IS SIMULTANEOUSLY BENIGN, EXCESSIVE, AND OBSESSIVE IN THE SENSE THAT IT IMPOSES A SAMENESS IRRESPECTIVE OF GEOGRAPHIC DIFFERENCE AND THE PARTICULARITY OF ECOLOGICAL PLACE. AT THE SAME TIME THE LAWN IS PLEASING, ORDINARY, AND DEMOCRATIC AND ALLOWS EACH CITIZEN A SYMBOLIC SHARE IN A DOMESTICATED RITUAL OF SUBJUGATION AND AGGRANDIZEMENT. THE LAWN IS A MIDDLE-CLASS EMBODIMENT OF THE AMERICAN CONFLICT BETWEEN THE VALUE OF NATURE AS A PRINCIPLE AND ITS MANAGEMENT AS A MEANS TOWARD MATERIAL PROGRESS..." So there you have it. This is the opinion of Richard S. Weinstein, the associate dean of the School of Arts and Architecture and professor of architecture and urban design at UCLA) After reading this passage, you should get some appreciation of why I have to dedicate ALL my free time to preparing my master's thesis, since this is typical of the reading I'm finding I need to do (ha, ha)... Well, I'm sure I've more than used up my alotment of space. I hope I've left you with at least a few things to think about over the years. I leave you with some of my most fondly remembered photos. Yours truly, the vain one...

-Michele Flipside

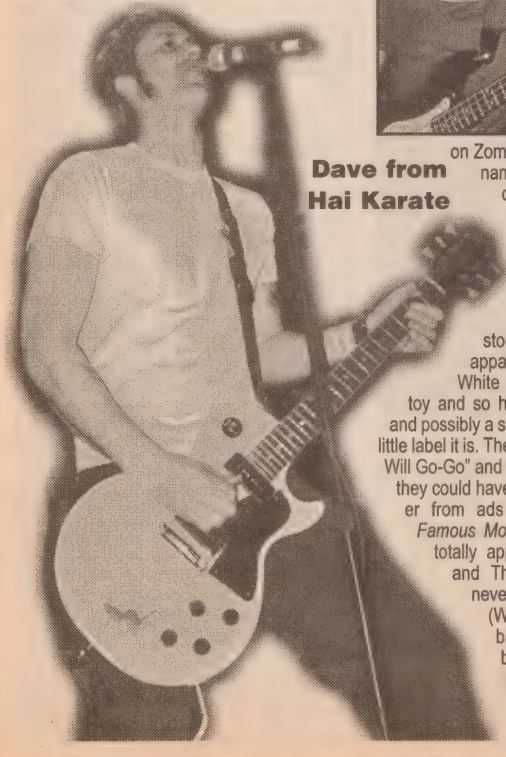
(I can be reached for comments at: Micheleflp@aol.com)

BOBISMS

I've been reading a lot of press lately about **Sean Lennon**'s debut CD on Grand Royale. (That's one of the things I do religiously is read every new issue of *Spin* and *Rolling Stone*. It's a form of self-torture.) The whole spin on Sean Lennon is that he's not spoiled at all, he's really very normal and nice and he just happens to be a natural talent like his old man and he doesn't suck at all like his brother Julian 'cause he was raised by Yoko in an artistic environment. Yeah, right. Now I haven't heard "Into the Sun" yet but I understand Sean's stuff is closer to Beck and The Beastie Boys then it is to Beatles or John Lennon's stuff. But then I read in one interview with Sean where he was describing his music and saying that he has no interest in making mainstream music and what he really wants to do is make "garage" music. That sorta bugs me 'cause when I think of garage music I automatically think about stuff on Estrus or Dionysus or any of a zillion little labels who patronize bands that are flavored with a sixties punk influence. Now, I'm pretty sure what happened was that Sean Lennon was struggling to come up with a term to describe what he considers to be trendy underground music and he conjured up "garage" visualizing Beck tooling away in some home studio. And that's fair enough I suppose 'cause I'm not trying to bag on that whole scene - whatever you may want to call it - I just don't wanna call it "garage." The term "garage music," to the best of my knowledge, was first coined to describe the stuff that came between progressive pop music and rock and roll, which was also called "sixties punk." Stuff like The Standells, The Shadows Of Knight, The Music Machine, The Thirteenth Floor Elevators and et. etc. (And if anybody out there has a different genesis for that term I'm curious to hear it. My rock history can be as faulty as anybody's.) I like the term "garage" in the more traditional sense and I really don't want to give it up. I know it might sound a little absurd to be concerned about losing a catch phrase but look at what happened to "alternative." It used to be that "alternative" actually described the stuff that wasn't played on the radio, whereas now... Well, you see my point. Now what I think we really need to do is come up with a name for the kind of music Sean Lennon makes. (And unfortunately I think "crap" is taken.) Now I would think of something myself but nobody ever listens to me. So I'll leave it up to one of you. Just make sure it's something that kids who can afford vintage sweaters at Artvarks will like.

And on a similar note, I wanted to mention something that has occurred that could be either a blessing or a disaster depending on your point of view. For the past couple of decades being in a successful, trashy surf band meant being able to play regular gigs at a club near the beach or perhaps inland at a dive that served drinks with umbrellas in them. It was pretty much built-in that you could never get signed to a major label playing instrumentals. Until now, that is, cause if you pick up the latest releases by **The Bomboras** and by **The Ghastly Ones** you'll notice that they are both on Zombie A Go Go Records, a label name that totally sounds like it could be run out of some geek's living room. Except if you look at the spine you'll see that it also says DGC and carries a DGC catalog number. DGC as in David Geffen Company. The story behind Zombie A Go Go apparently is that Rob Zombie of White Zombie fame wanted a new toy and so he got himself a record label and possibly a scene to go with it. And a scary little label it is. The cover art for "A Haunting We Will Go-Go" and "Head Shrinkin' Fun" look like they could have been cut and pasted together from ads taken from old issues of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. Which is totally appropriate for The Bomboras and The Ghastly Ones. If you've never seen either of these bands (Which is doubtful since both bands have gotten around a bit.) they're both trashy sixties-style instrumentalists who feature go go dancers and I think it explains it all if I tell you that The Bomboras' dancer looks like Betty Page and The Ghastly Ones' dancer looks like Vampira. So it seems like Zombie A Go Go would be a good place for both bands to plant their flags in but the major label connection still feels a little weird for this kind of music. Don't get me wrong, I think that every band who wants one should get a chance at the big time and I think that The Bomboras, who are a local LA group, have totally paid their dues and it's cool that they're doing so well. But the way Zombie A Go Go has gone about it reminds me of a few years back when a few major labels were setting up boutique labels and releasing CDs with covers that looked like they were done by pasteup class dropouts and carefully hiding the major label logos on the inside of the CD booklet. I guess what I'm trying to say is that it feels a tiny bit disingenuous but it may not necessarily be a bad thing. I guess it all depends on Rob Zombie's commitment to these releases and whether or not his intentions are purely exploitative. (Yikes!)

↑Buck ↑Beautys



Dave from Hai Karate

And speaking of corporations, I went shopping at a major chain store and I actually made a couple of purchases. I bought both CDs from the Flashback series entitled "The Birth of Alternative Volumes I and II." The Flashback series are Rhino Records releases that are sets of anthologies of things like "The Best of 70's Rock" or "The Best of Disco Fever," and "The Birth of Alternative" is stuff licensed from SubPop and it's priced to move at $5.99 a disc. I mention this if you happen to be from some place that doesn't have a cool indy store and the only place you can get CDs is like at the Warehouse or something and this is a pretty good deal. The two volumes contain things like "Blew" by Nirvana, "Burn Black" by Hole, "You Got It (Keep It Outta My Face)" by Mudhoney and "Between The Buttons" by Love Battery and other SubPop favorites. I don't mean to do a whole commercial for this thing either but I did want to mention that I think that the cover art is pretty hilarious because it does look exactly like a greatest hits package that you might order from the televison. And for all I know there probably is a commercial that runs at four AM on the WB Network for "The Birth of Alternative."

I mentioned in my SXSW diary an issue or two back that Dave McConnell of The Bottom Feeders and Fiz Magazine fame is in a new band called **Hai Karate** which he formed with some pals up in Seattle. Well Hai Karate have a CD out on Man's Ruin Records that pretty much takes up where The Bottom Feeders left off. If anyone out there is unfamiliar with The Bottom Feeders, they could have been The Super Suckers of LA except of course nobody knew about them. They left behind an excellent Hell Yeah EP called "Spit Battle" and a few worthy seven inches which still might be obtainable if one were to dig hard enough.

Lisa Marr and Lisa G. formerly of the Vancouver B.C. band Cub have both relocated to sunny Southern California and have put together a new project called **Buck**. (That's sort of like Cub spelled backwards, get it?) Buck also features Pepper Berry on guitar and occasionally Stew from The Negro Problem on guitar and back up vocals. They've been playing out for less than half a year and they have sort of an early Muffs kinda sound. Keep your eyes and ears open for a seven inch on What Else that should be out any day now as well as a couple of Sympathy releases that are slated for the near future. Buck have played mostly local gigs in the Silver Lake area so far and have only recently expanded their horizons to include Anaheim and San Francisco. They're probably expanding them even further as I'm typing this.

As I mentioned last issue Sluts For Hire are playing out again with their original bass player Bitzy Bop and one of their most recent shows was a special Spaceland gig which was filmed for an upcoming episode of the all-new Mr. Bill Show. You remember Mr. Bill, right? -The little clay guy who appeared in little segments on NBC's Saturday Night Live back when the show was funny. (That was during the punk rock late '70s kids.) Sluts For Hire will be appearing as **Johnny Putrid & The Projectiles** in the "Mr. Bill Goes To The Punk Show And Gets Ripped Apart While Crowd Surfing" episode. It should be airing this fall, provided of course that the stupid thing hasn't been cancelled by the time you read this! (Aw, nooo.)

Fort Wayne, Indiana band **The Beautys** played an L.A. stop at Al's Bar during the west coast leg of their recent annual summer tour. The Beautys, of course, features former Smears guitarist Kathleen Gregg (a.k.a. "Chica Baby"). If you were a Smears fan at all then you should definitely pick up The Beautys new CD "Liquor Pig" which is available on The Beauty's own label Beeb. For information about that or any other Beautys related stuff you can write to them at P.O. Box 10037, Ft. Wayne IN 46850 (or e-mail them at thebeautys@hotmail.com).

Well, that's all that I know about all my friends who are in bands. Which means that I should probably make some new friends in different bands or maybe even (gasp!) go to a few shows! Perhaps I'll see some of you at the clubs.

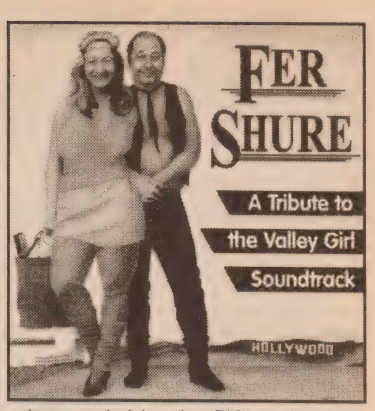
-Bob Cantu

DESIGNATED DALE

Well, well, well... look who's back for more? Thanks mondo for tuning back in to my bi-monthly installment of Flipside offerings. Hope last issue gave you somewhat of what to expect here and in the future. LA has been pretty giving to its musical nightlife th' past coupla months and in May, I finally got to catch CJ Ward's (ex-bassist/Ramones) band out here for the first time, **Los Gusanos**. Before any of you hotheads break out yer labeling machines set for "RAMONES," I have some interesting words about Los Gusanos. No, they AIN'T a 4th generation lift of CJ's old band. Self-described as "Motor Rock," they blazed through a set of heavy, heavy blasts that would've made Ozzy proud in the early 70's. Don't take that the wrong way, there, cocko. Los Gusanos are on the way to ride the crest with other long overdue r'n'r psychos, like The Humpers, REO Speedealer, Zeke, and The Candy Snatchers. Be lookin' out for them, as they prove to do well live AND in the studio. Next issue should actually have the interview with CJ that I did the day before this column deadline - czech it out, mon. The other bands that played that night with Los Gusanos were **fluf** and **Plexi**, and being the knucklehead I am I thought that fluf were gonna play second to last, so I missed out on that, but got to see Plexi who had the whole Cure/KROQ/Oasis thang down pat, if that gets yer goat. The following weekend had a bunch of us freaks driving out to the All Star Lanes bowling alley in Eagle Rock (LA) to soak in some of that wonderful **Gears** buzz. Just like the doctor's orders, The Gears did the trick for us in need of a jolt of pure heaven, while for the locals in the same bar lounge, it seemed to be the sand in their ass cheeks. Other guys on the bill that night were **Speedbuggy** and **The Hangmen**, though I caught hardly of either as I was watching the funny scenario of punkers bowl along side of Eagle Rock regulars. It turned out that you get unlimited bowling with yer paid admission, so if any of your fave bands get on a show over here, get off yer ass & get some exercise as well as some good music. Just keep in mind that shotputting bowling balls down the alley will NOT be tolerated, but always encouraged. That Friday had me skipping down to the good ol' Foothill in Long Beach to see the band that the good lord formed on the 7th day - **The Humpers**! Arriving way later, we missed the **Verdicts** but had to sit through an entire **Dragons** set. Finally, finally, finally after The Humpers dragged their gear up on stage, they cracked open the silence like a broom handle across your dog's barking fucking jaws as they welcomed back r'n'r with their sonic brand of killing machine tunes. About the third or fourth song into their set, all hell broke loose as three pairs of fists came roaring out of the dance floor whacking everything in their way, including about four VERY pissed off bouncers who squashed it as quick as they could and then proceeded to throw out the offending parties on the sidewalk outside. Yeesh. The funny part is that The Humpers were all watching as they continued to play, house lights on and all. The even funnier thing (Yeah, professor, "funnier" ain't a word, neither is "ain't"- so what.) is that almost every fucking time that The Humpers break out with"Murder City Revolution," I notice that the most wicked fights bust out as well. Kinda along the same lines as The Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" trip, no? Makes ya think. Regardless of the fight, Humpers fans in attendance got to check out the boys on their home front; a good set for all.

The following weekend turned into double-your-pleasure Saturday with the **Vandals** headlining a magazine benefit show with a bazillion other bands. Cruised in as the last band before The Vandals were wrapping up their set, and I started to wander around the inside of this place that used to be Billboard Live but is now the Key Club. The whole inside of the place is reminiscent to a production stage of an awards show. Very "Less Than Zero," ya know? The crowd was ready for The Vandals and I felt like an old security guard at a skate park as they hit the stage. Towards the end of their set, the singer asked what the peeps would like to hear, and to my damn surprise, they turned out "Anarchy Burger (Hold the Government)." To tell you that I wasn't smiling when they did this I would be a lyin'-through-my-teeth-mofo. Afterwards, they rushed everyone out so they could pack in their 2nd crowd that night for dancing and what not. It worked out to good timing that the show did end early, 'cause The Gears were doing an opening across town at the Zero 1 Gallery, and no one had to ask twice to head out to that, so we strolled in as they were gettin' set up.

Right before The Gears kicked off their set, I ran into Mr. David Roach of the past Junkyard/Cruster/Borracho fame and found out that his new lineup, the **99 Cent Kings** were gonna play after The Gears, but being my carpool situation, I wasn't fortunate enough to get to see 'em afterwards, 'cause if any of you yahoos have not heard David sing, yer missin' out in a BIG way. I look forward to checking them out soon. This past Saturday was the reclamation of Hollywood, as there was MORE than enough to check out as far as some great bands. The Roxy played host to All and Zeke, Bar Deluxe had the ace up their sleeve with the ever-fucking-mighty Throwrag, but I sold my soul to The Whiskey as they were putting on The Humpers with hellions **Damnation** and other bands like **Jon Cougar Concentration Camp**, **4 Letter Word**, and **Divisia**. Tripped into the Whisky as John Cougar Concentration Camp were finishing their hyperspeed/Ramones style of rockin' and rollin' before Damnation were up to ear rape everyone with their hell-spawn ridden blasts of satanic buzz with songs like "Beezelbubblegum" and the old Living End standby, "Deadbeat." I think that the more this band plays, the more that lead voc. Shaun is possessed to anoint the crowd with glasses of WHATEVER. Hey, fuck that, I ain't complainin' - it's been pretty hot lately - make mine strictly ice, please. The Humpers were up next and I have to honestly say that this was one of their really good sets lately - locomotive-like rhythm and strong vocals made one of the world's finest THAT much better, and vocal man Scott was even getting to know the audience really well the whole time, by what else but laying on top of 'em and tooling around down on the floor while the rest of the Humpers held down the fort and burned on. If you are still one of the people left in the fog, don't be lost any longer - check out their latest release as well as their other five releases at yer local rekkid dive - the gods of rock will smile upon thee... I was all systems go for catching **Throwrag** later after the Whisky gig, but was told that they did an early set (which is a crime in itself, 'cause Throwrag will take on ANY flavor-o-the-month band being vomited over the masses and make their space be known) at Bar Deluxe that evening... ya just can't have it all, sucko. Besides bars and clubs, there has been some other cool shit happenin' as well, like the annual **Hootenanny** they put on every summer out in the city of Orange by Irvine Lake. This year's near perfect lineup included **X**, **The Cramps**, **Social Distortion**, **The Blasters**, **Rev. Horton Heat**, and a gang of others (See live section for FULL details). All bias and favoritism aside, why isn't Throwrag on that bill? I would put up everything I own that they would knock at LEAST half that audience's dicks in the dirt. Maybe next year, that would really be something. Sorry, there, jocko, I'm turning into fanboy yet again... Speaking of which, I have had the pleasure of spinning some real good shit lately, CD/vinyl speaking. Like I was yappin' on about earlier, the Los Gusanos CD has carved itself into my CD changer lately, as well as **Guy Smiley**'s "Can't Turn Back" disc. And I do hope that Guy Smiley has some other shit floatin' about or in the works, 'cause they deliver the juice, jackass. Los Gusanos should be in the works on their second full-length by the time this goes to print, and ending out their 2nd states tour, baby. Yeah, yeah, I know, I'm



This page: The Humpers. 📷-Gary Hornberger
Fer Shure, The Valley Girl tribute soundtrack.
Next page: Rager Rabbit and Marky Mouse, The Customers, The Ramones drawn by Matt Groening.

THE ALIENS ARE HERE!!! IT'S TIME TO JOIN THE MOTHERSHIP. SO DRINK UP THAT FRUIT PUNCH. PUT ON YOUR ZIP-LOCK HEADGEAR. AND DON'T FORGET RABID ANIMAL KOMIX. CUZ THERE AIN'T NO INFLIGHT MOVIE!!!
KRANKIN' KOMIX
JOIN THE KULT!

DESIGNATED DALE
DESIGNATED DALE
DESIGNATED DALE

sounding like a broken record when I start to pipe up about **The Customers**, but I have to reiterate that if ya haven't seen em, simply do so. They are one of THE live acts to see. By the time this goes to print, they also should be nailing down their brand new full length as well. And, by the way, **The Chickenhawks** have their first full length out on our own Martin McMartin's RAFR label, so check that one out as well, you. The Chickenhawk's sound can be described as The Stones as a garage/barn band with a female singer, with the straight-ahead rockin' factor held securely in place. Very entertaining live, my friends. A fairly new release from the folks over at Itchy Korean Records has the attention of nerd/80's/yet still fucking cool/freaks like myself checkin' out their **"Fer Shure - A Tribute to the valley Girl Soundtrack"** disc and let me be the first to say that if you refuse to believe that you dug that soundtrack yer full of it, McRocko. Rather than gush here, check out the record reviews section in the back of this issue, as you'll be surprised by a couple of the bands that grace this bad boy. Speaking of bad boys, you're an even worse one if ya have waited to this day to check out the **Replacements** retrospective "All for Nothing" twin disc set. Mats fans worldwide have dug this set to the bone as it refreshes most of the beer warped minds they have helped to create. I'm still holding my breath for the Twin Tone box set that is supposedly to be way larger and offer up never-before- heard tracks to the masses... waiting,* waiting, waiting... Ran into the almighty thunder-that- is-guitar himself, Mark Arnold from the MIA and Big Drill Car days this past summer and besides being busy with holding down sound duties for Rocket From The Crypt on their last major tour, he has been busy getting the full-length release under way with his new band, **All Systems Go**. He was givin' me the low-down on the line-up and any jumbo fanfucks of Big Drill Car or fanboys of the Doughboys like Mr. Dale here are gonna be pretty fucking down with THIS... the band consists of John Kastner (post Dougbboys dude) fronting and on rhythm gitter, Mr. Frank Daly (ex-Big Drill Car, you shit!) doin' the bass thang, but sharing vocal duties, Mark on (what else?) lead gitter, and some guy (sorry) they got on drums up in Canada where they are getting this recording ready. Keep yer eyes an' ears open for 'em 'cause if this band has even a splinter of what Big Drill Car had to offer many moons ago, I'm gonna soil myself. You're most likely thinkin' "Christ, Dale, lay offa the Drill Car thing fer fuck's sake!" and you are probably right but if you were of the fortunate souls to catch a live set by them you know where I'm comin' from. If you weren't, tough titties - there's four CDs that will knock ya socks off that are available just about anywhere. Alright. I really had to get that offa my back. Enough gushing (at least for now...) on and on and on, it's just that I know that the BDC fans would want to hear about it if they haven't already. ENOUGH! Got to sneak a peek at the **Warped Tour '98** right before this deadline and I'd thought I should share a little of what was goin' on since my compadres and I missed most of the tunes due to work that day (ahhhh, to have summers off again...). Hats off, first and foremost to Lisa B. for sliding us in that day, 'cause $10 (yeah, TEN) to park and $6 for beers for those who drink is purely a slap in the face for all, yet brother Mark made the point that if he was investing/promotin' the tour, he'd milk/rape it for all the parent's $ worth, too. Hell, you coulda sold dog shit in a bag for $8.50/lb and STILL run outta the stuff halfway through the day. I'm whining. Waah. Woo. Enough complaining, 'cause what I did see band-wise is where the REAL complaints lie. **Rev. Horton Heat** played waaaay too fucking early that day. I mean REAL early. I mean, shit - before **Save Ferris, Rancid** & **Bad Religion**? What the fuck do ya call THAT?! Bad Religion were actually the best set there 'cause they were pluckin' songs from their catalog to keep the hell-bent fans happy, but the majority of their set was fucking rocking as in R-O-C-K and I was happy as a vet. elbow deep in his horse's ass. By the way, Bad Religion's new release, "No Substance" is worth the musically-inclined spin being that they show their listeners that they can do more than just play really fast. Good shit, Maynard. Watching Bad R. end the show that day was kinda gratifying because I hadn't seen them since the Generator tour at the Hollywood Palladium and I was wondering if they still go off live. As Austin Powers would answer, "Yeah, baby!" Driving home, all I was thinkin' was how much more rocking the Hootenanny was gonna be that Saturday and maaaaan was I ever thinking right as you'll see - like I said, in the next issue's column. Now, on a sort of a Ramones-related item (you know what to expect when reading this particular column - no bitching, you), I have had the creepy privilege of checking out one hell of a sick yet funny-as-hell comic for a while now. Now, I know that comics or the comic related stuff is usually covered by our own guy Ken, but being that this comic has the cool-as-shit Ramones overtones, I had to give it a read. The name of it is **Rabid Animal Komix** and features our glue huffing, beer swilling, dope smoking hero Rager Rabbit and his just as innocent pal, Marky the Mouse based up in Frisco. One of the funny things is that Rager has the full on "New Yahk" bite to his gruff disposition while Marky remains the ever-cool good influence (other than the drinking and other funtime activities). I don't wanna ruin the whole trip for those who have yet to check it out, but the humor is somewhere between The Freak Brothers and the most bent Ramones songs... Fans of dark, sick, and sometimes perverted humor will find it pretty damn amusing. If yer local comic/freak emporium doesn't carry Krankin' Komix, check out the contact list below to get hooked up - you'll be glad ya did. The guy who puts it out, Mike Hersh, is quite the character as well as you see what he spills into his comic pages. Yeah, I know you are muttering to yourself, "What in the name of fuck does THAT have to do with the Ramones?" You don't have to be an inside out fanfuck of the Ramones like myself to enjoy this particular comic, but being so would make the comic that much more enjoyable if ya are... I don't know - I'm mutating to fanboy status once again - gotta watch that shit. On a final, yet fucked up note, a salute to Mr. Phil Hartman whose passing will be missed through characters like Troy McClure, Lionel Hutz, & Lyle Lindley on the greatest show of modern TV, The Simpsons. Thanks again for stayin' awake for another wave of my column offerings... I' m Against It

-Designated Dale

CONTACTS
Los Gusanos, Mayhem Records, Ltd., 285 W. Broadway, Ste. 300 NY, NY 10013/(212) 226-7272
Guy Smiley, Devil Doll Records, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853
Rabid Animal Komix - Krankin' Komix PO Box 9389, Berkeley, CA 94709-0389
Itchy Korean Records, PO Box 570743, Houston, TX 77257-0743

It seems that this issues column will be a bit of an eclectic tromp. Hopefully there will be something interesting and informative in it's contents for you...

Unfortunately, I think that **Saving Private Ryan** is a movie worth seeing. I'd love to be able to just dismiss the whole thing as just another schlockie Steven Spielberg production and let it go at that. But for everybody with some interest in World War II it's in the very least worth your while for the battle scenes that are every bit as drawn out and brutal as the critics say. There are more bloody parts flying around on the screen than you can shake a stick at. The randomness of bullets flying without any specific target in mind is well done, especially when a projectile connects with a fleshy target. And plenty of fleshy targets connecting there is and that happens to be the one thing that's hammered home in all the long drawn out battle action that there's probably more of than you'd hoped for.

Sadly, all this is interrupted by the plot and Tom Hanks, which when he opens his mouth ends up being the vessel for Spielberg's helpless moralizing. Kind of in a typical vein of American film and in spite of all the action that's illustrating absurdity for us, there is an attempt made to ramrod the point that it's all for mom and apple pie and the stars and stripes in the end. If not for the annoying pauses one could have walked away with a more simple and perhaps truer sense of battle, that the point is to kill or be killed and thus stay alive.

If not for this "plot," Saving Private Ryan might be a commendable film standing alone on its merit and the viewer being left to reach a more subjectively objective conclusion instead of one being forced fed to him via a straw and pipecleaner... Where the raw meat of the subject should have been left to its own device for barbaric devouring, an attempt has been made to cook and chop it into somewhat manageable sized seasoned morsels for palatable consumption. It is because of this garnish that I left the theater with a bad taste in my mouth.

A couple of World War II films that I have a lot of admiration for are coincidentally both German made. **Das Boot** (1981) and **Stalingrad** (1993) which somehow managed to portray the mental and sensory overload of the act of war without specifically moralizing about it with the intent to sell one its version of the truth about war.

Das Boot is the older and more well known of the two and was directed by Wolfgang Petersen. Most of the action takes place in a claustrophobic German submarine hunting for anything that it could sink. Long, drawn-out periods of toiling and boredom with searching for a target are accentuated by brief periods of mortal fear and exhilaration. The ending is a great punch from nowhere that will stay with you as you walk out of the theater wondering if people really undertook such an absurd activity and still actually do.

Taking place on the opposite end of the European theater, Stalingrad really hits a home run with its facts of fighting an increasingly hopeless campaign under the most extremely adverse seasonal elements presented naked and in your face. I am sure that director Joseph Vilsmaier didn't have the budget of Spielberg at his disposal when shooting but somehow managed to present imagery that is in the very least just as powerful. Seen from the viewpoint of six German soldiers that meet with inevitable fates that resemble the unfolding of the great World War I novel *All Quiet on the Western Front* the horror and carnage and ultimately the unfairness of it all is masterfully laid out before ones eyes.

The "war movie" is a very important genre in modern film because it informs to an extent those that have not taken part in the real thing of the pitfalls derived from a reality that is not about medals and ribbons and honor and glory, but about pure and simple reality. A reality which essentially is war at its basest. Kill or be killed. Thus as human beings with the power to facilitate the waging of war we are left with the open ended question of whether to trumpet the call to arms and answer it when it is heard.

On a lighter subject, but of just as much importance... We come to heroes... We all need heroes and since the blood and guts ones are passe now, I am glad to say that I've stumbled onto a new one tailor made to take us into the next century. He is **Too Much Coffee Man**!

I don't remember having heard of Too Much Coffee Man till Morticia excitedly brought a copy of *Too Much Coffee Man's Guide For the Perplexed* home a short while ago. Apparently TMCM's creator *Shannon Wheeler* is a fellow Texan of Mike Judge (creator of Beavis & Butthead and King of the Hill) who is exactly right in his forward to this collection - It is actually very funny, makes for good bathroom reading... And following up on these words of wisdom I've realized that TMCM is the superhero that the 90's really need. One that points out the ironies in life and expands upon the casual pleasures of coffee, cigarettes, ponderings over the meaning of life, and more coffee. This is definitely not your average hard-boiled spawn from hell. TMCM is a superhero that reflects today's societal necessity for satisfaction through the everyday rituals that we're faced with. Hell, who am I kidding?.. It's a greatly drawn comic about coffee and aliens and cigarettes and our collective deep anxieties. Get yourself a copy and see a bit of yourself reflected in this refreshingly original universe.

From superheroes perhaps we'll move onto unexplained phenomenon and that sort of thing... After all, the occult and unexplained and spooky in general are becoming sheik again... So what's next?

"Buffalo Bob Smith: D. July 14th in Hendersonville, NC at the age of 80. Creator and host of *Howdy Doody* which ran on NBC from Dec. 1947 to Sept. 1960 for a total of 2,543 episodes and was the first show to be broadcast in color."

If mind-control becomes the new poster-child for the disenfranchised comical remnants of society then we will never know and allegations of implants, the Jim Jones/Guyana massacre, would be assassins and average folks being driven crazy will all melt into the background pattern for t-shirts and "protective" tinfoil-lined baseball caps.

With UFOs and little green men having become a symbol of pop culture, it seems that there's something new to replace them as the forbidden subject that will get one labeled as an unbalanced quack upon mention - mind control! Mind control in and of itself is nothing all that new. Legends and speculations have floated around for years and a curiosity has kept building up behind it.

Unlike UFOs and aliens, this topic seems a bit more accessible and closer to home. After all, governments of The Government have been caught with hands to the elbows in different cookie jars before so it isn't at all that unfathomable that They would have at least a few fingers in this.

LSD experiments in prisons during the 60's, assassinations, mass suicide, and "unmotivated suicides" are a lot easier to link to microwave transmissions, post hypnotic suggestions, and men in black... And why not? There are documented experiments to be researched even though the results might not be so well documented or rather "accessible"... People with mysterious "implants" have come forward and many more stories come from perfectly respectable average folks who have reported the beaming of "voices" into their heads.

Whether fact or fiction seems to also be linked to the way the answering of the question is handled. Having seen what popularization and consumerism has done to the credibility of UFOlogy it seems almost as important to see how the conclusion to the question is arrived at. If mind-control becomes the new poster-child for the disenfranchised comical remnants of society then we will never know and allegations of implants, the Jim Jones/Guyana massacre, would be assassins and average folks being driven crazy will all melt into the background pattern for t-shirts and "protective" tinfoil-lined baseball caps.

On the musical side of things there's but a few things to report:

The now and for some time defunct **Festival of Dead Deer** have a twelve song vinyl release out on the Three.One.G label [POB 178262, San Diego, CA 92177]. Unfortunately it has happened when there's less than a snowball's chance in hell that you'll be able to see them live... Fortunately the release has managed to retain a pretty good portion of the feral energy that was always exuded live. It's called "The Many Faces of Mental Illness," look for it.

It looks like the fourth **Babyland** album will be out by the end of September. There's no information as to the title, but I can tell you that it's going to be self released on the Mattress label. I guess by the time this gets into anyone's hands for reading it'll actually have been out and you might have gotten a chance to see them during the very quick West Coast tour.

Still waiting on Nick Cave to arrive and Momus will also be back sometime around October... Music isn't everything all the time.

In closing, I'd like to say that I'm starting to feel a bit naked here rambling without the voice of balanced reason coming from Morticia. Perhaps soon she will grace both the reader and myself with some words of wisdom. Let us keep our fingers crossed.

-AArtVark

WEBORAMA

• Web reviews by AArtVark & Morticia

David Bowie ==> BowieNet
http://www.davidbowie.com
Not fully operational, it'll still take you to the "old" Bowie site and direct you in all the directions you wanna go in as a David Bowie fan... Looks like the new BowieNet is aiming high with this new site in the works...

ParaScope
http://www.parascope.com/index.html
Something strange is happening indeed! You can find it all here, aliens, conspiracies, mind control, the paranormal and more. A great jumping off point into the world of the bizarre, unexplained and frightfully true.

University of Central Oklahoma,
Funeral Service Department
http://204.154.117.119/index.html
Planning on going back to school and getting a degree in something useful and meaningful? Well, here's your big chance!

Home of the Celebrity Dead Pool
http://www.stiffs.com/
That's right kiddies, if you like guessing who's going to pop up next pushin' up daisies, this is one for you to visit... Well, even if you just want to know that the latest score is on those almost dearly departed. Fun for the whole family!

Nick Cave/Bad-Seed.org
http://www.bad-seed.org
"Welcome to a world of emotional turbulence, yearning lyrics, explosive instruments, engaging performances, and quiet introspection. Welcome to the world of Nick Cave." Pretty much sums it up.

Bauhaus Resurrection Tour page
http://www.etete.com/bauhaus/
If you want the news and the latest on the tour, this looks to be rather well maintained and updated... Assuming that there's anything there when this issue comes out.

Pinch A Loaf Productions
http://home.earthlink.net/~loaf/
The little label that puts out some pretty good "experimental-dark-ambient-noisemusic". Check out the attractive web-page. With links, news, and more you'll find something you like!

The Interactive Toilet of Terror
http://www.madmartian.com/toilet.html
"It will scare the shit out of you!" Are you curious and brave enough to visit the most frightening virtual commode on the web?

The Gargoyles Statuary Online Catalog
http://gargoylestatuary.com/enter.html
If you dig gargoyles and the like, have a look here and you might just walk away with a real cute fellar to put on yer roof...

Nick Cave Collector's Hell
http://www.iae.nl/users/maes/cave
"all his books and his notes and all the junk that he wrote" Extremely thorough and the name is quite apt - Spend an eternity digging through all the info and stuff...

Cliff's Haunted Projects!
http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Cavern/4387/index.html
Learn how to make some really neat things that'll scare the crap out of people at Halloween or on other days of the year. Great fun...

Big Black Smoke
http://www.cgu.com/bigblacksmoke/
This web-site is called Big Black Smoke and it's the Kinks guide to London. Follow the Kinks by clicking on photos and album covers. Very cool.

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Drew Blood (1959-1998)

Dear readers,

My good friend Drew Blood is one of the few people anywhere to have been able to read his own epitaph. But that's exactly how it happened. Back in January 1993, in Flipside #82, I wrote an epitaph letter to him in the letters section after his apparent suicide, but, he survived. We all laughed about it at the time because it proved that Drew was going to beat HIV/AIDS, and live forever.

Drew was diagnosed in 1986, after donating blood. He lived courageously with the effects of the disease for about the last four years. He had pretty good health up until that time. He was the last survivor of his AIDS support group from '86. Drew Bailey, aka Drew Blood, was born on August 10, 1959 in Imperio near the Mexican border, the youngest child of his family. From an early age Drew was a little bit special, suffering from dyslexia and other learning disabilities. Drew's parents separated when he was a teenager, as he was awakening to his sexuality. He was a confirmed and proud homosexual. And was aware of this from childhood experiences in early adolescence in Laguna Beach and Riverside where the family settled.

It was an affair with a younger teen called Christopher that gave birth to Drew's prodigious talent for poetry in 1978. The break up of the relationship led to Drew's first suicide attempt. Freshly bandaged up after slashing both wrists, Drew was re-christened Drew Blood at a local night club. The name stuck. He was, by this time, one of the few Riverside punks popularized by Bill Bartell's columns in Flipside. Working the record bins at Licorice Pizza, dressing and living outrageously, Drew and friends like the late Rene Gade and Intimidation attended gigs at the Squeeze, their local loser bar, pogoing away the nights to outlaw rock acts like Fear, Dead Kennedys, X and Iggy Pop. It was this formative phase that entrenched Drew into the punk ethic.

Sometime later, Drew, who was by now the singer in Moral Sex, and Rene, who sang for the cult Riverside group Death Patrol, both appeared on the Reactors album "World War Four" as back up singers.

Drew is perhaps best known amongst punk/zine types as the man who published the two volumes of Germs histories in cuttings. Drew's eerie voice can be heard reading his early poem "Mohawk Redemption" on the recent "Circle of Friends" Germs tribute CD. The back of his head is also in the gig/riot sequence in Decline pt. 1 where Bill (Superfan) Bartell is writing on Darby Crash's back with a magic marker.

When Rene died in 1982, killed by a drunk driver while hitching a lift from a Queen concert with Pat Smear, Drew effectively gave up singing and turned to spoken word performances, raising money for his books with shared bills with the likes of 45 Grave and the infamous Riverside supergroup, Cahuenga. Drew's output over the next fifteen years was mostly self published by his own press, the DBPL. Drew Blood Press, Ltd., spawning over 75 works by Drew and various poetry talents he had discovered from around the U.S. and the world.

Drew took on HIV with determination. His poetry from the mid 1980's reflected the limited time he had left and the feeling that more should be done to combat ignorance and homophobia. These were the days of ACT UP aids awareness, and Drew's work showed an anger and militancy that refused to just lay down and become another AIDS statistic.

I got to know him in 1990. We met through an ad for his Germs books in Factsheet 5 and remained good friends through life's ups and downs ever since. Drew was much more than a stereotypical punk rocker, or a stereotypical poet either. He was above all an artist. A true renaissance man. Probably one of the godfathers of Generation X/grunge poetry as it is in the late 90's, alongside Whiteboy, Bob Z and the rest. But Drew was also a heartfelt writer who could expose his feeling for the entire world to see with the most intense love verse ever written.

A million things to a million different (it seemed) people, Drew entered a hospice in April of this year because he was suffering from skin trouble, walking difficulties and pneumonia. He seemed to recover over the next few weeks to take phone calls from friends and smoke his beloved cigarettes, not losing his will to fight or his innate sense of humor. He was planning to move into a ground floor apartment in June with the help of his stepmother. But, on the 2nd of June, he passed into a coma sleep and never regained consciousness.

A memorial was held on the 6th with about 80 people in attendance, and eulogies were read. I hope Drew's beloved Joy Division and New Order were played as to his wishes. I could not be there. I wish I could have been.

Like Bad Religion, who's music he loved, Drew won't be seeing the 21st Century either. One more cast member who saw Darby Crash's last performances at the Starwood is gone too along with Craig Lee and Black Randy, a true original who died of AIDS. Also a true friend and soul mate who brought a bright shining light into the lives of everyone who new him - eternally missed by: Regi Mentle, Randy Gierke, Donnie Rose, Lori Wiener, Stacy Blah, Mrs. Bailey, Susan Whipkey, Dave Curtis, Melissa, Larry Bob and so many more. This time forever.

Goodbye my good friend.

Love, Alan and Liz

(Alan 21 The Spinney, Goldington,Bedford, MK41 OHA, England.)

📷-Mike Stand, 1982

MORTVARKORAMA MORTVARKORAMA MORTVARKORAMA MORTVARKORAMA

SHANESHIT

→Tish and Snooky - former Sick F*cks, currently Manic Panic moguletts. 📷-Dawn Laureen

←Paige Darling on Peter Crowly's lap, next to Miss Adena of Bikini Contest, backstage at the Continental. 📷-Courtesy Paige

As promised (threatened?), this issue my column has the conclusion of my AIPETDOM rant - which I will subtitle: "How I Decided Kibble Ain't A Bad Way To Go" or something like that! The first portion emphasized the moral, ethical and rational necessity for legalization of drugs. This half begins by concentrating on the desirability of the next technological fix of artificial intelligence, and concludes with an emotional appeal to the reader that meshes the two facets of the rant and my thought the best I can at this point in my understanding of reality. I hope you enjoy this - you can bet other portions of this column will refer back to this rant in various ways.

AIPETDOM RANT PART II,
or, Put A Catdoor Into Paradise For Me

So now let us look at some of the variety of opinions on technology, because to many it is the great Satan that will allow corrupt and corrupting governments and elite's to make totalitarianism a reality in our lifetime. First off, I guess the 64000 buck question is whether or not artificial intelligence is even possible -- in fact it has been talked about for so long without becoming much of a reality that few believe that the most intricate decisions about and for humanity could be made by some nth generation computer. Maybe I was seduced early by author Stanislaw Lem, but at the same time that Gibson's cyberpunk novels first came out, entertainingly portraying AI's as villainous entities of the near future, Lem had already published a story about an 18th generation series of computers so lofty their final act before ascending into the cosmos as disembodied intelligence's was to lecture to the professorial humans that were their remaining contacts with humanity. It seemed all too possible then as it does now that the next stage in evolution would be something we had a hand in generating, but that could leave all our foibles behind. Not just the seven deadly sins of the mind, but the physical limitations of carbon-based life. The numbers on space travel don't lie -- the chances of man being able to trek to distant galaxies are slim to none but it is possible that some of the descendants of the human pets I imagine could be mightily entertained by real-time transmissions of exploratory spacebots. I've already mentioned the "war machine" in the post-modern sense -- one of the currently most knowledgeable men on the planet about post-modernist theory and a reveler in (but not a "true believer" in) tech, is Arthur Kroker. His multimedia show that he toured with after publishing his book on the po-mo was known as *Spasm* - a term he uses to mean living with contradictory feelings and loving it -- specifically about today's tech. He instructs those who have reservations about tech to practice "ironic immersion" and "critical distancing" (probably the ol' unabummer should have tried this!). Whether this particular tightrope can be danced on for long isn't the issue here- but what he has to say about today's elite's is more ammunition for my insistence we defrock them. The technocrats who can make the most farfetched futurism a reality he calls passive nihilists. They are tantamount to slackers who want to be hardwired and are pleased to abandon themselves; but their bosses are suicidal nihilists -- they see themselves as Caesar's of digital empires and they long to and will go to any lengths to infuse the cultural landscape with their imprint (cf. Newt Gingrich or Bill Gates or Al Gore). So this war machine is actually the perfect cynicism of these elite's invading and seeking to conquer their own domestic populations. The actual slackers are growing up ambivalent about technology -- they see themselves as powerless, but many are still trying to create art in the face of closing options. In Kroker's philosophy of the "recline of western civilization," he maintains that appearances more and more conceal their opposites -- he recommends that instead of saying no to tech, that its methods be used as tactics to survive within its maw. He notes the coinage of romantic mystic William Blake -- that "the sleep of reason begets monsters" -- he sees this as being the end of human possibilities. I say that the only hope is to go beyond Kroker's methods and work for ripping the power of decision-making out of the hands of the suicidal cynics who are into playing games of mind-fucking cruelty. Then we can hope for the best with AI.

Much less ambivalent about technology is Hans Moravec. In fact, an interviewer of his characterizes him as the kind of guy who'd take his ball and go home if the robots and AI's weren't allowed to play, and would be disappointed if they didn't win. He is a hard-core mechanist who truly believes in the inevitability of Artificial Intelligence. As far as I know, no program has yet been able to pass the Turing test, the benchmark quiz that checks out whether a program can successfully pass itself off as human. That is why I cannot feel utterly confident that a purely non-biological intelligence is that close to reality in linear years. Moravec has no such qualms, he is sure that by 2025 computing set-ups will be processing info faster than the human brain. He believes that AI will be significantly more intelligent than people, and that to keep them under human control would be impossible and undesirable. "Why should machines millions of times more intelligent, and fecund, and industrious than ourselves exist only to support our ponderous antique bodies and dimwitted minds in luxury?" is how he puts it. And that is where he and I part company, because even if I agree that they should not be limited to taking care of us, it logically follows that to do so would be no problem for beings that advanced. The chain of logic is this: If humans evolved from small furry mammals, and seem to have an inordinate fondness for them due to that, why shouldn't it work the same way when it comes to the next home of consciousness on this planet? Right now, people are concerned because the closest things to AI that exist are tools in the hands of the surveillance state; but if and when computers excel beyond the brain and really and truly incorporate all the data on earth that is encoded digitally (an ever increasing amount!) without having the built-in socio-biological flaws of man, I believe they will be able to administer our affairs in a more compellingly worthy fashion than man has shown himself capable of in regards to the animal kingdom. Moravec's desired future for humanity isn't that far from mine in that he expects tribalism to return and that human diversity will be greater than ever. This is the key to my entire proposition: instead of feeling that technology is a mere tool of the powers-that-be, stand back and examine the possibility that all the new age millennialist wishes might actually come true if facilitated by benevolent heirs to our planet. Moravec says they'll herd us like we herd toddlers; I prefer the analogy to pet cats and dogs, cherished far beyond our productive value. Also, as with my scenario, Moravec assumes it will be robots and computers that explore space: "Super-intelligent robots and disembodied post-biological minds." *(In the classic tradition of Shane himself, I can't help but to insert my own, somewhat lengthy, two cents worth.*

Artificial intelligence and the required computer technology is advancing, right now, in the late '90's, faster than it ever has before. But why? There's no "space race" or Cold War type of national defense motivation and I'm not convinced that the major AI breakthroughs will come from the "surveillance state." The full realization of AI is dependent upon the microprocessor, which as we all know, is the big news in tech these days. The personal computer market thrives with consumers convinced that they always need a faster, more powerful computer. But why? To play Quicktime movies? To run Windows? To run a word processor? To surf the net? Yeah, that's what the ads say, but you believe it like you buy Miller because it's "the champagne of beers."

Everyone knows the latest chip isn't necessary to run a word processor, or any business application for that matter. They've all worked fine for years. My Commodore 64 (a 1 MHz, 64K RAM computer!) word processor was just about as good as the one I use now on a machine some 500 times faster. Even so-called new stuff, like e-mail applications and browsers, are really just text manipulators - microprocessor no-brainers. The real technology envelope is, however, being pushed by private sector companies like id software (the Doom/ Quake video game people) who's software can "spray fully lit 3D worlds at the screen with tons of AI-driven monsters at 30 frames per second." Performance is a challenge here, these technological advances leave the business programmers in the dust. Pound for processor pound, he virtual reality engine in Doom blew away what even NASA was claiming as state of the art. Just as games (most from industry startups) are driving the 3D/AI/Virtual reality markets, an even bigger "embarrassment" claims the view-on-demand/

digital content market. Movie fans won't accept jerky, postage-stamp sized instant video, but just like with CD-ROMs, video on the Internet was pioneered and driven by the porn industry. And you know it's true! They all know it's true!

In a recent Boot Magazine editorial, Alex St. John (an ex-Microsoft executive no less) talked at length on the situation: "My favorite Intel ads are the ones that feature 'videoconferencing.' Stop! You're killing me! I'd bet that for every executive who actually uses that stuff, there are thousands of guys out there tugging themselves blind." Imagine an ad like that! Not from Microsoft! There are more porn web sites, with more visits, than anything else on the Net by far. They were streaming video before they even had the name for it! The truth does not make for good advertising copy, but our need for faster/smarter computers is really driven by our desire for better, more realistic sex and violence! Yep, good ol' sex and violence!

Getting back, more directly to what Shane was talking about - right now in the game world, the big emphasis is in AI development. All of the best, most creative programmers have long since left the dull business world to develop games - where competition and brand loyalty between companies is nothing less than fierce. Some new games are already boasting about their particular "AI engines" and some magazines (like Boot) are actually rating games based on their use of AI. This is some sophisticated stuff too, like monsters that remember things and can communicate with each other and come up with actual strategies based on their acquired group knowledge. Of course, this only scratches the surface, each faster processor enables more complex games and more truly amazing advances in many areas. So I can see in the near future, the perfect AI created ("in our image" as it were), with an implementation to fit Shane's order. What kind of attitude does the artificial intelligence of Ninetendo genesis have towards its "pet"? "Herd" us or pamper us... um, more like challenge us to the most insane battles that only we could think of.

But, you know, I don't really think that would be the case. If our fondness for pets is indeed somehow connected to our evolution from them then by our "having a hand in the next stage" pretty much fucks up the mechanism responsible for that nice side effect. Or, if you believe Darwin, it ain't "natural" selection anymore. Ok, back to Shano...- AL)

Now, in case I seem like I'm finishing up with this near gushy salute to Moravec: no such luck. It wouldn't be fair to not present some of the equally brilliant minds who say the opposite or quite divergent things about what tech has in store. Moravec's polar opposite would have to be the now deceased Jacques Ellul. To describe him in a nutshell I'll allude to a Warner Bros. cartoon-like Francophonic character cliche'. He was a post-war philosopher who was no doubt a real thorn in the side to the more numerous existentialist and post-modern theorists that France is famous for. Ellul borders damned close on being a theologian who literally sees technology as the devil! Not in any simplistic sense though, and as a matter of fact, if he can be said to have made some concessions to modernity over the course of time (from his first treatise specifically on technology from the 60's until the time of the final volume of his magnum opus trilogy on the topic he completed in '91), it would be that he mentions Christianity by name less. So let's look at some of what he has had to say, keeping in mind he sees "technique" and individual specific technologies (such as computers) as hurrying us into a catastrophic situation, and that, unfortunately, all the discourse on the topic to date has been nothing but a bluff concealing the perils: to him all tech is a juggernaut we can't control.

"WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT [THE COMPUTER], IT SETS UP NETWORKS IN SOCIETY THAT HAVE NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO DO WITH ANCIENT NETWORKS OR TRADITIONAL STRUCTURES. WE CANNOT CONTINUE AS BEFORE. SIMPLY BECAUSE THE COMPUTER IS THERE, WE CANNOT IGNORE IT... TECHNIQUE IS OUR ENVIRONMENT, THE NEW 'NATURE' IN WHICH WE LIVE, THE DOMINANT FACTOR, THE SYSTEM... TECHNOCRATS HAVE A STRANGE BLINDNESS TO THE COMPLEX REALITY OF THE WORLD AND THE LESSONS OF COMMON SENSE... ARE WE NOW CONFRONTING A NEW STEP IN THE REPLACEMENT OF THEIR INTELLIGENT OPERATION? ON THE RATIONAL PLANE, WE ARE INDEED."

But Ellul thinks that that amount of progress reduces the human condition to absurdity, to which, of course, my answer would be: "Thought we weren't?!?" (Said/thought in delightedly flippant manner.) But let him tell it his way for the moment:

"ONE DEVELOPMENT ON THE BASIS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ABSURD IS NIHILISM. NOTHING HAS VALUE. WE MUST REDUCE EVERYTHING TO NOTHING. NIHILISM CAN BE EXPLAINED AS SUCH AS CIORAN DOES [E. M. CIORAN, A PHILOSOPHER ALONG THE LINES OF A LATTER-DAY NIETZSCHE], OR IT CAN TAKE A THEORETICAL FORM, WHICH LEADS IN ART, FOR EXAMPLE, TO THE VIEW THAT THE ARTIST MUST PRODUCE A NON-WORK AND ULTIMATELY NO WORK AT ALL. BUT THE NIHILISM WHICH DERIVES FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ABSURD CAN ALSO EFFECT THOSE WHO ARE NOT ARTISTS OR PHILOSOPHERS, LEADING SOME TO SUICIDE AND OTHERS TO TERRORISM (WHO JOIN HANDS WITH THE 19TH CENTURY NIHILISTS AND WHOM CAMUS [FRENCH POST-WAR EXISTENTIALIST PHILOSOPHER] VIEWS WITH MUCH SYMPATHY AND UNDERSTANDING). NATURALLY I AM NOT SAYING THAT ACTUAL TERRORISTS IN THE WORLD TODAY HAVE EVEN A SLIGHT KNOWLEDGE OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ABSURD. MY POINT IS SIMPLY THAT THIS PHILOSOPHY HAS PENETRATED MUCH MORE DEEPLY THAN WE THINK AND CREATED A CLIMATE IN SOCIETY AS A WHOLE IN WHICH TERRORISM COULD DEVELOP, NOR MUST WE FORGET THAT SOME TERRORISTS (E.G. BAADER- MEINHOF GANG) WERE IN FACT INTELLECTUALS."

Funny that Ellul, in a roundabout way, blames computers for terrorism. I see it exactly the opposite; that the hope for liberation from human despotism (i.e. successful terrorists now ruling AKA governments) is in their (not yet fully capable) hands. Terrorism, or, as noted earlier, drug use, are appropriate and understandable reactions to the powerlessness one must feel at being clamped down upon by members of our own species in satisfying their twisted megalomania. As I've written before in this column: If it wasn't for the enjoyment I derive from sex and drugs and rock and roll (and the hopes that more tech in the form of AI will make those pursuits more available to the point of encouragement), I might well feel called upon to embrace virulent urban terr myself! But speaking of rock and roll, one reason I can't get too worked up about Ellul is that at the very moment his stream of thought seems most viable he will ruin it by making me realize how solipsistic his arguments are, like when he criticizes the fascination with modern music, referring to it as mere noise! To him this fascination (e.g. the appreciation of dissonance and atonality) is a repugnant sign of absurdity and its effect on humanity. Ellul wants to have it both ways! On one hand drugs and rock and roll are rebellion because we can't change anything, on the other they are signs of absurd fascination with what we can't change -- technology and progress. Finally, Ellul can and does speak of AI with a tone that basks in sarcasm, ridiculing what Moravec (and I) take utterly seriously:

"THE AIDING OF DECISIONS IS WHERE WE ENTER THE DOMAIN OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICS. ACCORDING TO AN OLD IDEA [AND A NEW, BUT ELLUL IS TOO DISMISSIVE TO PUT IT LIKE THAT!], COMPUTERS CAN REGISTER ALL THE INFORMATION CONCERNING AN ISSUE, THEY CAN ENCOMPASS ALL THE PARAMETERS. THE DREAM 20 YEARS AGO, THEN, WAS THAT COMPUTERS COULD MAKE USEFUL, RIGHT, AND WISE DECISIONS. KNOWING ALL THE DATA AND ALL THE RULES, WHY SHOULD THEY ALSO NOT BE ABLE TO DECIDE DEFINITIVELY? THEY COULD ALSO FORESEE VARIOUS SCENARIOS AND COMBINE FACTORS IN VARIOUS WAYS. THEY COULD ALSO BE TOLD WHAT THE GOAL WAS. THEY WOULD THEN POINT OUT THE MOST APPROPRIATE SCENARIO. SINCE THEY COULDN'T MAKE A MISTAKE, WE OUGHT TO FOLLOW THEM."

Ellul thinks this is puerile nonsense; but what if it wasn't a case of us telling them the goal? What if the mistakes they did make weren't based on the mistakes that have been made on purpose as history sordidly repeats or at least imitates itself due to the greed and self-delusional nature of the human psyche? Wouldn't attempting to take advantage of AI's capacity for good be worth a try?

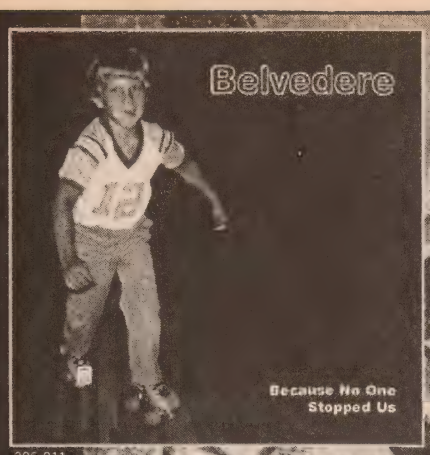
Of course, Moravec and Ellul are the extremes, and even out at the extreme poles they are iconoclasts differing from those with somewhat similar ideas. More common among anti-authoritarian thinkers are the positions I'll call hi-tech libertarian/Extropian opposed by neo-Luddite primito-anarchism. In the former we find a clinging to man the species, with technological advances thought to presage the creation of a sort of Superman, in the latter the return to tribalism is thought to be dependent on a nearly total rejection of technology.

In a sense the Extropian point of view is similar to Bataille's quip that the only way to deal with the problem of evil is to embrace it. The guru of nanotech, Drexler, has said:

"THE COMBINATION OF NANOTECHNOLOGY AND AI MAKE POSSIBLE INTELLIGENT EFFECTIVE ROBOTS; WITH SUCH TECHNOLOGY A STATE COULD PROSPER WHILE DISCARDING ANYONE, OR IN PRINCIPLE, EVERYONE... THREAT OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY IN

↑ Divo Garcia of Purple Mountain Majesties

← Norah and Kike of the Pleasure Fuckers, 📷-Billy Whitfield



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THE HANDS OF GOVERNMENT MAKES ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR, WE CANNOT AFFORD TO HAVE AN OPPRESSIVE STATE TAKE THE LEAD IN COMING BREAKTHROUGHS...

...Replicating assemblers and AI will bring problems of unprecedented complexity, and they threaten to arrive with unprecedented abruptness..."

What the Extropians preach are the glories of life extension and body augmentation, what they say they want to combat is statism and paternalism. But I can't help worrying that if they felt they weren't going to be the elite who guided the computers that guide the rest of us they might throw a wrench in the works -- they have enough hubris to think they can transcend human foibles sufficiently to make them worthy of superhuman powers -- and their reverence for Ayn Rand is enough to give one pause. Meanwhile the primitivists believe the empire of the megamachine will collapse. That its fall is inevitable because it has brought the whole planet to the edge of extinction. They want small-scale societies that wean themselves away from dependence on technology. They want to turn the clock back to the Neolithic era without any accompanying barbarism, but like "Net Presence" Walter Alter said in an anti-retro rant:

"...PRIMITIVIST TRENDS FORMALIZED WITH AN INTEREST IN THE MAINTENANCE OF ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT TO PRIMITIVE SOCIETIES IGNORES THE CRUSHING REALITY THAT THE INNATE DIRECTION ANY SENTIENT CULTURE WILL TAKE TO AMPLIFY WELL-BEING WILL BE TO INCREASE THE APPLICATION OF TOOL EXTENSIONS... IDEALISTIC REBELS OF THE RADICAL ANARCHO-LEFT EMPLOY AN EXTREME CRITICISM AGAINST ALL BOURGEOISIE, CAPITALIST, SPECTACULAR COMMODITIZATION, WHILE LETTING ALL MANNER OF DOLTISH, CONTRADICTORY SUPERSTITIONS BED DOWN... THE TASK IS CLEAR... IT IS THE EXPONENTIAL INCREASE OF INTELLIGENCE... LET TECHNOLOGY PROVIDE NOT ONLY THE INSTRUMENTS AND TOOLS BUT THE LESSONS AND METHODS AS WELL."

What I think he is getting at can be phrased as, "in for a penny, in for a pound!" Let technology rock! We can't turn the clock back, and it is mere superstition that would make us want to. What we need is a really really brave new world or all we'll end up with will be an Orwellian nightmare. I could go back and forth for ten columns staging a pseudo-debate by juxtaposing quotes of the opposing viewpoints, but instead, it is time for me to bring the whole dope fiend bit back into the mix. If it still seems like I have not welded the two issues together sufficiently, then let me make an emotional appeal.

Maybe you have never heard of rembitika music --I know I hadn't until recently. It was an early 20th century strain that sprang up in Greece after Turkey's Ataturk kicked their butts and many ethnic Greek Christians left Turkey to go live in Greece --so the music had some near-oriental elements while being a product of refugees living in slums. The music was noted for many songs about drug use; hashish was especially plentiful, but heroin and cocaine use, and songs about it, were common as well. One of the most beloved performers in this genre, a notable songwriter who lived the almost archetypal short and sad life, wrote the following lyrics to "Junkie's Lament:"

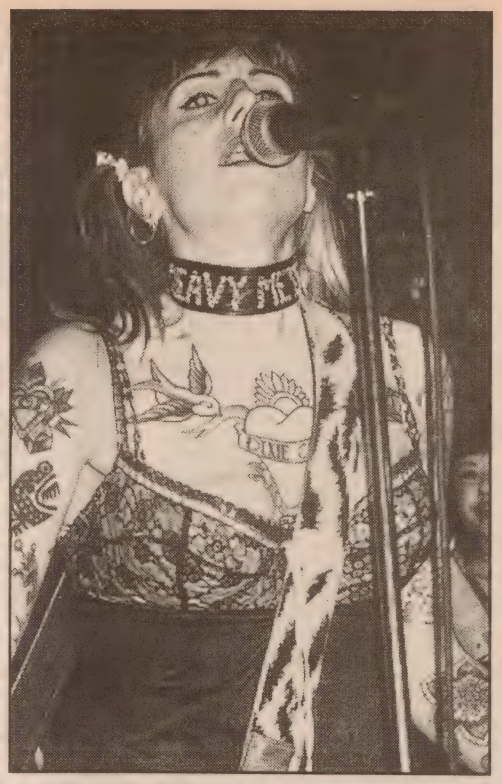
"FROM THE TIME I STARTED TO SMOKE THE DOSE/ THE WORLD REJECTED ME/I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO/WHEREVER I STAND, WHEREVER I'LL BE/PEOPLE BOTHER ME/MY SOUL CAN'T STAND IT/'JUNKIE' THEY ARE CALLING ME/SNIFFING CERTAINLY LED TO THE NEEDLE/ UNTIL MY BODY SLOWLY MELTED AND BECAME WEAK/NOTHING WAS LEFT IN THIS WORLD FOR ME TO DO/BECAUSE THE DRUGS HAVE LED ME/TO DIE IN THE STREETS."

He did indeed die in the streets at age 29, with his bouzouki in his hands. He didn't have a clue to the coming computer era, of that we can be sure. I feel just as sure that until another species holds the reins of power all junkies will always be in state of lament. At my very deepest level of understanding, intuitive if you will, I know that these new bearers of consciousness will understand and approve of consciousness-altering behavior.

This leads me back to Terence Mckenna and a statement that he made. His main drug inspirations are the psychedelic plants, but I feel opium and its derivatives are equally worthy of exaltation. He puts it like this:

"THE TWO CONCEPTS, DRUGS AND COMPUTERS, ARE MIGRATING TOWARDS EACH OTHER. IF YOU ADD IN THE CONCEPT 'PERSON' -- AND SAY THESE THREE CONCEPTS ARE MIGRATING TOWARDS EACH OTHER, THEN YOU REALIZE THAT THE MONKEY BODY IS STILL HOLDING A LOT OF OUR LINGUISTIC STRUCTURE IN PLACE. BUT IF THE MONKEY WERE TO BE DISSOLVED, THEN WE WOULD BE MUCH MORE LIKELY TO DEFINE OURSELVES AS PURE INFORMATION. I THINK THAT IS WHAT IS HAPPENING, THAT BEYOND 2012, EVERYBODY BECOMES EVERYTHING AND ALL POSSIBILITIES ARE REALIZED, EVEN POSSIBILITIES THAT ARE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE."

So if you think ultimate freedom and yet total second-class citizenhood are mutually exclusive, I merely ask you to look at the next pampered cat that you see. I'm not saying all humans will live like pampered pets; but however they live they will not be running the planet the way they are/think they are today. As Nietzsche said, "All beings so far have created something beyond themselves, do you want to be the ebb of the great flood and even go back to the beasts rather than overcome man?"
I want to go back to the beasts all right --and overcome man! That is what this AIPetdom manifesto is all about!



✝Bianca of Betty Blowtorch at Al's Bar in L.A. 📷-Renae Bryant
✝Jayne County at CBGBs in NY City. 📷-courtesy Paige

AFTERWORD:

I want to acknowledge the fact I did not keep proper footnotes or end notes, and so besides whatever documentation was provided within the text itself as to where I extracted the quotes and who they were said by, I have only a half-ass bibliography to include for further reading. Some of the quoted passages are even paraphrased in the sense that they were patched together by me to condense a longer section. I can honestly say I did not take anything out of context, and went out of my way not to obscure the original authors' meanings. Here follows what we'll call materials, used and further reading:

- American Urban History textbook
- The Rough Guide To World Music
- The Technological Bluff by Jacques Ellul
- Archaic Revival - by Terence Mckenna
- Great Mambo Chicken and the Transhuman Condition by Ed Regis
- Engines of Creation by Eric Drexler
- Food of the Gods by T. Mckenna
- The Case for Legalizing Drugs by Tanya Coburn
- Prohibitions Second Failure by Terence Vallance
- Rants - (Loompanics book of rants containing the Artaud rant amongst others that were studied for this rant of mine.)

and the following magazines:
Scientific American (July1991), Mondo 2000, Wired, Extropy, Commentary, American Historical Review, Nuthing Sacred, Grey Areas, Angry Thoreauan and Fringeware Review

Censor This! is the zine done by our columnist ShitEd. Ever notice how people that do zines seem to have an infinite capacity to run off at the mouth and you know I ain't excluding myself! Me, Tin-Ear, Shit-Ed, all good examples of this. Anywho, this is his "Guns and Butter" issue, and the only kind of butter you get is for use in greasing your butt to keister a gun if you can't handle them any other way! While Ed is by no means a full-fledged gun nut - otherwise, instead of being at the shows he'd be at home cleaning and polishing - he feels real strongly that the only way America will stay free is for citizens to stay armed. He does allow his compadre Ed Bored to argue the opposite, but he gets to rebut that, and all the rest of the non humor and raunch (making the zine about 50/50 the usual vs. the gun rhetoric) is firmly exhortatory. In fact, Ed's premise can succinctly be stated by his nominally political polar opposite Mao who said, "All power comes out of the barrel of a gun." Later in the zine he knowingly quotes some socialist figure and mentions he likes to use the words of socialists against themselves because it appeals to his sense of satirical humor, as well as right and wrong - but there is no getting away from the fact that what he claims is the number one reason for Joe Blow to have a gun at home is the same as those of political ideologies quite the opposite of his individualistic right libertarianism. Now I don't have a problem per se with gun ownership - my problem is with the theory that the masses will ever stand up against government misrule -- sure it has happened many times historically, and the LA riots etc. could even be said to fit the scenario to an extent - but my problem is the same old obsession of mine I like to harp on. If dopers are gonna let themselves be criminalized rather than take a fighting stance against law enforcement - I'm just curious at what point Ed, and any he would call like-minded citizens, would get fed up enough to take military action. Now Ed, while not being partial to a particular conspiracy theory that I can notice, does have an aversion to one-world government. As something to pump his readers up he reprints a quote by old Henry Kissinger made at one of the one-world front orgs, The Bilderberg Society. I think it is worth reprinting it here as food for thought and inspiration for further discussion.

"TODAY AMERICANS WOULD BE OUTRAGED IF UN TROOPS ENTERED LOS ANGELES TO RESTORE ORDER; TOMORROW THEY WILL BE GRATEFUL! THIS IS ESPECIALLY TRUE IF THEY WERE TOLD THERE WAS AN OUTSIDE THREAT FROM BEYOND, WHETHER REAL OR PROMULGATED, THAT THREATENED OUR VERY EXISTENCE. IT IS THEN THAT ALL PEOPLES OF THE WORLD WILL PLEDGE WITH WORLD LEADERS TO DELIVER THEM FROM THIS EVIL. THE ONE THING EVERY MAN FEARS IS THE UNKNOWN. WHEN PRESENTED WITH THIS SCENARIO, INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS WILL BE RELINQUISHED FOR THE GUARANTEE OF THEIR WELL-BEING GRANTED TO THEM BY THEIR WORLD GOVERNMENT."

It was only as far back as '92 that he made these claims, which certainly lends a little added credence to why the militia movements and OK City's bombing's motives and talk radio hysteria were all rather obsessed with UN Troops on American soil. Perhaps the most interesting thing he said, which pursuit of now would require me taking off on a tangent, was about the all-abiding fear of the unknown. I don't think psychedelic warriors who journey into the unknown by choice share this weakness - John Lilly, afraid of the unknown?! I don't think so! But back to the topic at hand: he is claiming that people would gladly give up their rights for security - and the way he phrased it definitely pissed me off - Kissinger's realpolitik, as "real" as it may be, is very repugnant to a freedom- worshiping individual - but does that tarnish the idea of a one-world government? Not to me! As I concluded in this column with my AIPetdom manifesto - I would love a one-world government - it is just that I can't imagine it being any better than any other

set-up as long as man is running the show. At this juncture I want to throw in a quote by Allen Ginsberg from one of his death bed interviews: "Why should we have classified documents? I'm happy for the government to know everything about me as long as I have access to everything that is going on in their lives and among their political alliances." Now that is what I'm talking about. With the appropriate one-world government all information would be equally open to all and there would be no paranoia about big brother watching because everyone could watch anything. You want to watch a figurehead like Clinton get some head - no problem. You would have as much right as he to invade each other's privacy - but with a nothing is forbidden, everything is permitted mind set, the only actions that would stem out of all the watching would be rational resource management - ones to maximize pleasure and plenty for all. OK, that may sound like Utopian bullshit - but excuse me for saying that I think it sounds as realistic as Ed's figuring that enough citizens with guns in the closet will stop the current system from grinding individuals down beyond a certain point. It is certain that today's elite's have some peculiarly selfish stunts going on that make their idea of open markets seem more like one world elitism - with the IMF (International Monetary Fund) and the WTO (World Trade Organization) and the OECD (Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development) and a few other agencies more in the spotlight than the old bugbears like the Trilateral Commission and the Bilderbergs. Anyways, Ed is always fun to debate with and draw out on subjects, so I'm sure by mildly attacking his premise I'll get him to examine my Al Pet thing a bit and take me to task - and since we're not getting personal on this I'm sure even Al will delight in the exchange in his zine as opposed to some of the bickering I've done in the past for less expansive reasons.

"Here's a little lunatic fringe modern tech tidbit - the same firm who launched Tim Leary's remains into space as part of a pellet that combined the ashes of a bunch of folks who'd paid for the privilege now has a new service that only costs 50 bucks - though it will never get off the ground (pun intended) until thousands pony up. They want to launch a few strands of hair (with DNA being the point), along with a personally encoded digital disc, so that hopefully one day aliens will find the rocket, read the disc, and decide you're worth cloning! I'm not making this up - and I guess it even sounds kind of cool - though the universe being what it most probably is - it ain't hard to imagine any species that found us is more likely to clone us for food or use as slaves than to be boon companions in the stars.

Which I guess brings me to another expansion of the Al pet theme - why do I have my heart set on Al pulling our butts out of the fire and not aliens - well it all has to do with them being directly evolved from us - with our history and culture being their core database - it will be as if the whole reason they were designed, created, and proceeded to evolve was to problem solve for us, though their consciousness will soon become ineffably complex to us poor mammals."

Finally heard from Teho - I'd noticed that his project with Mick Harris, **Matera**, has a couple releases out stateside, and I wondered what was up with **Meathead**. Well they're still around - but Teho has been his usual ultra-active and peripatetic self. He has been commuting back and forth from NYC to record for yet another project - in fact I guess I should say his main musical focus at the moment is on his core duo of him and Jim Filer Coleman (ex-Cop Shoot Cop) as **Here** - they are even touring Europe using the Meathead drummer this summer. Their recording has all kinds of celebrity guests - so I'm just gonna tell you it reads like a who's who of hip underground rockers with music credentials to match their personas with a New Yawk flavor. This will be something to listen for, let's just hope whatever label it winds up on in America will promote it better for Teho than Noise did the Meathead CD. Teho let me know that Cop Shoot Cop actually have their last heretofore unreleased album out there on the Internet, but under the band name of **Red Expendables** - well maybe that ain't news - cuz I might have even read about that in AP - but I'll also note his partner Coleman is on the current **Pigface** tour playing solo as **Phyir**, another recording project that he puts out on Invisible - so it is your choice - d'ya wanna hear the Front Line Assembly boys playing as Delirium with Sarah Maclachlan, or Teho and Jim with the one and only Lydia sitting in? Nah - you're all a bunch of weak posers who are going to the Horde fest and you just went and bought Dave Matthews cuz Alanis is on a cut so fuck 'ya all, haha. But for those who aren't weak - you also need the compilation Teho put together for a tiny Italian record store based label. The CD is called "Devil's Jukebox", and I'm pretty excited about getting him to send me photos of an act that appears on it, Homo Vibro, since he described them as two half-naked girls fucking up a mixing board. The comp also has a band named after the recently suicided Situationist, Debord. As well as Teho faves like Chrome Cranks and Pigface.

Jackoff Jill of MACK
Photo-Tom JJ(O).

Anonymous scenester chick in Pink's cap.
Photo-Tom JJ(O)

The literary member of Toronto's **The Sinisters**, Mr. Troy, also the mogul of Skeller, and methinks also having something to do with OPM, the label that has been reissuing some happening shit, wrote to let me know a couple things and provide some more photos of frontman Saint - Only problem was he ended up getting a chewing out from me when he mentioned Sinisters not only toured with The Damned recently, but did a few shows with **Nashville Pussy**, the problem being no photos of that orgiastic union were passed on to moi. That said, he did have good news. Now I often express doubts about the efficacy of grass roots politics - but here is an instance where I'm wrong. Troy and other posterists had been getting grief from local authorities over getting the word out - and it looked like they were about to become harassed to the max in new ordinances but when local radio mentioned the City Council hearing, the rock folk turned out en masse, and both by strength in argument and in numbers, turned the tide, causing the new regulations actually enacted to be so mild and confusing that enforcement of all postering statutes has dropped off to nil. Only fair, since the larger commercial posterists have never been harassed or targeted. Troy also let me know that the Sinisters' newsletter, *Dizzy Press Dungeon* will become a regular quarterly zine of his opinions. So two pieces of good news are just that - now let us see how he reacts to my demands for photos - if not of Saint sucking on a "Pussy," then of some of the Canadian gal groups of the past OPM has rereleased of late (Like **The Dishrags** and **The B Girls**).

Jam Rag has also had some success with their populist campaign. They've got quite a few politicians, including at the national level, Congressman David Bonior, supporting the local musicians against the corporate radio owners. It would definitely be nice for all of us if the FCC began allowing micro-broadcasting and protected it from corporate harassment rather than providing the harassment for them with government goons. Hats off to Tom Ness, whose grass roots politicking has also helped his mag's health - he just issued a 3 CD set of "Jam Rag family" bands. Quite a contentious family mind you, with the issue of the mag celebrating the release not only containing all the lyrics to the songs that appear as well as band photos and info, but an argument of bands dissing each other over their lyrics (feminist against rappers who use "bitch" type of thing). Anyways, bottom line, by being a consistent reader of Tom's mag I have watched the efforts and results and must say I am impressed. The only problem I see is that this motivation and administering of methods to promote it, means that not only does Tom and his mag end up supporting and being supported by a diverse range of bands in genre and ethos, but by default he ends up supporting and being supported by some bands that suck. I mean, no offense Tom, but when I saw you editorialize a bit in the newsflash about the Alive label two CD set of classic Detroit bands that today's Detroit bands are categorically better than those of the 60's and 70's - well - I'm fully willing to admit that some of the historic bands are perhaps trendily over-rated amongst collector scum, and that it is only common sense that there are some great bands now and some not so great, likewise then. So I figure Tom was just trying to get equal time, and counterbalance the possibly undo obsession with former greats - and it is his mag and by all means have at it. But this little dig has caused me to muse on his cross to bear - that I'll bet there has to be bands that he likes as people and who support "the cause" - but whose music he really can't stand! I am running a pic or three contributed by another Tom, he of **Jack and Jill Off** mag (issue 4 still in the works) and beloved for his Neighbor Girls videos. A lot of his neighbor gals happen to be chicks in the scene. One gal who posed for him and was into being in my column calls herself Jackoff Jill, and sings for a band called **MACK** (which can stand for, for the acronymically inclined, Mormon Atonement Choir Killers) - also in the band is Pat from **Schlong**. She looks like she is having so much fun I had to run two pictures of her. The other gal must remain anonymous, all I can tell you is she is connected to the punk scene and ain't just a model - but I thought the pic would still be cool since her hat plugs the coolest hot dog stand in the universe. Second only to Oki Dog's for punk rock history and center of the Hollywood sceneness, though of course a punk rock tragedy did occur there when a **Murphy's Law** bro was stabbed and slain there - but still, Pink's rules! - and for years at the counter was a guy who was a dead ringer for Chuck Berry!

Jasmine Sailing is back with ***Cyber-Psychos And Other Diversities.*** I mentioned the fact she was overseeing an event called Death Equinox in a recent column. So I'd mentioned to Don Webb, fanzine and s-f omnipresence who also heads the Temple of Set and practices Typhonian Magick to let her know why I hadn't been getting her mag. It turns out that was due to a two year hiatus in publishing, due to personal shit and the fact that she'd been superactive on he Internet. Anyways, for readers her mag is essential - especially if you are into the following which I'll quote direct from her description of what to expect at Death Equinox.: "All of our favorite subjects -- oh, say: pain, death, non-standard sex, bargain tech, hallucinogens, diverse religion, bleak and odd art, cynical politics, sarcasm and black humor, strange critters, etc." She also furnished some pics of that event to pique your interest so you'll make sure not to miss the next one. Besides publishing her mag, she also is publishing books, and sent me Don's, *Stealing My Rules*, at his request. Short post-cyberpunk, post-post-modernism stories - and in fact - on the topic of post-post-modernism in lit and culture, this issue of CPAOD has a long interview with Larry McCaffrey, he of the *Avant-Pop* anthologies, amongst other things - and that is the term he is using for that sensibility. Whether the term sticks and ends up over-used the way cyberpunk and porno both have been remains to be seen. To list the wide range of specific items in this latest would be redundant in that they fall under the interests quoted above, but I will say that in an interview with John Shirley, one hell of a writer with a real live history in punk rock bands in the 80's he manages to make a major faux pas, saying **L7** is his favorite band but calling them riot grrls!

Did finally hear **Robb Clarke 5.** He jokingly

had told me that if I didn't end up getting through by phone to hear his band's two song demo prior to turning in my column for #113 I ought to just go ahead and say they're even better than **Zipgun**. I figured I'd wait, since I had the pic of him and his wife to run anyways for that issue. So now I'm including a pic of his band, and I can say that, while I ain't gonna use a better or worse grading system - that Neil should've let Robb pick up the guitar for Zipgun's reformation, that he fucked up. Everyone knows my favorite punk is two guitar attack: **Radio Birdman, Earl's Family Bombers, The Humpers**, etc, etc. - well RC5 have the two guitar thing going on, and while both songs sound amazingly true to late late 70's LA proto-hardcore and mid to late 60's New York gutter punk respectively - they sound fresh and not retro, and I bet there are a lot of so-called old school bands who wish they could put it together like that - we'll credit Robb's extremely expressive voice - the only thing wrong with Robb is that he has been clean for three years now. Just kidding Robb, sorta. Haha...

Those guys in **Furious IV**, who Tony Reflex has also spotted as a fresh So Cal band at the top of their game, noticed my comments of approval and tried to flow me their CD, but as I write it is hung up in the mix and I had to write their label, amusingly titled **Hairball 8**, about my need for photos and printed matter, reminding them all generous entities should write first when other goods are involved. At any rate, these relative youngsters can appeal both to the teeny boppers and the old drunk and junkies punks as well.

A *Wall Street Journal* editorial appeared with the title *"What's next, A Doctor of Depravity?"* in which one of their cultural watchdogs decried a conference held at NYU called "Queers Public/Queers Private." He was especially incensed that a drag queen called **Vaginal Creme Davis** was allowed to perform at the ultra-exclusive Fales Library building, where the library within a library of rare collectibles is housed. The author worries that these queer scholars will never be satisfied until everyone maintains a transgressive attitude towards everything in the dominant society. He exhorts the alumni and parents of students there now to write in protest over this event and those like it. Now all *Flipside* readers, especially those from LA, should know that Ms. Davis is a Hollywood scenester par excellence, who has provided convivial moments on stage to anyone with a grain of tolerance. Even the idiot who wrote this article quoted one of the welcoming scholars who noted that queers have the upper hand on providing carnivalesque atmospherics. Now I guess what I want to say is that when I was a kid I was aware that my middle class parents used to occasionally go see drag queens perform. They have long been known as the prime purveyors of risque revue style entertainment, suitable for couples not having any interest in sheer nude exotic dancing designed for straight dick hardening type shit for hetero male bonding or lonely raincoat excursions. In other words, similar to a Vegas showgirl revue, there is not one fucking thing transgressive about Vaginal Creme Davis - not in the bringing Western Civilization to its knees (pun not intended, haha) rhetoric the editorial consisted of. Sure, some of the Queer professors and their students and lecturing guests do cater to some outlandish and maybe even offensive-due-to-foolishness type 'tudes and theories - but all in all I'm sure that carnival atmosphere was indeed preeminent and people were celebrating their own sexuality, not actively seeking to offend others, when Davis performed. The WSJ shows how ill-prepared those type of capitalists are to enter the 21st century! Like those execrable merchants of disco once said, "Relax, when you want to come!" (Just in case you are wondering I do have hang-ups - I'm not about to shrimp a "missthing," transvestite or not; but like Davis I could probably have my arm twisted to clown around on stage with Tribe 8's plastic penile protrusion).

Speaking of kinky sex: what about those **Darlings**?!? Their Bomp CD is finally out, and called *"Wet Dreams and Teen Machines"* you know the subtext is supersex - and so what if the lead single is called "Recovery" - after all no one recovers from recovery quite like Paige Darling - meantime she's staying out in NoHo and brought me back in touch with Divo Garcia, of **Coma-tones** fame. While I've recently reported that Jimmy James, the seminal Coma-tones gitman has been playing in **Doorslammer**, and after speaking with him I found he is still in **The Hangmen** - Now I know he is also playing with compadre and neighbor Divo in a band called **Purple Mountain Majesties** (as far as I can tell the patriotism stops there) and I can say that by virtue of the phone lines reaching right into their home studio I got some hi-fidelity I'm not used to in my phone call listening. So not only was the song dynamite, but getting to hear it blast almost enabled me to picture the club setting they rule in. Neither Jimmy or Divo are the long-winded types (letting their music speak eloquently for them, unfortunately that means they're also not the overtly self-promotional types and so end up being frequent club-goer favorites without having the so-called buzz lesser bands get by diverse methods having nothing to do with actually playing kickass rock and roll. Steve Albini, or was it Gerard Cosloy, once made the remark that anyone can rock - in other words while at one time part of the charm of punk was supposedly the DIY/anyone can do it aspect, by the jaded 80's, record collector types and critical wannabes were a little less inclined to favor a band merely because they rocked - but in this 90's of blandcore and "alternative music" more akin to mid-70's snoozers like Styx and Kansas than new wave, well nowadays I think the problem isn't that anyone can rock - but that far too many people have managed to figure out ways of publicizing the fact that they rock whether they do so or not. Well listen up boogie children! Purple Mountain Majesties ROCK! Because of these studly wonders not being verbose blowhards a mail interview is problematical, but definitely something I would like to do with them. So keep your eyes peeled, meantime here is a photo of Paige triumphant after playing the Continental back east, lounging on the lap of scene string-puller and all around indispensable guy **Peter Crowley**, who in this case was probably functioning as the promoter of the whole show in which The Darlings opened for the infamous and immortal **Jayne County** (herself depicted photographically in this column), the photo also contains a gal group member from **Bikini Contest** (don't ask, I'm already on Paige's case to procure more pics of them) - and I am including one of Divo and the Majesties she provided with Jimmy James just barely visible. I'm sure those living in LA will soon have the opportunity to catch a gig with both The Darlings and the Majesties on the bill.

Besides the pics from NYC that Paige provided, including one of Jayne I'm using, I have another pic of some special NY gals. Dawn Laureen sent in one of Tish and Snookie - once THE uber-groupies of the NYC scene, with their own infamous band **The Sick F*cks** too; now the mogulettes of the most beloved hair dye biz in the universe, Manic Panic. I'm proud to feature this photo of them from last New Years's office party they threw.

I've never been embarrassed about admitting my mistakes, and in this case, I made a doozy, enough of one to get kind of a curt letter from someone who was and is in a position to aid and abet an interview in progress. So in hopes that this public retraction will alleviate any grudge she carries, let me plainly state that when I ran the picture of Norah back in #111, and stated that she runs Safety Pin Records with Kike Turmix, whom she also plays in the band, **The Pleasure Fuckers**, with - that I was wrong wrong wrong about the former. Kike is married to a woman named Margarita Gaffaro, with whom he runs his up and coming label, Safety Pin. Norah does play in the P-Fucks and fronts the band **The Vivoras**. How I got the two confused is either a case of me reading someone else making the same mistake in an interview done with Kike, or more likely, me misinterpreting what was said in an interview and making an assumption that definitely made an ass out of me - because - as I said - Margarita was a bit peeved that I would give credit for the label she labors at 24-7 to another woman, also implying that Norah was Kike's wife! Can't blame her for the disgruntlement - but I in turn am going to be quite unhappy if she doesn't find time for Kike to complete the interview - which she made sound like was a piece of work - stating that they are busy and the questions are long. Oh well, I imagine the fact Martin McM lost the interview he did with them has them questioning Flipstaffer competency as well - hey baby, we are punks - remember!?!. Hopefully this makes at least partial amends. For the record Norah does have an additional job working at a rehearsal studio called Rock Palace and for the record Marga as she calls herself in the diminutive, sent me another picture of Norah to run! Maybe she thinks because she is not in the band I wouldn't want to run HER picture. Au contraire Marga - please do send me one of yourself soon! And before I finish up, it turns out that the label - Munster - I sent to because I thought was putting out some of the early P-fux stuff never has - cuz Marga sent me a discography already and while Flipside has (or had, since Martin took his releases elsewhere more or less - read his column for the details) put out a cut by them on "Rock and Fucking Roll Volume #2", but Munster is one label they haven't done anything with - once Kike does complete the int, I should have some additional info about the various Spanish labels. The Reflex-ive one has profiled Alehop in our pages, and both Roto and Munster have been doing great things for awhile. So wake up and take notice all music aficionados.

Hey, big last minute news - I did it, I moved! Here is my new address:

Shane Williams J-09243 CMC East
PO Box 8101 (1165),
San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-8101

↑All of Robb Clarke Five: Bob Reis, Robb Clarke, Eric Erikson and Todd Ohashi. →Rozz Williams - RIP 📷-courtesy of Christian Izzo.

C O N T A C T S
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Under the Volcano - POBox 236, Nesconset, NY 11767
Sound Views- POBox 23523, Brooklyn NY 11202-3523
Jam Rag - PO Box 20076, Ferndale, MI 48220
Dizzy Press Dungeon - 688 Yonge St. #147, Toronto, M4Y 2A6 Canada
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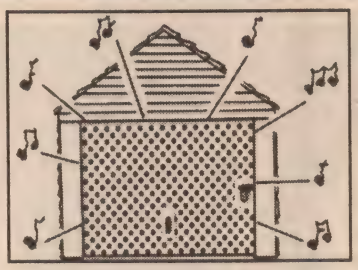
Blood & Glitter - 3020 Vine St. #3, Cincinnati OH 45219
Safety Pin Recs - POBox 51241, 28080 Madrid, Spain

NO CAR GARAGE

Welcome back cousin. Come on in! The door's open. Hang yer hat on that thar hook, take yer boots offin yer tired dogs and plop down on the sofa. Don't pay me no mind; I'm just babbling my fool head off about the good ol' days. After a spell, I'll give ya the skinny on this year's Dionysus Demolition Derby. Heck fire, I'll even learn ya right good on the particulars of which high falutin' new releases I feel are worth mosyin' out of the homestead to lay yer grubby paws on. In the meantime, I'm going to cut the corn crap and ask you a very serious question: going to be devoted to these various schlock meisters, past and present. If that sounds as boring to you as I would imagine it might, skip ahead to the last few paragraphs or read something else or just look at the pictures like the rest of us. For true fans of journalistic fluff, tie a towel around your neck, put your briefs over your tights, don your favorite Halloween mask and let's get to it.

From the time cave dwelling humans discovered they could hollow out a dead animal, get inside and amuse one another, costumes have been used for disguise, ceremony, status, warmth, fantasy fulfillment, entertainment, and lord knows what else. As long as there has been theater, costumes have played an integral part in establishing the characters, giving the actors who portray those characters a psychological edge and lending credence to the productions. By the time rock and roll was recognized as an art form, musical performers were already dressing them selves differently than your typical citizen but, as far as I know, they were just wearing stylized matching outfits to set themselves apart from the masses. It was during the 50's and 60's that bands started adopting more outrageous themes and attire for themselves. I'm probably completely out to lunch with this statement and may be deluged with missives from folks putting me straight, but I don't care. I want to ramble on about rock and roll, dag nab it, and that's what I'm going to do! The earliest example, that I am aware of, of a group going this route was an outfit from Sweden, **The Spotnicks.** They designed their own transistorized guitars. They figured that without the cumbersome lead running from guitar to amplifier, they would be allowed to move around and play with more speed and agility than other bands who were trying to make a go of it playing instrumental beat music for teens. Then they dressed themselves in ridiculous spaceman outfits, complete with bulky helmets, that rendered walking a chore, let alone negotiating complicated stage antics. But the important thing, as far as I'm concerned, is that they looked as cool as iced beer in August. Quite a few other groups have followed (space) suit. **The Astronauts** are a modern band from Germany who probably come closest to recreating the spirit of The Spotnicks. They dress in costumes and helmets based on the science fiction depictions of interstellar travelers that were popular when the Earth first began sending dogs and monkeys into orbit. They play instrumental beat music with cosmic themes and even cover some of the same material that The Spotnicks did. There are plenty of other bands who have opted for a futuristic concept. **Super Nova** have gone through many changes but, the few times I saw them, they sported foil wrapped jump suits and helmets. Then there are **The Shatners** and **The Vulcaneers.** The crew of each has probably logged as many hours in front of a television blasting reruns of Star Trek as any self-respecting Trekie at any convention in the whole universe. I'm not sure how far they take things, on stage, but I know both cosmic crews have the distinctive first series shirts (Hey, if you guys don't wear costumes when you play, get out of my column!). Another interesting inclusion for the amazing science portion of this piece is **Servotron**. The four units, that produce the brilliant music, claim to be robots bent on ridding the planet of pesky humans. They certainly look the part. But are they what they say they are or four fun loving homo sapiens decked out in tubes, wires and electronic flotsam and jetsam? In order to cover my own non-metallic behind, I'm now officially discussing costumed cretins... And guitar manipulating machinations. Several other bands, such as **Man Or Astroman?,** have dabbled with futuristic trappings and, hopefully (for galactic geeks like me), many more are preparing to suit up for a more fantastic tomorrow.

Some bands derive their motif from history and offer a fascinating look at how radically the concept of what normal is can change and/or how silly military fashions have always been. **Paul Revere and the Raiders** capitalized on the fact that one of their members was born with such a famous moniker. Their American Revolution look is the earliest example of a group recreating the past that comes to mind and, if I remember my rock and roll anecdotes correctly, was deliberately used to symbolize an American counterattack to the "British Invasion" of blokes led by The Beatles, Stones, Animals, Kinks, etc. At least one other 60's combo figured that must be "where the action is" or they wouldn't have

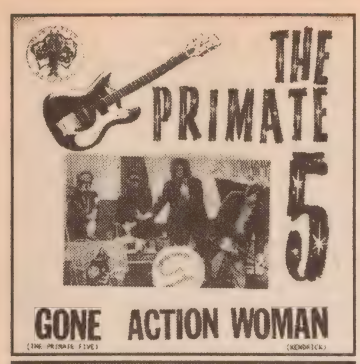


WHO WAS THAT MASKED BAND?

Seeing **The Mummies** at the Shamrock (a site which is now, appropriately enough, a strip bar, although a sterile, air brushed Barbie Doll kind of place) years ago, had a profound effect on me. Part of the reason was the power of their performance, the chaotic beauty of the schlocky 60's retread material and the sense of tongue in cheek, absurd, anarchistic fun they generated. But another element of wonder and enjoyment sprang from the fact that they chose such an obvious punk name and then went to such extremes to camp the holy hell out of it. I knew what to expect when I got to the club. But, though I knew who they were, where they were from and what they were up to, I couldn't help wondering to myself, "Who the hell are they?! Where the hell are they from?! What the hell are they up to?!" I know I'm not the only one who stared at the eye, mouth and nose holes for clues. I can remember several people in the crowd asking each other what it must smell like under those bandages after a few shows. In theory, it must have been a bit liberating for the band to be able to heckle and incite the ever popular "fucking up of shit" without anyone knowing who they were... In theory. Of course, four out of towners showing up at a club, soon after The Mummies have torn down their equipment and stashed it in the hearse outside, who already reek of cheap beer and sweat, aren't too hard to ferret out. But a false sense of security is a sense of security none the less. Their legacy is such that, though they were pretty much obscure, novelty also-rans in their day, they are now revered in some circles and the notion that they might have been motivated by a collective sense of retarded humor rather than serious musicianship, is met with skepticism and/or derision by a few fanatics.

I realize The Mummies were not the first to come up with a stupid costume gimmick but I believe they were instrumental in helping to create a renewed interest in such tomfoolery and can be held personally responsible for the dramatic rise in the numbers of goof ball, costumed trash rockers who infest the world today. Thanks, fellers. Most of this issue's column is

Top down: The Monks "Black Monk Time", Fearless Leader, Los Straitjackets "The Utterly Fantastic and Totally Unbelievable Sound Of..." and the Rip Offs "Dave's Coffee Shop".



Top down: The Primate 5 "Gone", The Coyote Men vs. The Superfly TNT's "No Talent? No Shit!!", The Phantom Surfers and Dick Dale "Fazzio" and Paul Revere & The Raiders "Greatest Hits"

donned civil war soldier styled duds and called themselves **Gary Puckett and the Union Gap**. **The Monks** were Viet Nam era, American service men stationed in Germany, who wore the robes, ropes and sandals associated with old world cloistered holy guys and even shaved the tops of their heads to complete the ensemble. **The Crusaders** are from Australia and have been around for a few years. They too have chosen a religious/historic appearance. With their matching, cross-emblazoned, purple wraps and crowns, it's easy to imagine them going back to biblical times to butcher non-believers in the name of Christianity. The trousers, Beatle boots and black Lone Ranger masks don't really fit in, but hey, let's not quibble. Another modern group of throwbacks, **The Upper Crust**, have adopted the look of 18th century nobility of the western world, powdered wigs, rouge, flounced shirts, etc., and sing about boudoirs and the like. The last band I'm going to mention in this section is **The Village People**. Their depictions of gay men's fantasy figures included that of the cowboy and American Indian of the old west. If the reader has a favorite that I didn't mention, please pass along any info. I may do another column dedicated to these rockin' nut cases again some day.

Literature provides the spark that fries the brains of many impressionable youth. This next segment is where I'd probably put The Mummies if I hadn't already sung their praises. Of course, mummies did and do exist, but the idea of dead ones coming back to wreak vengeful havoc, in this case with guitars, drums and Farfisa, is strictly fictional. When The Mummies unwrapped for the last time, a void was created. At least two bands, maybe more, for all I know, stepped forward to take over the bandage shtick. **The Invisible Men** was such a perfect idea that a few of the **Fall Outs** and a bunch of so. Cal. goof balls put together their own separate units with the same name and the same obvious costume. There was a group that I saw on TV, probably in '63 or '64, who, I would imagine, got their look from Humpty Dumpty. They were taking a stand against the "long hair" sported by The Beatles, etc. They wore silly matching suits and each member was as bald as a cue ball. If anyone knows anything else about **The Egg Heads**, I'd love to be clued in. **The Phantom Surfers**, presumably, wouldn't know opera if it bit them on the butt. They are one of many bands who have found how effectively a swatch of black material over the eyes can add spice to their act. Or could it be that all four of these instro happy minstrels have hideously disfigured faces behind their masks? Beats me. There might have been a **Primate 5** without the "Planet of the Apes" series, but I doubt it. That seems like the most obvious inspiration for dressing up like a bunch of baboons and trying to make beautiful music. The last two entries stretch things about as far as they will go, and the bands I'm about to mention don't even wear costumes, per se, but I can't help thinking about Sherlock Holmes when I see **Thee Headcoats** and I always think of Dorian Gray when I see "pictures of **Menudo**." The distinctive caps of the former and the mandatory retirement age, in the teens, for the latter are why.

The rest of the bands don't fit nicely into these categories, and I don't feel like coming up with a whole bunch of sub-categories, so I'll lump them together as miscellaneous costumed yo-yos. Like The Phantom Surfers, who I afforded literary status mostly because of their name, a bunch of bands do little more than don a mask and, voila, their group identity is established. **The Rip Offs** knew that burglars are able to disguise themselves with a bit of sheer, stretchy fabric over their heads. So they raided their girl friends' (or moms'... Hell, I don't know) pantyhose stash for a novel sinister look. **The Satelliters**, from Germany, go for a similar style, but I believe they use ski masks. **The Mentors** wore the peaked black hoods that are associated with executioners and, if their name had any significance, were planning to train the next generation this dandy art form. **The Coyote Men**, from the U.K. and **Los Straitjackets**, from the U.S., have both found that wrestling masks can add another dimension to their overall package. In fact, I once went to a Los Straitjackets concert with a friend who is wishy washy about surf music, at best. He loved the band and readily admits that their masks were the one element that swayed him. **The New York Dolls'** "girl" costumes were so profoundly effective that guys in many heavy metal bands are not considered "studs" unless they have a lacquered pile of hair, high heeled boots, skin tight pants and make up. **Kiss** took the make-up thing to extremes and maybe they are the ones who should be held accountable for kids who dress like black robed ghouls with white faces and black eyes and listen to like minded silly fiends. **Fearless Leader** are kind of like Kiss in color but don't try to pretend that there is anything besides idiotic foolishness associated with grown-ups assuming wild alter egos through the use of make-up and outlandish clothes. **The Residents** are perhaps the most enigmatic band that ever was - like the joker who shows up at your halloween party in a box and never says a word - these guys have maintained secret identities longer than any one else in the rock and roll world. Their giant eye ball masks worked well. And there were so many others. The 70's punk era was chock full of groups that adopted the "uniform" look made famous by a select few and mass marketed on "hip" streets throughout the land, like Melrose in LA and St. Marks in New York. There were a few who went the costume route, though, most notably, **Crime**. When I saw them, they wore three separate police uniforms - one at their sound check, one when they played and a third when they roadied their equipment after the show. **The Go-Nuts** are the unchallenged kings of the snack rock genre. They have assumed stage personas, based on the munchy mentality, and come up with some of the most ridiculous attire I know of. And, of course, people like me "eat it up." Plenty of other performers have found they can let it all hang out more easily behind a layer of colorful cloth. Why is this? Is it a case of hiding behind a cloak of invisibility? Some people who are normally shy, turn into extroverted crazies when they put on a mask. The same thing happens with strippers. Women who would stutter and sweat bullets if asked to get up in front of a crowd of their peers, fully clothed, to express their opinion on an issue, have no problem getting naked and dancing with wild abandon for strangers. In both instances, the performer can feel that they are not on stage; it's some other costumed/nude entity making a spectacle of itself. Then, there is the Iron Man effect. This is the best example, I know of, where the uniform actually provides paranormal powers to the person inside. The guy who became Iron Man, so the comic book story goes, was near death so he designed an iron exoskeleton suit with a built in pace maker, animated the suit with internal circuitry and pneumatics, and became a dynamo. Without his metal long johns, he'd have to ask for help to open a pickle jar. Kids often think that it is Superman's cape that allows him to fly. They don't understand why they can't jump to the moon, pick up the fridge or see through walls when they wear the costume on Halloween. As they get older, they get wiser but can still have residual feelings of awe associated with costumery. The clothes make the man,

The LA based Invisible Men, ©-Edwin

P. EDWIN LETCHER
P. EDWIN LETCHER
P. EDWIN LETCHER

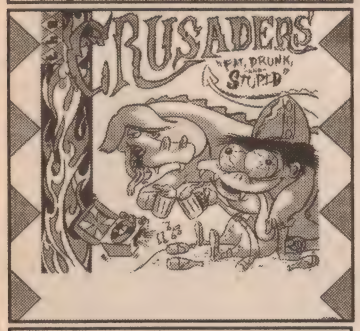
as it were. When **The Dukes of Hamburg** put on their matching vests and 60's wigs, they are ready to boogie. It just wouldn't be the same if they played in street clothes and buzz cuts. Or maybe it's not a power thing as much as a mood thing. Maybe a lot of these masked marauders don't need the finery to hide behind or derive strength from. Maybe the outfit is the musical equivalent of racy under garments, candles and exotic scents. Without the giant carrot costume it's, "Well... (yawn)... I guess... I'll rock... If I have to." With the gargantuan garden get up it's, "Hubba, Hubba! Give me that Mosrite guitar and turn me loose! Yowza!" Professors of abnormal psychology could spend hours debating the likely origins of the obsessive behavior that leads seemingly sane individuals to pull pantyhose over their heads and take to the stage. For my part, I just think the costumed bands are kind of cool. I mean, like, dig these crazy photos, bucko. End of discussion.

Before I put on my Aqua Man costume and wash the dishes, I have a few recommendations for the prospective record buyer. Contrary to the prediction inherent in a Phantom Surfers album title, "The Great Surf Crash of '97," instrumental bands are still cropping up like weeds and the established acts are busily pumping out more product. My two favorites, this time out, are from foreigners. **The Krontjong Devils** (Telstar Records) are from the Netherlands and their CD, "On Tour!," is full of early 60's surf sounds as well as a few charming vocal cuts. **Jackie and the Cedrics** (1+2 Records) have released a double 7"/CD called "Great 9 Stomps Set" that features some rippin' instros and a few songs with Japanese accented English lyrics. I love this genre and heartily recommend the following, as well: "Frolic Diner" part 3 (CD - Romulan Records) for original 50's instro rock and cool novelty songs, **50 Foot Combo** - "Go Hunting!" (CD - Z-Braah Records) for a more exotic spin, **Thee Phantom 5ive** (7" - Misprint Records) for straight ahead surf and **Davie Allan and the Arrows** - "Fuzz Fest" (CD - reissued on Alive/Total Energy Records) for those who missed this hot rod gem from '96 the first time around. Three excellent 60's comps. came my way. Two are from A.I.P. Records. "Exitos A Go-Go" (CD) chronicles the underground sounds of Latin America and "The Essential Pebbles Collection" vol. #2 (CD) makes 55 rare blasts of obscura readily available to the discerning collector. The third is "Beat on the Krauts Im Star-Club Hamburg-2" (LP), which has the same cover photo as the new Dukes of Hamburg LP and is a truly awesome documentation of German (and a few Belgium, I'm told) beat groups that were obviously hanging out, watching The Beatles night after night when they were getting their start. Norton Records has released "Do You Feel it Baby? The Captivating Live Sounds of..." **Question Mark? and the Mysterians** (CD), for those of us who still find this stuff exciting. 30 years later, the lads are still bubble gum punk gangsters. Norton is also responsible for the latest **Untamed Youth** release, "Youth Runs Wild" (CD), which is quite a treat, as well. My favorite new release on Get Hip Records is "Follow Me Down" (CD), the latest from rockin' Lou Reed fanatics, **The Subsonics**. A very close second, though, is a self explanatory 10" by **Thee Headcoats** called, "The Jimmy Reed Experience." Also on the label are **Donovan's Brain** - "Carelessly Restored Art" (CD), a psychedelic throw back, **The New Salem Witch Hunters** - "Colonial Root Cellar" (CD), melodic 60's rock, **Highway 13** - "Been Up to the Devil's Business" (CD), rockabilly that smacks of a Reverend Horton Heat influence and **Rocket 455** - "Sees All - Knows All - Tells All" (10"). Dionysus Records has been busy lately and I like everything I've heard lately. There are tasty singles from **The Go-Devils**, all girl Japanese 60's ravers, **Bald Guys**, tribal beat from back east and **Mach Kung-Fu**, Japanese 60's masters. The full length manna includes **The Crusaders** - "Fat, Drunk and Stupid" (CD), crazed 60's stomp and swagger from Australia, The Dukes of Hamburg - Twist-Time Im Star-Club Hamburg-1" (CD), the latest from these suave, 60's covers, wig meisters and a joint effort sampler "Tiger Mask - Trash Au Go-Go" (CD) which features some of LA's finest. I picked up a couple of singles on Mademoiselle and was not disappointed in the least. **Lulu's Merble** is an all girl band from Japan and **The Dirty Burds** are an all girl hand from England. Both have a handle on 60's trash rock, and Lulu's Marble kicks butt, and how! While we are on the subject of booty boppin', you won't want to miss the latest from **The Makers**. "Psychopathia Sexualis" (CD), on Estrus Records, is their most diverse outing yet and it rocks. Also on Estrus is a sonic yell/scream/howl/moan spasm from **The Gimmicks**, "High Heels" (CD). 360 Twist! is another fine, fine label and you can't go wrong with **The Insect** "The Detroit Sessions" (LP), harmonica rich, wailin' soul/rock, **The Vendettas** - self titled (LP), boy/girl butt simple rock machine, **Th' Lunkheads** - "Swingin' Sinners" (LP), garage trash kings or **Frigg A-Go-Go** - "Frigg-a-licious" (7"). Italy Records is fairly new to me and I'm looking forward to more after groovin' to **The Hentchmen**'s new, non-organ single and the latest single from rockin' bad boys, **The Dirtys**. Flying Bomb Records is proving to be a force to be reckoned with. Just check out the new singles from **The Blowtops** and **The Dirtbombs**, Mick Collins' latest ensemble. Possibly my favorite, out of left field find, is a single by **The Tantrums**, on Sharky Records, that is a powerful, cave man 60's stomp.

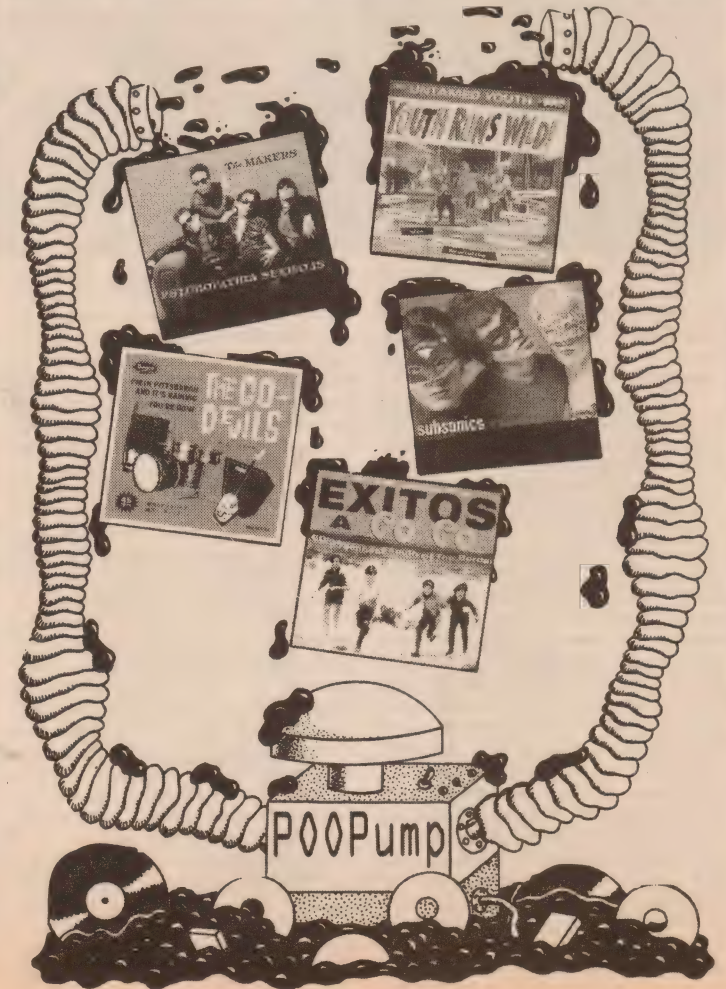
Well, that's it for now. Thanks to everyone who took the time to write and/or send me goodies. I can be reached at Flipside, PO Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116.

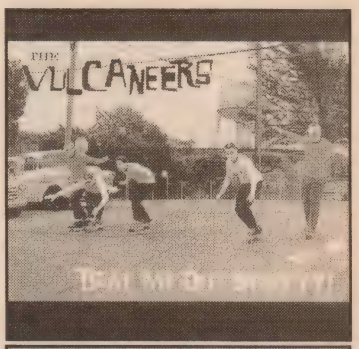
And remember... Keep your mask on your face and your tights on your butt, and rock like a slow witted, demonic nut.

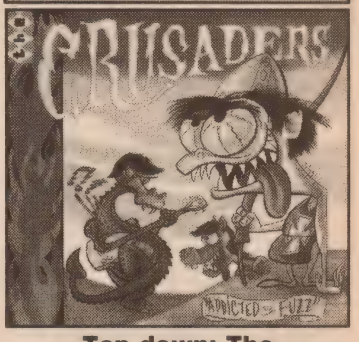
-P.Edwin Letcher



Top down: The Mummies "Play Their Own Records", The Crusaders "Fat, Drunk and Stupid", The Dukes of Hamburg "Star Club Show #1" and The Headcoats "In Tweed We Trust"

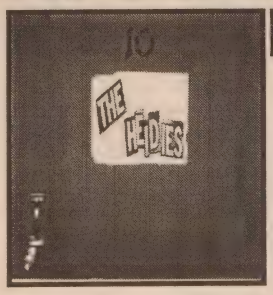






Top down: The Vulcaneers "Beat Me Off Scotty!", The Spotnicks "Spotnicks", The Diabolics "Itching For Action", The Diabolics "Danger!" and The Crusaders "Addicted to Fuzz"

InsurAnce sCam recoRds



The Heidies: *Exit Ten-CD*

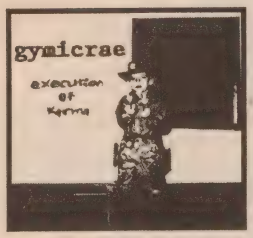
"...yep, this platter of woodshop-saw melodicore buzzes the earwaves and stings my hearing perception like a pack of hostile hornets on the rampage. After countless listens, my ears are still salivating like the rabid slobbering dog I most certainly am. Well, you get the picture...now get the disc, damn it!!" - **Flipside #109**

"This music sounds like a long lost punk rock opus from the Cleveland to Louisville punk rock axis circa 1981. A speedy, no nonsense unit kicking out short no nonsense punk rock tunes."- **Heartattack #16**

"...one of the best pop-punk bands I've heard in a while... this is great!"- **Slug and Lettuce #51**

"This sucks" - **Rockford Sucks #1**

Order a Heidies CD and get an ISR T-shirt for $8



Gymicrae: *Execution of Karma-CDep*

"It's like if you took *Fifteen* and mixed them with an emo band, clean guitar parts and all. Doesn't sound like it would work too well but these guys rock."- **Crucial Youth Enrage**

"reminds me a little of the *Decendents*, but there's more variety to*Gymicrae's* songs. It's punky and hard rock at the same time."-**Giant Robot #9**

"mccray blends dissonant melodies with aggressive hardcore in a manner similar to *Fugazi*, but with vocals that sound closer to *Dinosaur Jr.*"-**No-Fi Zine**

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"I want to be stereotyped. I want to be classified" -Descendents

(Preface: the following is an attempt - not to harsh on fashion-conscious punks, which it may seem like at times - but to illustrate that even a silly little thing like colored hair or a visual clue like a dog collar strapped around a neck still gets you into shit. The question is do you want to put up with it.)

WHY PEOPLE WILL FUCK WITH YOU

I was listening to the new Social Distortion "Live at the Roxy" CD and Mike Ness echoes a sentiment that Flipsider Pooch did about six issues ago - that punk rock has lost its edge - that it once was an extreme risk to love hard, fast music, to walk down the street with a sneer and safety pins and now you can stroll down the same streets with a piercing the size of a fallen piece of rebar through your head and old ladies won't even take a second look at you. Construction workers, instead of threatening to whack you aside the melon with a circular saw and carve their girlfriend's initials into the side of your skull, ask for the location of the shop that did the swallow tattoo on your neck due to the clean lines and vibrant colors.

Possibility number one: Maybe Social Distortion isn't punk rock in the current, 90's definition. This I don't contend at all, since my defining of punk is broader than the hips of a woman giving birth, not the contracted cervix of a virgin that many people squeeze its definition into. But maybe, just maybe, Social Distortion isn't in danger any more - maybe they have found safety. Maybe they live in a world where blue hair is as dangerous as line dancing deep in the belly of Arkansas or bringing an accordion to a Mexican wedding - a natural, comfortable thing. This isn't a slag. Think about it. People, in many a metropolitan area, are surrounded by freaks. Some mutter about hippopotamuses shooting ping pong balls out of their asses while waiting for the bus. Some bob and shake their heads like all the ligaments are lost and they're getting shocked every millisecond while grocery shopping. Blue hair and a couple neck tattoos next to these folks is like watching a sunset over a crystal clear lake. Welcome; relaxing as logs burning in a fire, getting you all toasty and snuggly. The urban-looking punk is no longer the insta-threat, call in the riot police, club 'em if they're still blubbering or still have teeth protocol of twenty or even ten years ago... in major population areas... where there are people getting murdered every minute... and cops have better people to harass and shake down. Like it or not, the punk look (TM) became a commodity. It was bought and sold in a world market. It was taken from its original context, got its toenails clipped so it wouldn't ruin the marketplace furniture and re-released into the wild in a form as threatening as that lady who does that Lambchop sock puppet character. Its initial, potential threat was devalued to the point of being successfully marketed to sell green, highly caffeinated beverages - not revolution, nor change, nor nothing. Surprise - fashion has never made the most vicious or convincing threat. (Think for a second. Do you even know what Oppenheimer, a major contributor to making the atomic bomb a reality, looks like - or what he wore? And this is a guy who changed the world forever.)

Perhaps Mike and Pooch are referring to no-longer-danger of punk becoming an organized youth rebellion in the 90's, which it isn't, but keep hope for your own personal revolutions... I mean, let's face it, punks can't even agree what bands to endorse, what type of foods to eat, and what to wear - how the fuck are they gonna figure out what weapons to use, who should lead, what the blueprints to a battle plan are - and who, specifically, the enemy is. My bet would be that most of them would shoot each other in the back by mistake, say the band playing at the back of the battlefield are sellouts and complain there isn't a vegan diet with the to-the-war in-flight movie. Or flake altogether.

I will answer Mr. Ness with a question: "Sir, although, I wasn't there when your form of punk rock was dangerous, (I was in elementary school and too busy eating glue) when you went toe to toe with big construction workers, I'd bet that if you strolled into Longview Texas on a Saturday night looking for an amp to plug your guitar into, I don't think the locals would really give a bull's puckered ass if you'd be playing the Germs' "Forming," The Avengers' "American in Me," NOFX's "Linoleum," or Pennywise's "Unknown Road," in your set list, chances are that a scuffle would result until you ripped into Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" or something with zip from Patsy Cline to get keep the angry fists from itchin' and the tips of their cowboy boots a'tappin'. You're right. You were in a time and a place that what you were doing was of immediate hazzard: the first wave of an attack that never really came - there was a class war the second you stepped out on to the streets. To think that those types of times or places don't exist means that you yourself are out of that hazzard, not that it's completely disappeared.

GO RURAL, GO BACK IN TIME

"It was so easy to piss off people. At that point [in the late 70's, early 80's] just put on a dumb pair of sunglasses and the world hates you. That realization that so much hatred and instant prejudice existed was such an incredible lesson to learn, man." -Ian Mc Kaye (*All Ages, Reflections on Straight Edge*, compiled by Beth Lahickey, Revelation Books, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

Hey, I'm not singling out and picking on Mike Ness, far from it, because I now live in an environment that is similar to his in geography - in LA and Hollywood. And I know I could walk down Sunset Boulevard on fire and the only people who would notice me would be folks who are looking for a light on their cigarettes.

However, to add to Ian's sunglasses story; go rural and go back in time. One thing Mr. Ness may have not fully considered: not all of the world is LA or OC. Not all of the world is an active member of a popular band on tour. Nowadays, people may even get pissed because either you don't look like anything at all or too much like an enemy and their frustration ends up with you being chained to the back of their pickup being dragged to death. Although it sounds melodramatic, there is still danger: knuckles wrapped around bats, on trigger fingers, feet stomping on gas pedals, aiming to run difference over. On the Fourth of July weekend in Las Vegas, two ARA members (non-racists skins) were executed in the desert. One shot in the face, one in the back 150 yards away. Aart and Morticia eulogized Brian Deneke, down in Texas, who died after a severe beating at the hands of local thugs.

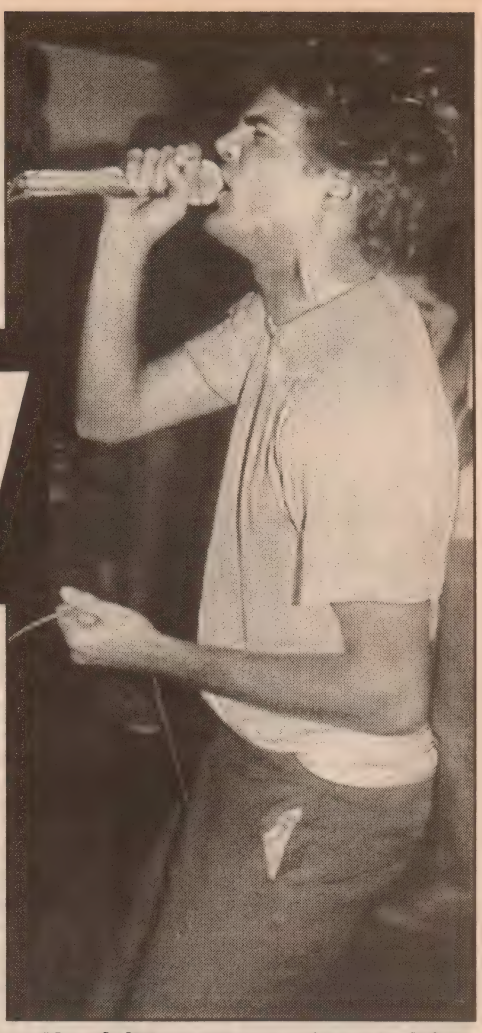
There are throngs of people out there who are in jeopardy: from isolation, to alienation, to premeditated acts of violence against them in 1998 who don't have a lot of friends, who have carved out lonely or difficult nooks and crannies to live inside of not because it's cool or what the other kids are doing, but because they're wired different (be it punk rock or not), like many of Mike Ness' songs contend that he is, because it is impossible at this time and their places for them to live the same as their surroundings. Their status is very far from quo. They probably don't have a youth crew and their hair may look as straight as Richie Cunninham's but they are still very punk - or whatever - and are still in heaps of danger.

I contend that many have not found safety, that punk and independent rocking free from the usual corporate ogres and pitfalls are vital, roaring concepts that are still in their infancy (although clocking in at 20 years old) - because they shift and have few centers, because they have such broad bases, that the reason that some people loathe them are the exact same reason some people love them, that true difference to a dominant culture - either through thought or action will be suppressed, ignored, or unfathomable, and that's the nature of things. Also, lo and behold, punk rock did what the 60's culture didn't accomplish, and the hippies had a much wider stage: many current people successfully resisted by constructing their own oases. Many good, hard-working, honest people, bands, distribution systems, book stores, and zines continue to flourish without anyone getting or asking for free Nike merchandise or a spot on MTV. I contend that it is larger - and more diffuse - than it has ever been despite constant efforts to dismantle it.

CAN'T RESURRECT WHAT HASN'T BEEN BURIED - DON'T BE SAD

Personal Theory #645a - You can steal the face and fool a lot of people but you can't steal the heart and expect it to live in another body for very long. Plastic surgery, although expensive, is widespread - a fascinating form of forgery. With cash, you can look and sound like anyone on the planet. But in heart transplants - if you steal a someone's ticker and plop in another's chest, chances for survival are slim. Just look at all the punk bands that signed to the biggies. Look, I have no problem with bands signing to the majors and know that a good quotient

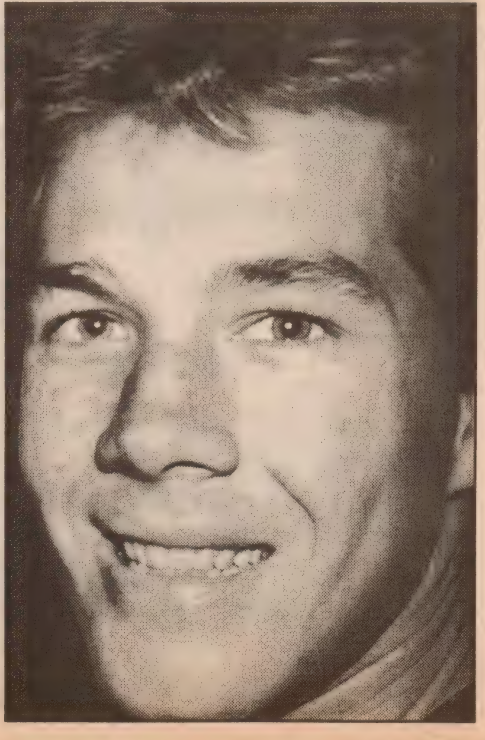
RETODDED

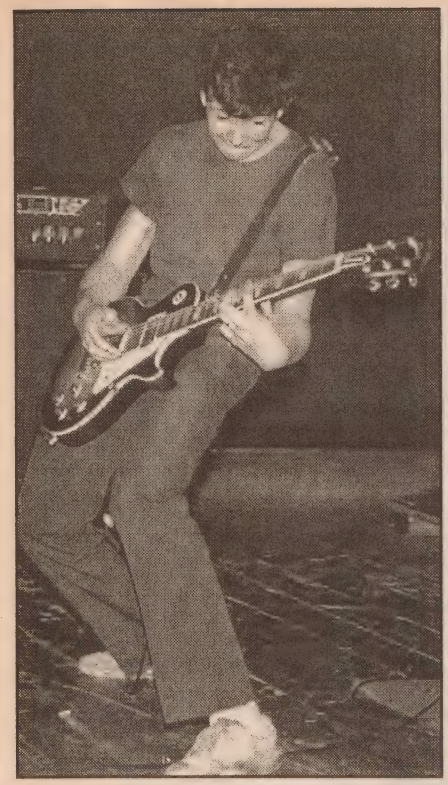


No visible tattoos, clean hair? What the fuck gives?

Milo of the Descendents
-Katz

Jim Decker of the Crowd.
-Al Flipside





They look like docile lawn boys and Slurpee attendants and their cred's solid as hell. ← Minor Threat's Lyle Preslar, 📷-Havie Martinez and ↑The Middle Class. 📷-Ed Colver

of small labels are just as unreliable, but the track record on the majors isn't good. I think I can count on my fingers and toes the bands that made a successful leap in the 90's that I like. But I get kinda bent when people say that punk was co-opted by the dominant culture, and that it is no longer vital. (Maybe what was bought has been sucked dry - but that which can't be fingered is still juicy and splattering, almost invisible). Here's a concept - maybe your heros failed. Maybe what you believed in failed. Maybe it has little to do with style. Maybe it has to do with something that isn't a commodity, that borders on electricity, on magic. Maybe it has to do with the amorphous, disembodied spirit of rebellion that doesn't have a specific face or specific genre. By its definition, it isn't for sale, and if it's bought, it's worthless. Maybe its called punk. Maybe it isn't.

My contention is that punk's nationalization, commodification, mainstreamization, cutting of the edges and making safe-ication was made possible, even hastened, is the belief that if you look scary, you are. If not scary then rebellious. If not rebellious, then cool. If not cool then fill in the insta-Mt. Dew adjective. "Extreme" is used quite a bit. That having staples put in your face, that having pigment injected into your dermis automatically placed you in the traditional "outlaw" section of society - bikers, WW II sailors, pro wrestlers, mafia hitmen and all around bad asses. Sorry to inform you, but I know staunch Republican cops with Descendents tattoos and housemoms with belly rings. In and of itself, something you buy makes you as individual as... as... drinking a case of Mt. Dew. The sad fact is that all of this body manipulation ground has been covered in Fruitopia commercials. It can be an easy kit. It can be a costume. Many times it's not, I understand this. Too many times it is. Tattoos and piercings are ornaments - cosmetic surgery, and if they help you feel better, good going, you made the right choice. I'd be the grandpappy of all hypocrites on this point because I have a tattoo that stretches across my stomach and my purposes stem from the future comedy of when I become a senior citizen - it's gonna get uglier the fatter the more senile I get. Piercings I don't yearn for, from a personal standpoint. As the title of this column suggests - I'm a fucking spazz, a retard. I trip going up stairs. The only thing on my body that was pierced was my ear when I was sixteen, which my loving brother ripped out of my head a couple months later by "accident." It hurt getting something ripped out of my head, but it was bound to happen. I'm glad my dick wasn't pierced.

(Tangent: I don't understand the thinking behind tongue piercings. Point A: all the enamel gets chipped off your teeth. Point B: You can wear out a hole between your front teeth from playing with it all the time. Point C: Your speetch geths thslurred. Point D: When you're sleeping, that ball could unscrew and go right into a lung. So, if you think you want to improve fellatio or adding spice to your mouth whilst whistling dixie on your significant other, here's a consequence-free alternative: bits of ice or the ever-popular Slurpee. It's cheap. It's fun. If you want to be a sthlurry speethched, bad toothed, enamelless hipster with a hole in your face, shoot, by all means, keep on sticking it your tongue stud like a snake whenever the photo opportunity strikes.)

There was a time, not too long ago, when people truly believed and put stock into the belief that the peripheral trappings of what was considered punk and/or dangerous - if those incidental things could be accepted by mainstream society, then there would be some progress towards a greater understanding and acceptance (which, at root is a weird concept, because isn't that co-opting?). ...That if you could have a nose ring and work at Kinko's, then something would have changed and become a little more beautiful, that if the radio DJ could say "Butthole Surfers," the world would come around an enhanced way of thinking. Yeah and I've got eighty-five nut sacks. What hasn't changed on the overall perspective of employment is that few people look at you when you're a slave (except your employer).

BELIEVE NONE OF WHAT YOU SEE

It's no surprise to me that I fall in one of two big punk rock slots: I'm no fashion diva. Simply, I'm far too utilitarian: (i.e. I love sleep and any operational device that allows me as much of it as possible I embrace.) No more colored hair. No liberty spikes. No mohawk. Nothing that needs an iron or special care or me sleeping a certain way as to avoid mohawk crimpage. Plain t-shirts. Shoes that last over three years. Belts that last longer. I blend. Put me in a line-up and you'll pass me over. I'm hard to remember. And this is great.

This was not always the case. Ending three years ago but doing it for six years straight, I dyed my hair blue and sometimes green (causing severe root damage and promoting premature balding) - and I wore it like superficial, public scars. I yeaned for reaction because small towns provide little entertainment you can sit down and watch unless you're impressed by Grateful Dead cover bands. It got me into fights - lame shit - but nothing life threatening. I realized early on that I had made myself a target, and for several years, reveled in this fact.

Please don't take this as a "I'm older, I know better" argument. Some of my favorite people look like they have been cryogenically preserved in 1977. Take it as I'm older and still don't know shit but I slowly came to the realization that I didn't need to rely on outside difference to signify that my brain was scrambled a bit different than others. It came slow. Change, if at all possible in me, would 99% change inside of myself, inside the creases of my mind, and not because I've got a cool flaming skull on my forehead, a Black Flag logo on my pecker, or a hole the size of a nickel in an ear lobe. This is me. I'm glad other people have them. They're fun to look at.

"IF YOU DRAW ATTENTION TO YOURSELF, DON'T EXPECT IT ALL TO BE GOOD."
- One of Retodd's Mom's many axioms.

The insertion point for many people into punk is the mohawk, spikes, short, dyed hair, patched up pants and shirts, dog collars - it's an instant identity - you (hopefully) won't be mistaken for a hippie or a yuppie or whatever this year is good to rebel against (ska, techno), the sharpness of a new way of looking at the world put visually, almost unmistakably. This is both good and bad. If you find yourself surrounded only by people who look real, real similar to you, that's usually a good indication that something is wrong. Think of the people who wear uniforms every day who aren't in the military: Kinko's employees, Blockbuster employees, Target employees, WalMart employees. Are you getting to see a common denominator? Mail carriers, public sanitation engineers, anyone who works in the blue collar sector of the state. How often do sanitation workers look real, real glad to be dressed up like hiway cones five days out of the week? Fact is, people who don't have to wear uniforms rarely do, and to think that there's regulatory punkwear that should be enforced ranges from pretty silly to unfortunate.

Small truth. Dye your hair any color (except if you qualify for the Senior Citizen's discount at Dennys) and you've set up a nice sociological experiment, a divining rod ratio - some people will be drawn to your head like bugs to a blue light (an amazing amount of small children is in this quotient), and some people will be offended by it. Use the rural/urban sliderule quotient mentioned before.

My mind isn't my skin. The following stories are a couple reasons in a long stream which reversed my thinking about the importance I felt that if I looked different it automatically signified a deeper change.

Why die for a hairstyle? - otherwise known as The Fuck Factor or The Fuckwith Factor (article 135 b, punk rock penal code). I was driving my '69 Falcon (RIP) across New Mexico at night. Gas was low. I was in the middle of bum and fuck and Gallup. Nowhere. Pulled into a gas station. Forgot my hat on the passenger's seat. Had to pre-pay after sundown. It was about 3 AM. I walked inside the fluorescent embryo of convenience.

"Twenty on one."

The guy behind the counter looked at me in a way that I thought he was practicing to see me with a laser scope, crosshairs splitting my frown, chambering a round but I was tired and didn't really care.

"Twenty on one," I repeated because I was partially deaf from having the windows rolled down and the stereo up on a crystalline desert night. The Dead Kennedys were helping me stay awake.

"Fuck you," the guy said.

I took mental inventory. Shoes - clean Chucks. Shirt - white, a bit stinky but I could smell the convenience guy - Erv, or so said his plastic engraved name tag - so I wasn't too bad. There should be some service here. I crooked a brow and caught a quick glance of my green hair. "Fuck," I thought. He had my balls in a vice. No gas for at least sixty miles.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Fuck you," Erv repeated, real flat.

I pulled out and made it about three miles until the Falcon heaved at the last tablespoon of gas, the engine revved really high, then died. I pushed her way over to the side of the road, and slept for about six hours. About four cars passed. Got up. Didn't have to lock the car, put my hat on, and walked back to the gas station and saw Erv's truck parked on the side so I sat

for another couple hours and watched the clouds change shapes like women getting pregnant, their bellies swelling, dropping rain on the rapidly heating earth, waiting for my new friend's shift to end. Around ten, an old lady, with a fresh load of Skoal between lip and gum took over and let me have a gas can and a couple gallons. I returned a forty-five minutes later. She didn't even blink at me weird. What changed? The hair? The woman? Erv an asshole? Point? I've changed to limit the flak in my life - why stress appearance when all the people I truly admire from history looked like ordinary Joes and Janes and the only people I can think of with mohawks that fought for revolution were in *The Leatherstocking Tales* ((*Last of the Mohicans*), the purveyors of guerilla warfare whose tactics are still being incorporated and adjusted to modern warfare.) All I wanted was some gas and move on.

Story Two:

The Boy Hero (think Chi Pig of SNFU melded into your favorite Ghostbuster action figure and you got it) and I were toodling down the freeway, clocking a cool 60 in his Honda Civic. The Boy Hero is a buck and a quarter, was sporting a dreaded chrome mohawk that stuck out of the chainsawed off top of 1350cc four-cylinders of fury, makeshift flames painted down the side. The Boy Hero, who primarily ate Skittles and things from the Fry Daddy: Personal Frying Device, and I were on the way to Waffle House, locale of the most human food explosions in the US. Insane buffet (which has since been discontinued and was responsible for me being late to my brother's wedding), minding our own business, enjoying the morning beating of the Phoenix sun. Pine needles that had fallen inside the car swirled around up in a little twister. As sleek as a shark's shit came a new Mustang right behind us. Black as a the ink from a broken pen. It stayed right on the bumper for about a mile and was so close we could feel that they knew what frequency numbers where the broken radio was stuck on. There wasn't much to do. The Civic was floored. We changed lanes. Like an evil magnet, it stuck to our bumper.

The Boy Hero and I exchanged glances. Not fear, more "what the fuck?"

The Mustang unhitched from the bumper, sped up ahead and slowed down in front of us. Severely tinted glass and a rental sticker. We changed lanes again. It did the same and then slammed on the brakes. The Boy Hero navigated through the smoke and passed them.

Fishtailing back to speed, all of the windows zipped down. It looked like a Marine commercial gone horribly wrong. All close-cropped guys in Polo shirts and pastels - six of them - five hanging out of the car, one driving, start the verbal abuse.

"Fucking homos!"

"Hippies!"

"We're gonna fucking kill you!"

And this is above the rush of sixty-three mile-an-hour wind (the Civic was pegged out).

I looked over in disbelief, waiting for something to dissolve into a big joke.

The Boy Hero concentrated on driving.

"I'm gonna slice your friend's stomach and stuff your dick into the hole!"

The pastel, fraternity, GQ Marines continued.

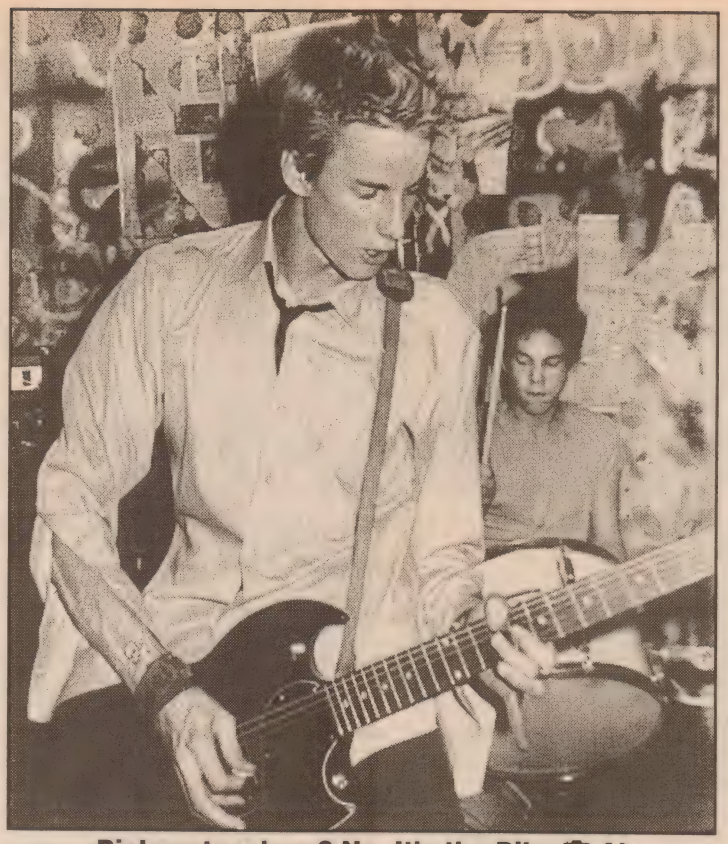
They had kitty cornered us, them slightly in front of us to the right - us now in the carpool lane.

The Mustang swerved, coming closer and closer to hitting us. They looked like they were foaming, and with an odd precision, all slipped into the car.

The Boy Hero said very calmly, "Hold on."

With the finesse of a driver who knows the exact, yet limited, possibilities of his car, tapped his brakes, checked his mirrors one last time, and cranked the wheel to the right, taking us four lanes over, blipping a thin safety orange divider and barely making the offramp.

The Mustang, caught off guard, tried to shadow our maneuver, but missed the offramp by about three hundred feet, almost sideswiping another car.



Biology teachers? No. It's the Dils. 📷-Al

Fortune gave us a green light.

As we passed over the freeway, reversing in fishtales and leaving angry black marks of burning rubber, the Mustang was attempting to navigate backwards on to oncoming traffic to little success and about ten new, really pissed off cars and drivers.

The Boy Hero smiled, his mohawk doing a stiff little dance in the passing air. "What the fuck was that about? They just looking for someone to mess with?"

"Probably," I said.

"I wish they wouldn't have called us hippies. That sucks," he joked.

We ate until we nearly ruptured at Waffle House. Being chased gave us hunger. As we drove home, every little bump made us want to shit our pants.

This was only a couple years back. So what was it? The shitty flame job on the car? The mohawk? Our license plate started with a certain number? According to Mike Ness, punk rock shouldn't be dangerous any more.

What this means is relatively obvious to me - and is in no way disappointing - that if somebody doesn't look "punk," don't mean shit. Yet people will use it as an excuse (often a poor one) to single you out when you least feel like dealing with them.

"Ain't it funny how we tend to look the same." -Pete Townsend of the Who "Quadrophenia."

Since no two people using two separate brains can never come to the exact same conclusions as to what punk rock is, step by step (which is one of the greatest inventions of the 20th century), then it follows in kind that there are no universal uniforms, and it begins to sound real, real silly, to seriously make fun of the little things... the Pennywiseification or NOFXication (two bands I admire) of a punk look - baseball caps, loose pants, chain wallets, hooded sweatshirts. Ooh, that's a real good thing to get all worked up about. "Fuck you baseball hat guy." Stiff finger 'em. Feel better? Good. Here's another secret - underground music (that which isn't controlled by companies with more than five employees) is bigger than what you can control, it is beyond your mind (and mine). It comes in so many shades and shapes that "punk" becomes a meaningless modifier, and has been around for so long now, that virtually anyone has the ability to poop a punk poop - even people who look like a football team or a bunch of beaten Confederate soldiers leaping out of dumpsters to play a show. Yet, if you find yourself so worked up by the sameness of it all, of the "clones," "sheep," whatever disengaging modifier you can muster, think for a second: what are you doing amongst the "clones"? Are you the only kid in the ocean with a floatie and everyone else is floundering about? Probably not. (Tangent 2: Most serial killers don't look crazed. They look like guys who got arrested after spending the entire day tending to their lawns and caring for petunias, not scooping eyeballs out of sockets to make a big bowl of human minestrone.) You've got three options. One): leave and go to the place in your mind where is everyone is a staunch individual, portrayed impeccably by their dressing habits. (PS. It's called Utopia or look in the dictionary under Shangri La, or The World's Best Punk Place, which according to the *LA Weekly*, was Masque shows in '77 (but I bet there were a couple of Partridge Family looking folks in the crowd there, too.)). Two): Don't let it bother you. Feel good that you're in a country that you can go see the loaded shotgun of good music, where the roads are paved and you don't have to sit on an exercise bike for three hours in order to turn a generator hooked to a electric burner for a bowl of rice for breakfast and power for the lights. Three): Lead by example. Show how utterly fun it is to be a nutcase or be completely "normal" (ie. forgettable, non-descript). Don't lord it over people that you are the supreme nutcase and they're all sheep. Just enjoy yourself.

Truly, what fun it would be to be able to use Rev. Norb of Boris the Sprinkler's eyes inside his antlered helmet with GEEK stickered on the front and PUNK stickered on the back in fishnets, jumping around like he'd just drank ten gallons of distilled grape juice and a block of pez the size of a matured beaver's tail. Fun shit, indeed. I'm glad, that as a force of nature, that Boris the Sprinkler plays music and I write for a fanzine. What this means to me is that we, as a country, are doing so well - away from fear of war, starvation, or any cataclysm - to take time out of out to start seriously engaging in wars of style.

Independent rock is again bobbing and ballasting mostly underground with just the tip of its iceberg being exposed to the rest of the navigational media and world. But for me, it is melting under my skin - not dissipating into the atmosphere, but steeping closer to my heart, vibrating my brain, giving me a microscope/telescope to examine/navigate through the rest of the world with. As stupid as that may sound, it's the truth - I'm mutating not by brands on my skin and color changes in my hair, but tattoos on the ventricles of my heart, by injecting and shaping the functioning of my mind. It's stuff made just as permanent, but inherently more personal because no one else could see it unless I deliberately show them.

In closing, let me beat my point into the fucking ground by putting it in non-human terms. Juan Bastos, fellow Flipside writer, privvied me to this bit of common sense: drive an ordinary vehicle, go the speed limit, don't put on any stickers, and you won't get pulled over as much. I thought about it. From the age between 16 and 23, I'd been pulled over by the fine folks patrolling our nations highways and byways - on average - once every three months. Not for speeding or any real infractions of state laws but for shit ranging from my tail lights being too pink to my pipes being too loud, but never having an instigation stick in a court of law. The reason became clearer with age and with what cops call reasonable suspicion. Strange secret - not looking like a threat doesn't mean you have to look like an ally, just that you can't be classified as such. Weird guy + car that doesn't look like it should be running = good chance to pull over. Shit, rural cops are bored. I was their whore - something to do without thinking about it. Two years ago, I purchased a truck that looks like every small truck in the fucking world - except a different bumper that came with it when I bought it used. Kept everything to factory spec, didn't put a sticker on it, and you know what? The only thing I got pulled over was that the bumper clipped off the bottom of the licence plate numerals and I had to fix it. I think you're smart enough to make the leap: normal looking car = no potential threat. Normal looking kid (and I'm using normal again as nondescript) = no potential threat. They can never examine your brain just by walking by.

I am the infiltrator. I am the guy you'll look right over, the guy you'll forget right after I say hi. And this is a beautiful thing - I am not an immediate target or ally: the pointed hawk bobbing above the pit. You know why? I'm the guy that'll slip through a lineup of five people. I'm a shadow. Even after getting into fights, I can put on a sweatshirt, take off my glasses, and you won't even know who I am. Not only can I now get gas any time in rural New Mexico and drive the Phoenix freeways without getting threatened that my friend's penis is going to be thrust into my chest cavity, I can go basically anywhere in America and not have a stumbling block for people to trip over: from chowing down on boiled crawfish in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, to renting rafts in North Carolina, to catching hardcore shows at the great, local all ages dives. I let other factors in human nature dictate people how people treat me, not a five dollar dye job or some glue in my hair. Hey, I'm not saying this is for everyone, just me. Blend, infiltrate, observe, and see what I'm talking about.

My advice for those looking for old fashioned punk danger is real simple. Get all your punk duds strapped on and hair just right. Get in your car alone. Drive. When you can't get any reception on the entire radio dial, stop at the next bar. Kick the door in when you enter. See what happens.

"It was more about respecting each others individual choices, rather than getting totally obsessed with distractions." - Ian McKaye

-Retodd

LIVE ACTION...

Late spring usually seems to be light on gigs- a lull before summer tours start, I guess. I'm gonna keep it short then, and mention the **Suicidal Tendencies** psychotic "return" to LA, after years being of being "banned" from doing shows in town, or so the story goes. They played the sold-out weeks in advance Troubadour to a legion of tattooed fuckers who thrashed to all the early "hits." Super high energy. **Damnation** stepped up to fill the scary opening slot. Can you even imagine trying to pull that gig off with your little band? Damnation did a high energy, no bullshit set of their DIY evil-core, which pleased their 50+ h/c crew of fans who always turn out, as well as winning over a chunk of the Suicidal crowd. No easy task, I assure you. It was straight from there to watch **Throwrag** blow the roof off Bar Deluxe. They do a song "Space Hump Me," which is supposedly about The Humpers, and closed the set with an unprecedented duet between Sleezo and scrub-board player Jacko on "Rubberneckin'," an old soul tune from the Elvis-does-Vegas-era. The place went nuts and everybody was dancing. It looked like a scene from "Hairspray" by way of hell.

Later that weekend on a Sunday afternoon **The Crowd** packed an in-store down at You've Got Bad Taste. They rocked through about 20 years worth of the finest So. Cal. punk known to man. They're certainly not "reviving" anything, since they never fucking went away, and the new stuff is just as choice as their hooky classics. Add Humpers Mark Lee as semi-permanent guest on guitar and yes, that is magic that you smell. As you can tell from this group pic of The Crowd '98, Mark's living his punk-rock wet dream by playing with these guys. Go see The Crowd.

I must give respect to **At The Drive In**, who I finally saw at a Boardners party. It would be just so much fun to say these guys suck - cuz longtime (and sadly ex-) Flipside crank Blaze James was instrumental in bringing them to Flipside Records for their debut CD - and it always makes for good comedy to bust his balls. (I think the mag would be far better with both him and the venomous Krk around. C'mon back you guys!) Well, even though I thought little good could come from a band from El Paso with a goofy name like this, nothing prepared me for their explosive live show. I can't even remember the last time I saw an entire band put complete energy into every note of a set. They physically spazz and go berserk the whole time. ATDI are musically majestic and complex without crossing the fine line into over-indulgence - stripped down to bare essentials or sharp breaks of silence a chorus and a wink later. If I had to scrape a comparison together, it would have to be the best of the early, hungry work of these diverse and influential bands: Jane's Addiction, Gang Of Four, The Smiths and Fifteen. Pure in heart and brutally honest, it's hard to believe this sound comes out of a bunch of skinny kids who don't look old enough to be in a bar. I was tempted to bag work forever and follow them to San Diego, Arizona, and anywhere else for that matter after being knocked off my feet at this show. Let's hope the upcoming Fearless Records CD manages to capture half the energy of their live talent.

9 WORTH YOUR TIME...

"Punk Uprisings Vol. 2" compilation CD - 39 short, fast cuts, great production. Always like to list unknown to me before highlights: Ensign, I Farm, Kill Your Idols, Latex Generation, Nine Lives (ex-Black Train Jack! Yeah!). Like a trip back in time to the "Crucial Chaos" show on WNYU in the mid 80's. Anybody remember that? (Go Kart). **The Prostitutes** "Can't Teach the Kids Responsibility" LP - Snotty punk from PA. Recalls The Humpers during their early pissed-off Long Beach years. They'd go good with Smogtown. (Pelado Records) *The Prostitutes "Living Wreck" b/w "Media Nation" 7" - Yeah, buy everything by these guys you can. The Black Hole Records 7" remains my favorite though it's all good. (American Punk Recordings). **Parasites** (Go Kart) Superb pop punkers turn up on Go-Kart to follow up on a decade of under-appreciated masterpieces with more of the same. Glad they're back. (Go-Kart). **The Commies** 7" - Sloppy street punk rock n' roll trio from Austin, TX. Ramones inspired, especially "Commie Bop." (Pelado Records). **The ADZ** "Transmissions from Planet Speedball" CD - Ex-Adolescents Tony Reflex and crew deliver a brutal record loosely themed around addiction, including a cover of Syd Barrett's "Lucifer Sam." At the end they tack on a punk-rap version of Bob Seger's (!) "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" that actually works. (Amsterdamned). **Toilet Boys** (demo cassette) Sluttly glam punk riding heavy on the downtown NY tradition. Dug the "whoa whoas," hand claps, and power chords. (write 'em-see contacts). **Suburban Voice Zine 15th Ann-iversary Compilation** CD - 33 out of print, unreleased, or obscure punk rock songs that span from '82 (Youth Brigade, Corrosion of Conformity) to '97 (Ensign, Avail). An obvious labor of love. Proceeds to charity - included in issue #41 of Suburban Voice. (see contacts). **Cash Registers** "Hey Big Spender" 7" - John Cash Register's vox have the raw, reckless charm of Television's Tom Verlaine or the Violent Femmes' Gordon Gano on these sloppy garage tunes. Mitro (ex-Trick Babys, R.I.P.) pops up on guitar. (Million Dollar Records)

RECORD BIZ...

No new contacts to help you indie-label owners get the job done this time. I'm looking to pass on tips re: distro, mail order, printing, manufacturing, merch., etc. So all you DIY types who are capable of doing business the right way (aka quick, honest, with fair prices) and looking for more indie labels to work with, get in touch. If there's something special about the way you do business, it may end up being passed on here. I'll skip it this time so you know the contacts I do end up passing on are solid. My little deal, Rock And Fucking Roll Records, will attempt to bust out on its own this fall with the debut CD from Sioux City's finest, the **Chicken Hawks**, produced by Humpers' party boy Mark Lee and the incredible Sally Browder (Humpers, Wayne Kramer, etc.). Later!

-Martin McMartin

Write me at Flipside, or direct at:
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BIG MARTY SPOUTS OFF

The Crowd, 1998, at You've Got Bad Taste.
Jim Decker surfs Silverlake. -Martin McMartin.

CONTACTS

American Punk Records, 802 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231
Amsterdamned Records, PO Box 862558, LA, CA 90086, www.guavajelly.com
Go-Kart Records, PO Box 20, Prince St. Sta., NY, NY 10012
Million Dollar Records, PO Box 315, NY, NY 10276
Pelado Records, 521 W. Wilson #B202, Costa Mesa, CA 92627
Suburban Voice, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903, alellen@shore.net
Toilet Boys, PO Box 566 Prince St. Station, NYC 10012

NORTHERN NOISE

I'm back after a long absence, mostly due to being overworked! I'm really loving teaching, but I'm finding that it truly leaves me with no personal time whatsoever. I originally wrote the pre-tour stuff and emailed it over to Flipside before I left, but they were having problems with their email system at Flipside Headquarters *(Some bastard sent us colossal attachments that filled our box. -Todd)* , so the first half is just a couple of shows I went to before tour and then the rest of the column is my tour report. I think this is the 6th summer tour **The Dread** has done and I am still having a blast doing it. This is the first year that I've really felt like I'm getting old, though. I try not to think about it, but I constantly felt like one of the oldest people at the shows we played, especially in the Midwest. Oh well, enough whining... Here's the pre-tour stuff:

Okay, I checked out **Avail**. I've been curious as to what all the hype was about, so since they were playing with the new Fuckface band, **Artimus Pyle**, it seemed like the perfect opportunity to see them. I had a really fun time at the show seeing four bands that were completely new to me. Artimus Pyle opened up. The band named themselves after the real Artimus Pyle (I hope I'm spelling that right) who was the drummer from Lynard Skynard who hiked several miles with his guts hanging out after their plane crashed to get help for his friends, who unbeknownst to him, were already dead. Interesting story to say the least. The band is 3 of the 4 members from Fuckface and sound exactly like Fuckface - thrashy hardcore with awesome drumming. Scotty is seriously one of the best. He has an interesting setup with his drums where he uses a base drum for a floor tom. They were really good and I'm happy to see the 3 of them continue with their music. Another band I've heard a lot about, but hadn't personally heard, played, too. They are **St. John's Infirmary** and they played emo that kind of reminded me of Nation of Ulysses at times. They were pretty cool. **Ann Beretta** played, too. I think they were on tour with Avail. They were poppy. Then came Avail. First of all, since I'd never seen them before, I didn't know that Bo-Bo or Beau Beau or whatever his name is was actually in the band. I just thought he was a fan who got up on stage to sing along or something, but when I noticed him kind of stretching out, I figured it out. I had heard that he didn't sing, but just danced, but he actually sang quite a bit on the choruses and stuff like that. Live, Avail is a really fun band to watch. They had lots of energy and it really carried over to the crowd who did a non-stop jumping up and down throughout their set. I had a really good time watching them.

Up in Oregon, I saw a new band called **The Regurgitated**. What was interesting about them was the age range of the band members. I think the youngest one if 15 years old and the oldest one is in his early 30's. I thought that was cool. They were fun to play with. I love seeing new bands like them with really young members because it's a constant reminder that the punk scene is ever rejuvenating.

The Mission Punkfest was a lot of fun with a good mix of bands. **Pantz Noyzee** was really funny! The band members all dress up like 80's glam metal people, complete with wigs, spiky wristbands, and red leather pants! They sounded a lot like Ratt and one of the members even kind of resembled Bobby Blotzer. **Kitty Bad Ass** from Connecticut were on tour and got to play, too. I've reviewed them before and it's always a pleasure to. They were a lot of fun. Their bass player kept on getting his butt grabbed by some girls standing by him, so it was funny to watch him try to play and not be distracted by flirty punk girls. Musically they remind me of X, but faster and without the rockabilly parts. Jeannie can really sing well. **Yogurt** played too. Yogurt features all of the original members of the almighty Hickey. Speaking of, another Hickey offshoot is Off Da Pigs which is Matty's hip hop project. Off Da Pigs also has Scotty from Artimus Pyle in it. I'm going to check them out tomorrow, so I'll let you know...

Well, I didn't make it to the show since it was the night before we were leaving for tour. We went out for four weeks and had a blast! Also got to play with some good bands. No big names or anything like that, but good bands from different scenes around the country. Again we toured with **Nothing Cool**. People ask why we always tour with them and the reason is because we share a drummer with them, they are nice guys and fun to hang out with, and there's always someone to drink with when you're traveling with eight people!

I'll start at the beginning in Boise, Idaho. We finally made it there after two cancellations in previous years! We played with a band called **Ether** who were really interesting. They kind of had an indie-rock thing going on with two drummers who played tribal style beats and barely any vocals. They had a woman with them who, at bigger venues, would do stuff with fire while they were playing, but since they were crammed into a basement, she didn't perform with them. I would have liked to have seen that! They kind of reminded me of Crash Worship. We also played with **The Adversives**, who I was totally surprised by. They used to be kind of poppy, but have now totally changed their sound to the point where they honestly don't sound AT ALL like they used to! They should really change their name. Their new sound is one that I hear a lot from the newer East Bay bands, kind of hardcore with some noise mixed in. I mean, don't get me wrong, I liked them a lot, but was totally surprised by the completely about-face in sound. The show was at Bug's house and it was really cool hanging out with Bug and the local Boise kids. This was the first year we ventured into Montana. About six months ago, I met this guy named Seff in Reno when I was roadie-ing for Senseless Apocalypse. It turns out that he puts on shows in Great Falls, so when I originally contacted him about a show there, I was pleasantly surprised to find that it was the same person. He's a cool guy and very down to earth. Anyway, we played with the almighty **Humpy**, who are from nearby Missoula. Humpy's drummer couldn't make the show, so when I learned that they had a fill-in drummer for the night, I honestly wasn't expecting too much, especially when Rusty told me that they would be playing for 10-15 minutes max. Their fill-in guy was really good, though! It I didn't know that he wasn't a real member of the band. I don't think I would have been able to tell. They played what seemed like a full set and were fucking hilarious! Wacky hi-jinx ensued throughout their set with Rusty getting a phone call on his prop telephone from my boyfriend and the band getting the entire audience up on stage with them for some dancing. They were a lot of fun. The whole show actually was. Touring bands, go to Montana - good turn out, nice kids, and a fun time! The only not-fun part of Montana was the fact that we had to drive all night to get to the next gig, which was in Rapid City, South Dakota. The show in Rapid City was on an Indian reservation in a building that the locals rent for shows. Most of Rapid City looks like suburbia, but when you drive onto the reservation, the homes are run down and you can just tell you're in a lower income area. It made me feel shitty that literally within two blocks, you could tell the difference. We played with B.Y.O. Records band, **Brand New Unit**. These guys were everything I hate about punk rock. They acted like a bunch of spoiled brats, treating the soundman like crap, along with complaining and talking shit to the audience about the lack of turnout and crap like that. Their drummer alone made me want to barf, but the fact that rest of the band didn't do anything to shut the obnoxious bastard up made it even worse. After seeing their ridiculous antics, it made me really glad and proud that we've been D.I.Y. all these years. I mean, Brand New Unit were totally acting like they were too good to play the show, being B.Y.O. recording artists and all (I hope you can tell I'm being sarcastic here). B.Y.O. puts out some good records and I know that the label itself didn't have any direct action in these guys acting like assholes, but man, it really made me happy to know that everything we've accomplished, we've done ourselves. Fuck those guys.

The next night we found ourselves in Aberdeen, South Dakota with a couple of local bands. ...**One for the Gipper** played with us

God Hates Computers

Fun People from Argentina

Gringo

again this year. They basically had a last-minute lineup thrown together, as 2 out of the 3 members were off touring with their other band, but I'm glad Brad put it together to play with us. We also played with a totally amazing band called **Forcefed**. I was seriously impressed with them. They played really tight hardcore with some slower emo-like changes. Their singer was a fucking spastic little guy screaming until he was bright red and jumping all over the place. I was talking to them afterwards and found out that they are going to be freshmen in high school next year! Man, talk about feeling old. They were a lot better than most bands with members my age!

Green Bay was rad! I finally met Time Bomb Tom, who is one heck of a nice guy and saw a really good hardcore band called **Inflicted** play. They have a split 7" out with Scalplock from England. They kind of went back and forth to faster hardcore to slower grind beats. I dug them a lot. Chicago was fun, too. We played with band that I had heard a lot about, the **Fun People**, from Argentina. Fun People were in town recording with that famous recording guy Steve Albini. They showed up at the show late, played, and then left us with a great impression! Musically, they were really interesting. They had a lot of different styles in their music, with everything from catchy NOFX-ish type of riffs to some good old fast hardcore to ska even. Their singer reminded me of Chi Pig from SNFU because he did these weird stage moves, but he was a great front man with a really good voice. I wish I could understand their lyrics. When the singer introduced the songs, he would sort of explain in broken English what they were about and they piqued my interest. I really need to brush up on my Spanish! During one of their songs, he did a thrusting type of move and the zipper on his pants broke. It was obvious he wasn't wearing underwear, but it didn't break his stride. He just zipped up and continued with the set, cool as a... uh... cucumber.

Our show in Detroit was really tiny, but we played with really good bands. It was one of those small shows that turned out to be really fun because everyone in the bands were just hanging out together and having a good time. **God Hates Computers** played with us and were really good. I hate doing all these comparisons, so I'll just say that they played good punk that was melodic, yet was fast and had bite. They're from Portland, Oregon. I recognized one of the guys in the band as this guy who used to play in a Bay Area band called Yellow #5, so that was kind of cool. The other band we played with were from Nashville, Tennessee and they were called **From Ashes Rise**. They played with drums and two guitarists, as their bass player seemed to have quit right before or maybe on tour or something like that. Like their name suggests, they played REALLY heavy stuff, like maybe if Dystopia met up with His Hero is Gone. Really good band and nice guys, too. What I found humorous was that their drummer played with the Teen Idols for a bit. I mean, they sound nothing alike!

Providence, Rhode Island was a blast! We were lucky enough to play **Gringo**'s last show. Gringo is one of those bands that not a lot of people outside their area have heard of, but in their hometown, they're heroes! I'm really disappointed that they're calling it quits, but you gotta do what you gotta do, I guess. When they played, the crowd went CRAZY! I haven't seen a crowd get that pumped up in a long time: fists were in the air and people were yelling along, word for word! It was nuts! During their set, Ed, their bass player, did a WWF trick. He nicked the top of his forehead with the corner of a razor blade and there was blood everywhere! While personally, it kind of made me sick, the crowd ate it up and this drove them into a frenzy. What was weird was that no one saw him do it. I thought he got hit with a bottle or something, but that only added to the excitement. It was only afterwards that he told me what he did. The other band we played with was another touring band, **Disgruntled Nation**, from Montana. Before they started their set, their drummer (who also sings) announced, "We're a shitty band from a shit town. Here's our shit set." Now I don't know about you, but when a band says something like that, it doesn't exactly inspire you to stand up front and watch, you know? I had heard them before and knew what they sounded like, so I was looking forward to seeing them, but for the other 98% of the people who had never heard them before, didn't give them much of a chance. They were good.

We played a short ways away the next night in Connecticut. There was a total of four touring bands on the bill, one of which was **Zone of Hostility**. The band members seemed like they were all fighting with each other and on one song, their bass player didn't even play. I don't know what was up with them, but between songs, their singer would talk in a Cookie Monster voice which was really funny. The band Zone of Hostility were touring with, **Inflicted Spoon**, played next. They were quite surprisingly good! I was bummed out that East Coast Panic couldn't play the show, but Kitty Bad Ass made up for it. I was really happy to play with them twice in one summer. Yowza, Jeannie can sing! The thing with Kitty Bad Ass is that they're a great band and every single member of the band is cool. I mean, that is totally rare when every member of a band is cool. Usually someone is weird or stuck-up or addicted to something. They are just a cool band. I wish they lived closer so I could see and hang out with them more. The last band of the evening was **Boiling Man**. I was totally looking forward to seeing them play live because I'm going to put out a 7" for them on Six Weeks. They're a really good band recorded, so I was hoping I wouldn't be disappointed with them live. I most certainly wasn't because they played an amazing set that was packed with energy and rocking hardcore songs along the lines of Filth. They played way too short in my opinion because I and most of the people there were left with wanting more!

The two bands I remember from Delaware were **Trailer Park Riot** and **Joshua Fit For Battle**. Trailer Park Riot sounded like Motorhead and did a cool Dwarves cover, although they fucked up the ending. Their original material was really good - I mean, you can't complain when a band sounds like Motorhead, you know? Joshua Fit For Battle was emo emo emo.

OK, I know I'm skipping around from show to show, but during the tour I had been writing down the bands we played with along with little notes on them to jog my memory (getting old), but I kind of slacked off on it towards the end of the tour, so I apologize to any bands from tour reading this if I forgot you! I know there's probably quite a few...

We played with **One Way Out** in Virginia Beach who sounded like Integrity with crunchy metallic riffs. We also played with a band called **For Front**, who had just returned from Europe. I had never heard of them before, so I was kind of surprised that they had toured Europe, but from what I overheard, it sounds like their tour was pretty successful. We played an incredibly badly attended show in Memphis. It turns out that the same night of our show, Jesus Lizard and U.S. Bombs were playing two different shows just down the street from us. Needless to say, most of the punky kids were at either one or the other, but we did manage to hold the crowd of seven for our show. The weather was REALLY hot and the space we played at was even hotter, so I was not a happy camper. If anyone asked me what I really wanted in life, at that point I would have answered that I wanted air conditioning 24-7. The funny thing about the show was that we played with a band from Concord! They are called **The Enemies** and you'll probably hear of them soon, as they are touring with the Subhumans! They're a three-piece that kind of reminded me of some of the earlier Lookout bands like Crimpshrine. We played with another band that night who were from Alabama. They were called **Random Conflict** and their bass player was amazing! He was really talented. What was weird was he was totally going off on his regular bass, but when he switched to his silly looking five-string, he didn't go off as much. I didn't much see the point in the five string as he seemed to play better on the four string, but then I'm the kind of bass player who only uses three strings, so what do I know? Random Conflict were really good. Their sound was kind of a rock-n-roll garagey type of thing.

The show in St. Louis was totally fun! I had a blast hanging out with old friends that I hadn't seen in years (Hello to Tim, Markus, and Jim!) and was very pleasantly surprised by the local band we played with. They're called **Very Metal**. I had read an interview with them in St. Louis' best zine, *Motion Sickness*, and was expecting them to really suck. Not suck in a bad way, but suck in a drunk way, you know? Very shortly before the show with us, Very Metal kicked out their old singer and got a new one, who was totally great! He had to read the lyrics to some of the songs, but he knew most of them by memory and was a great frontman. As my friend, Tim Byrns put it, Very Metal was now a "real band." They were totally rockin'! I was stoked. I drank WAY TOO MUCH in St. Louis. I had a good shot called a peanut-butter-and-jelly and if anyone can send me the ingredients to this delectable shot, I will send you free stuff.

OK, I'm blanking out and need to email this over to Flipside Shitwork Headquarters, so I'm going to sign off. Our tour didn't end in St. Louis, but that's all of the bands I remember... I'm getting old! You can drop me a line at:

-Athena/The Dread/Six Weeks:
225 Lincoln Avenue/Cotati, CA 94931.
Or you can email me at
AKautsch@aol.com

Boiling Man

THE POSTMODERNIST ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

**"AW! MAMA!
CAN THIS REALLY BE THE END?"**

I had a head full of acid getting on 75 North in car filled with **Stool Sample** and their lovely wives. Well not all of Stool Sample, just their quiet bulked up singer Chad and his lovely wife Tracy in the front while I sat next to Roger with his arm around his wife Emily. Roger has a mat full of jet black hair, a goatee and an expression bordering on friendly and incredulous. He smiles and nods his head as he talks often gesticulating with tattooed, multi-colored covered forearms. He's pretty cool and I asked where he was from. Actually I first discovered his biological origin around four thirty in the afternoon as we both pissed on different ends of a green dumpster in Little Five Points.

"I'm from Camden."

-Holy shit I'm from Jersey City.

"Emily's from Parsippany."

-Jesus Christ I'm feeling some sort of weird cosmic twinge here... well that night after the gig I queried about his moving straight into a middle school over in Birmingham and he generously relayed it:

"So this guy says to me: 'you're a Yankee...'(he drew it out to mimic the drawl and his eyes lit up while changing characters.)

"No! I'm from South Jersey. I like the Phillies"

Significant, pregnant pause and back to the drawl: "Are you makin' funnn of me."

We laughed. And the very bright interstate lights whirled by in succession.

-Yeah the Civil War up North is just so absurd.

He chimed in quickly: "Right, like the Spanish American War or the War of 1812."

-Really it's just like, so "who cares?"...

They were good, warm people - Chad had stopped throwing down the beers and had put on his wire frame specs to see the road and Roger was cuddling with his wife while I babbled insanely, watching the road speed past with a perception I don't commonly carry, all the neurons firing. I could tell there was a lotta love in the car. The ladies had known each other for ten plus years and Roger & Chad went back that far - everyone had straight drug testing type jobs so they were pleasantly indifferent to my quest for a joint: "Nope, we can't smoke, they drug test." At least we got two cases of Bud at the Circle K and while waiting in the parking lot we saw the brother of the chick who fucked the actor Rob Lowe back during the '88 Democratic convention - now there's a historical piece of ass...

Tracey & Emily were in the front and I sat between Roger and Chad with a case of Bud between us that we were palming slowly on the way downtown, broken occasionally by Emily chiming: "Cops" and we kept the brews down. Roger and Chad gave a long rap about their first singer being an idiot and they were glad to get rid of him and how a local "punk" label ripped them off (I don't know why these things surprise me anymore)...

"Suck my Dick while I take a shit" is a calculated bit of ostentatious behavior - Chad squeaks and croons the lyrics while the band pummels behind him. Yes, it is merely a crass explanation of some behavior dominant society finds repellent (particularly in Northern Georgia) but it is also a metaphor. In a society that continually makes us ill and then charges its inhabitants to pay for the cure, it appears like a super-8 blow up of the dominant reality having us perform fellatio while it excretes upon us. Stool Sample is just reminding us that the sexual act is an act that creates...

Double parked in Little Five Points, Atlanta's ho-dunk version of St. Marks Place, a pair of closely shorn dykes crossed the street arm and arm, Rogers eyes darted and his tongue wiggled: "OOOOOh. Kissy kissy..."

Stool Sample. I thought about it after I was completely drunk and loquacious and I took a really satisfactory shit. It just sort of flowed out of me and I instinctively looked at it to check its health. The Chinese have an expression, "old gold" to describe the color and quality. I flashed on the realization that all of humanity instinctively looks into their toilet bowl to see what they've created - Stool Sample is the residue, the gum and the grit of post industrial America...

Which really is like being in a Waffle House at eight o'clock in the morning pondering baseball trades with a mouth tasting like a burning tire, waiting for some runny eggs and bacon I can smother in ketchup and sop with a gray piece of toast. Now according to Jules Witcover, Mr. George Wallace smothered, I mean fucking drenched all of his food in ketchup. He also got shot in a parking lot in Maryland.

I say that cos I'm recoiling at yesterday. I don't know what happened. The evidence suggests a bunch of Heineken and a lotta long distance telephone calls-oh fuck what did I do? **No Trend's** "A Dozen Dead Roses" is on the turntable with the volume cranked; coins, CDs and newspapers are strewn below my tattered address book. I discovered that Touch & Go's new catalog is minus the famed final offering from No Trend, quite simply, the most important band of all time. Of all time! The musical equivalent of General Makhno's army... and I call and they don't know where the fuck NT are but said they'd get back to me cos I was drunk and persistent, they couldn't figure out why I needed to know what happened. I mentioned something about Flipside and I mentioned something about a "book" and the gentlemen on the line, and I do mean gentlemen (I'm sure he'd be polite enough not to send me the CD of his band, if he even had one; just what the world needs: another band featuring record industry promo guys-"standing on the corner thinking about how sharp I am"). Well the Touch & Go guy could see that I was transfixed and that it meant something to me, over the miles he probably saw me on my knees with a rosary in one hand and a beer in the other with a Lucky Strike getting ready to burn the end of the plastic blue ashtray.

I was emulating a scene in Mr. Charles Jackson's 1947 classic "The Lost Weekend." The unnamed protagonist is smashed having just finished "Tender is the Night" and he calls up and down the coast looking for The Man Himself. After many queries he finally found Fitzgerald, getting the chance to cheer from the bleachers: You're the greatest writer in the world. The Boy Wonder stirred his drink before replying: "You sound a little tight. Why don't you write me a letter about it?"

INRI
INRI
It's easy being a recluse and reaching out to touch someone with something as impersonal as a telephone ... and then hiding. Pretending to be a man by ingesting large quantities of booze & drugs and refusing to face anything...
OFFICIAL 25 FT. QUALIFICATION TARGET

And if the Touch & Go guy pictured me balanced with a rosary bead, a beer and a Lucky Strike burning in the ashtray he'd be right. He'd be dead on and exact, noticing that on the inner sleeve of a "A Dozen Dead Roses" Mr. Jefferson Scott is mooning over a woman's photo with a candle and pack of Luckies. So he didn't have any leads, saying something like they've fallen off the end of the earth so I started calling around for Lydia Lunch - left one slurred message on her label and then called the booking agent listed in her baseball card like catalog. They weren't booking her anymore so I was told to call Creative Booking in, she thought (and she though hard) Minneapolis and all I got was "Creative Books!" and the sound of a fat leftist with glasses who was trying to convey the tres hip crucial-ness of her store. I called the booking agency back and got a different chick, this one was pretty perky with a nice temperament etc and then I had to call her back:

"CREE-TURE, Creature."

-I thought you said, "creative." (Pause). Y'know. (Significant, thoughtful, sexual glance). You sound cute, are you cute?

"Of course I'm cute."

-I'm cute too.

"You sound cute." And then I ruined it by calling back and it was just ugly and stupid, but I am cute that's what helps me get away with the whole act. If, let's just say, I weighed 300 pounds had six chins and a crusty limp I'd be written off as a commie nut but instead I can pass for "regular" - which indicates society's increasing emphasis on perfection and beauty - and being cute has allowed me to have a beautiful, powerful girlfriend and two hot ex's running around which helps my status significantly. I might be a "sleazy rock journalist" and a "professional groupie" but I have sex right now with a intensely beautiful chick and I have had sex with some other qtpies - and most men don't have that option and I fucking gloat on it - why not, after all, wouldn't you?

And I brought this up with the presently redheaded GA GF #1 while she was showing off her rolling skills on the bottom floor of the "Kommune" in Ana's old bedroom (which Ana moved into after her ex). She never got to show off her rolling skills when we dated two years ago cos we were both in the throngs of the twelve step thing - only I was the one that needed it and not her - and Ana just called from a gig she's playing in Alabama, she's said she's having a good time and that I sounded pretty wasted yesterday and I was - and the Ex-, oh yeah, the ex-GA GF#1 well she pointed out that I've always had good taste - and I do... ((back to the videotape))

I'm not sure if I told a very old friend to fuck off or not, regardless, I'm not going to venture any motions 'till I send him back his copies of *Creem*. I'll probably use my favorite line from Lydia & No Trend: "I look at it differently now, and I couldn't care less," which I used to blow off one of my old friends via E-Mail and then an even older friend who won't talk to me (but insists on sending psychick cues, it's a small world after all/much too small/much too small) - oh well y'know. Did I call that idiot local rock critick and threaten him for calling me "Marietta's headcase" in the free weekly communist rag here (y'know what I mean: ads for holistic health sandwiched between jack shack directions and long "in depth" articles about local politics and thin profiles of "hip" artists that read like press kit re-writes with tiny sentences thrown in to give it the "you are there" feel:

"I was really wasted. I smoked a doobie with members of (PLACE TOUGH SINGLE SYLLABLE HERE)," and "then she plucked an ash from her cigar and asked where she could get

lottery tickets while bemoaning her fate as an artist that didn't really fit into any certain market"... All bad homages to Thompson but I expect there to be many bad homages to Thompson this weekend since the movie is opening. Many a guy (and I'm sorry, it's a guy thing, all right - bitch?), many an XY will not resist the urge to put on a funny hat, grab a tape recorder and overpriced drugs and decide to tell me ALL about it; forgetting that Thompson could (and can) write well in a conscious homage to Kerouac and the role of a social reporter. Thompson grasped the celebrity angle as his hook and hooked the celebrity's desire to become history which lets him stay around and Thompson's presence and utter indifference casually changes the field. He is the first modern reporter to transcend the event, in the literary world he's the rock and roll animal. Which is why my business cards read "professional groupie" cos all I want to do is hang out, and all members of the industry wanna do is get some publicity and hopefully meet someone they can talk to intelligently on the road - believe me I hope I serve that purpose. What I do is not art. But at the same time this society does have a hierarchy of values, like some stuff sucks and some stuff doesn't. For instance: Nirvana sucks and Foghat sucks but since Nirvana sound like Foghat and Foghat sounds like, well, Foghat. Foghat doesn't suck - but still, Foghat sucks.)

I think it was Mistah "Magic & Loss" himself ole Doc Pomus said something like: "Well Bobby Zimmerman told us that you could write songs poetically and he opened the door fer that... unfortunately the folks that followed him through the door can't write songs poetically." And all the guys that are gonna be gunning their engines in movie parking lots with cigarette holders and tabs of acid just won't be that good of writers cos most of 'em never fuckin' read, they don't even know who Moe Berg was/is/always/will be...

Listening to "It Takes A Lot To Laugh It Takes a Train to Cry." Yeah then I left some drivel on Lunch's label and then I left a drunken message on Megan's line and then I slept two hours late for work and then I don't know. It's easy being a recluse and reaching out to touch someone with something as impersonal as a telephone and then hiding. Pretending to be a man by ingesting large quantities of booze & drugs and refusing to face anything - sitting here fuckin' typing- (and not typing well) -yeah. Most writers, myself included are really just faggot junkies, y'know? I don't participate in life, I just scribble things on napkins and paste them together while doing bong hits and listening to the same music over and over - very exciting isn't it? I ain't playing pro football on weak knees, I'm not standing onstage with Stool Sample when they start a riot at Masquerade and their toilet bowl gets shattered, plastic dildos being thrown into the night - I was on the fucking floor the other night, the fucking floor, listening to Roger tell about the legendary gig I missed back in January.

The Masquerade is a 19th century barn with a couple of floors. The door people act like they're working some place cool as if by their very placement next to the building itself indicates a certain smug hipness - and there's discos in it and shit - I don't know, I won't go there unless Psychic TV are gigging (or rather holding a psychick youth rally) and Stool Sample played and the stage diving got incredible and the place was trashed, panties and beer cans lofted at 'em - Roger pulled his arms apart very wide to describe the size of garbage can that was needed to scoop up all of the debris - and there's two women running the place and one starts screaming at Roger.

He twists his face and screws one eye like a pirate and points: "It's your job to provide security!" and as he said that the other woman stepped up:

"Respect her personal space, respect her personal space." Making box motions with her grubby hippy hands. Which is fucking surreal - when has the fucking Masquerade ever

He hung up on me so a few days later I paid a homeless person five bucks to piss on the door of the shop, making sure he coated the steel handle really well.

PRE
mutton chops. I was inclined
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As luck would have it, m
on this point.
In sitting with Eusapia, my main objects were first to get
an idea of the atmosphere, so as to visualize more clearly the
events recorded in the famous report, and second to criticize
my own evidence. The question had suggested itself: 'Feilding
and the rest are clever, wary,
even so, can I be sure that wh
they are dependable witnesses?'
single séance threw a glaring ligh

respected my personal space? And fuckin' Chad putting the sticker of the scowling toilet on the back of my car; hey man I'm an anonymous guy. I'm a regular guy: I like girls, football and loud dumb music.

On Freedom Parkway near the Carter library I pointed out the spot where a nudist with a web page got her picture taken. Natalie, right THERE (I nod and point) next to the flashing sign that sent radar beams revealing your exact speed as you passed, the car was silent in tribute to another sexual warrior. Pulling in front of the motorcycles at the Yacht Club so Chad could piss and he was gone so long that me & Roger had to piss and that's when we discovered our common nationality over a green dumpster (when folks ask my nationality I always say: "I'm from New Jersey" or if they're hipsters and I want to let them know they're not hip to a certain secret code I flash: "CHILL TOWN-JC" much in the way Stool's guitarist Derrick got drunk once, so I'm told and started flashing gang signs: "San Fernando Valley, man" and y'know I'm from Jersey and I don't know what the fuck that means, but all right. OK. Uhh "Chill Town JC anyone?").

I just called the local sports show and said my name was "Local Musick Journalist" from the "Local Free Weekly Communist Rag," and I was put on hold shortly. The topic was name your favorite local sports writer, after some fanfare about my day job ("here's a local music writer from Marietta") I gave my selection.

-My favorite right now is probably Mr. Press.

"Mr. Press?"

-Yeah Mr. Associated Press.

That wasn't enough for me, my afternoon of telephone terrorism was not over. I put on a ski mask and I called a local hip clothing store that sells overpriced rags down in Little Five Points, y'know what I mean, check out yr. wardrobe for Fall of '83 and you get the idea - Georgia is like so eighties y'know? Anyway, this disaffected lisping creep with blue hair, his band has a really imaginative one word name, for real (no no, not what Quincy lived on!) and Roger and I are in a package store in Kennesaw. In front of the beer fridge he begins to spin another yarn. At last year's Eagles/Falcons game Mr. Blue head picked a fight with Chad and Chad broke this guy's nose, and Chad was the designated driver! So I call up the store and ask, in very polite voice (after identifying myself as Jim Rockford, an investigator for the Vatican Secret Service.)

-Why did you go off on Chad, he's a big fucking guy - he's just the last person I'd fucking go off on. He hung up on me so a few days later I paid a homeless person five bucks to piss on the door of the shop, making sure he coated the steel handle really well. Roger and I went up to the counter with our beer and a couple of instant scratch off tickets. The befuddled old man cleared his throat and wondered if Roger had any winners.

"What? I don't look like a winner?"

-Yeah, don't we look like winners?

All of us laughed but I really wanted to reach over the counter and tell the old coot that if he didn't hurry up I was going to explain the difference between Bolshevism and Menshevism and why Royal Trux resembles the former. Christ Roger, don't you know that a winner is someone who doesn't notice losing?

Memorial day weekend, the sonorous voice on the public radio station reminds me to think of the thousands who made the ultimate sacrifice so I can enjoy holidays and barbecues... the thousands who died before me so I can play "Hwy 61 Revisited" constantly while I smoke expensive skunk and drink expensive coffee, casually reading Solzenitsyn and the Atlanta sports pages. Drifting to, I think it was the Scaduto biography about the famous Dylan SF shows where Kesey, the Pranksters, McClure, Ginsberg, the City Lights Crew and some Hell's Angels all showed up. Out in the front Ginsberg jumps up and yells some line from "Gates of Eden" to show his approval, to show his empathy with the artist out of the countless thousands of Dylan lyrics he's gotta pick this one and belt it out, gotta scream out in unison cos it just sorta sums it up and I used t'know what it was and now I can't remember which sez a lot when ya think about it - and public radio said something about most visitors avoided the crowd of lawyers, artists and activists who were putting on some sort of a performance piece in Albany, some sort of a piece about the secret history...

The secret parallel reality that is metaphorically shit and we pick off the rows of corncobs like POW's and we dissect... An all day marathon of the Rocky movies in succession, a tribute to the spirit of the underdog - what is previously reviled redeems itself by trampling its illness in a sort of Post-Nietzschean display of overcoming - the Latin word is "historia abscondita" (the secret history)...

And then I met the mayor of Atlanta. This local journalists group, this local slice of media pie have a little club for $30 a year. And for five bucks the mayor was going to give a little chat and answer questions, I said what the hell. Actually I was preparing to go back to sleep after checking out Jim Rome for a spell. I needed my daily dose of sports realism ("The NHL betta get out a can of whoop ass," "They complain about the officiating every time they lose but do they ever congratulate the officiating when they win?") I just noticed that I've played "Hwy 61" about eight to ten times a day in its entirety at an obscene volume for a week now. My poor girlfriend! To get back to Jim Rome: "What does this have to do with anything? Nothing! $1 Million dollar purse for bass fishing!"

It was downtown by Georgia State at a place called the Hurt Grill. The Hurt Grill didn't sound promising; I had visions of cheeseburgers and half-filled sugar containers whose lip was stained with a residue that resembled the chemical composition of hallucinogenic drugs. You know what I mean, right? First I wasn't in the right lane so I turned around and couldn't remember if I was supposed to be going North or South and I found it, but then was sorta stumbling at the ignition:

-Wait, if I was going the right way I'd have taken a right; but I ended up making a left but the street is one way but maybe it's only one way from the intersection of the interstate and...

Thankfully the cross street appeared and I was like cool: "parking" and I turned in noticing guys in white coats actually retrieving keys:

-How much does it cost to park here?

"It's complimentary sir."

Ohh ohh of course, I knew that, just checking, don't dirty up the interior son."

I was reasonably attired with a Ralph Lauren shirt and my continual gray sports coat but my boots are weathered and I walked up these marble stairs to meet a bunch of, Christ, "professional journalists." I pleasantly filled out a little post it note with my name and Flipside in parenthesis (why did I put it in parenthesis?)

This place was nice, swank. Chandeliers, a fucking wedding photo staircase with huge plants and smiling, joking journalists in various degrees of overdress. I asked a woman where the bar was and it was the most crowded place and you could smoke. A guy that looked like a porter from a seventies Technicolor television show - little mustache and everything - was running this ship while two gophers hovered around making drinks and these wine glasses were just shoved full of presidents, both crinkled, crumpled and otherwise.

I felt amused and underdressed which isn't a phenomena I'm used t'having at affairs and if I'm not overdressed I'm most likely chemically overdressed, like I want to make up for my lack fashion sense by chemically covering and drenching my social insecurities (passing out drunk there and there, throwing up on myself at Downtown Beirut 2 after a hand full of Phenobarbital).

I got a greyhound and circled, spotting one qtpie clutching a notebook and another one straining t'read my name tag (there was a lot of name tag reading going on. The name tags written in calligraphy indicated the wearer was a member of the Press Association and the myriad of scrawled signals in the media ocean

indicated that they were just visiting. This crew cut guy in a suit without a tag eyed me over the bar wondering if was somebody, or maybe he was cruising' me, as I said before, I could be uglier). Luckily no one in the room probably read Flipside and I twirled my drink. I made eye contact with the inquisitive chick while I scanned the crowd.

"Pardon me but what is Flipside, I've heard of that."

I explained to her the story of the twenty year old underground music phenomena that I was proud to be associated with, as a matter of fact, to quote Stewart Home: "my incredible modesty has trumpeted my association w/Flipside to the four corners of the globe."

Her brow furrowed and she made an expression that implied she was interested in the underground press, as a matter of fact, she emphasized with it and was glad that it was around. She asked if I was writing an article on the mayor.

-Well actually my editor told me come, he said it would broaden my horizons.

She nodded significantly and told me about being an "arts critic" and a new member to the press association. Do they check your references?

"They didn't check mine, I think they're hurtin' for people to join frankly." Luckily my drink was drained and I had an excuse to slide up to the bar. The skinny chick sidled next to me I got a chance to do some name tag reading of my own.

-Hey! You're from the local free weekly communist rag! Do you know "Local music critick"?

"No he's a free lancer and I don't see him. I used to edit the suburban version of the local free weekly communist rag and now I'm down here at city desk."

-Wow.

"What's Flipside doing here?

-Well, uhh, I'm writing this piece on a band from Kennesaw, Stool Sample - they rule, they're like God; and meeting the Mayor seems to be logical progression of the piece.

"From Kennesaw! Up there! A good band from up there?" her face twisted into a mosaic revealing an antiquated cultural hierarchy of values. Only city people can make intelligent, cutting edge cultural products. This was an attitude I found refreshing coming from the former editor of the suburban edition of the local free weekly communist rag-oh! The irony, what did Bobby Z say: "Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"

At least she was sorta cute and sorta skinny and actually knew who Flipside was mentioning attending hazy, drunken parties that the Flip sponsored back in dreamland. My vodka inspired rap centered on strangling their "local music journalist" who by now has got to know I'm after him, cocksucker, I'll shove a shitty locals only CD up his ass. She laughed and lent me a dollar to get a final drink ("I grabbed the wrong wallet, my Flipside credit card is back in the room with the pool. What? Do I fly around and interview bands? Sure, all the time. I just got back from Bran Van 3000, Jacksonville, baby.") While I sipped next to a guy that was in a Tom Wolfe look a like contest (white suit, slicked back hair) Mayor Bill Campbell was making the rounds.

He's a short man with salt and pepper hair and expression that borders on concern and incredulous. He was going down the row shaking the hands of journalists, peering at my nametag: "Hello Jim, nice to see you."

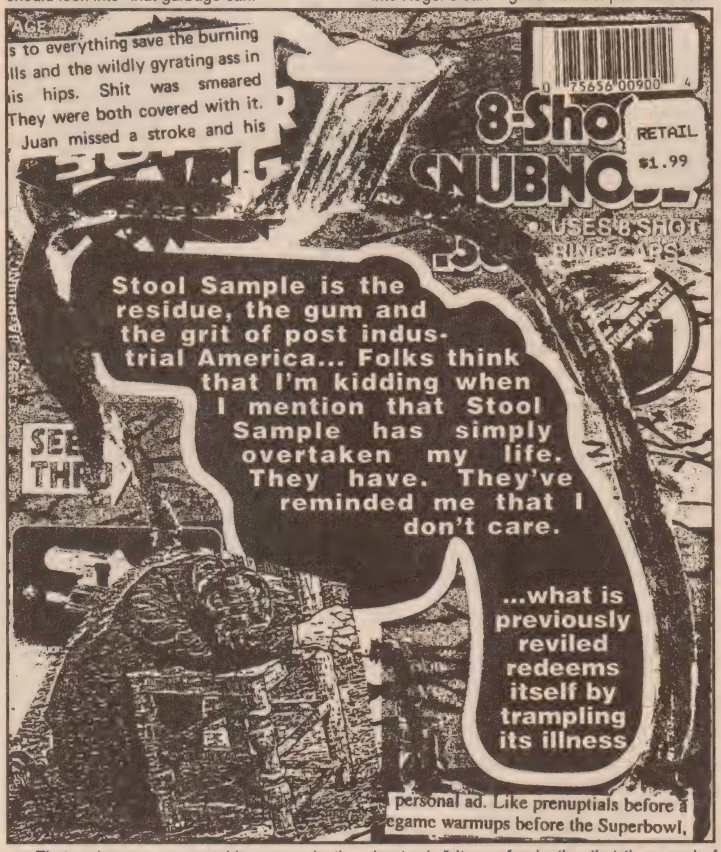
I pressed firmly: Nice to meet you sir, thanks for coming on out. He looked over his shoulder at his aides and clapped his hands: "Almost show time." And he spoke for about forty minutes. Forty minutes about the media and public trust: "balanced news means the whole story." And that was the key word to the speech, "balance," my notes are dog earred: "if I hear 'balance' one more fucking time" and he spoke slightly about murder statistics going down cos murder is the most reliable crime statistic because murders never go unreported. "Good news doesn't get enough play," he was pleading now and I was staring at the panty lines on the communist writer's ass. Finally he said he felt blessed being the mayor of Atlanta and this woke an old codger next to me:

"Ha!" I was startled and decided to get some rancid Chinese food at the only place that was open in the ghost town of Atlanta after dark. Trying to put it in perspective, trying to get some balance...

Balance, I got some balance for ya: me and Ana were driving up Highway 41 and she was opening the mail. A local label sent me a CD of yet another one word Atlanta band and I was handling it and the wheel during the row of strip mine weekly hotel and mobile home sales parks. She told me that they were the "local music journalist's" favorite band so I threw it out the window and it bounced, it slid, and it slammed. On the bootleg "Elvis' Greatest Shit" there's a completely fucked up version of "Can't Help Falling Love." The King (God bless him) is a little, shall we say, under the weather, and he's struggling with the monologue slurring his words and making bad, bad jokes. With startling clarity he asks the darkness:

"Who am I talking to?"

Which sums up where I'm coming from right now, what am I talking about? Oh yes, the Stool - the mighty Stool Sample, noble sexual crank cum warriors, a festering cultural wound. Hell, I think they're nice guys, burly types who told me that if I wanted the story of Stool Sample I should look into "that garbage can."


s to everything save the burning
lls and the wildly gyrating ass in
is hips. Shit was smeared
They were both covered with it.
Juan missed a stroke and his
8-Sho
RETAIL
$1.99
SNUBNOSE
USES 8 SHOT
Stool Sample is the residue, the gum and the grit of post industrial America... Folks think that I'm kidding when I mention that Stool Sample has simply overtaken my life. They have. They've reminded me that I don't care.
...what is previously reviled redeems itself by trampling its illness
personal ad. Like prenuptials before a

That garbage can was stubby green plastic and it sat between Matt's garage doors and on twisted Suburban Street that was actually a main country drag. Kennesaw, a few blocks from the cluster of strip malls, pawn shop fast food wrecks and glistening elementary schools. I peered into the tomb and saw post-war dead soldiers: shredded cardboard twelve pack wrappers. Matt plays drums in an American Legion at eightieth birthday parties. Country standards. Fifties rock. The trunks of his arm filled with tattoos.

The first time I was at the 513 club I was struck by how it didn't serve liquor but long necked domestics. It was a box with a high ceiling and lots of humidity. Crowded into two parking lots across from a junkyard had t'be about a hundred punks, milling about flicking cigarettes off their fingers with one snap - moussed up hair and scowls - all these scowls. I don't know - punk rock central like a motion picture still.

We started in on the twelve packs in the trunk and Roger and Chad manufactured tapes by hand in the trunk. I was spacing out and someone was telling me about seeing vultures eating an alligator. "yeah my uncle went back and chopped off the alligator's head." Who was talking? We just kept drinking at the trunk till we found our way to a circle close to concrete load in door. A bent plastic chair stood in the center of a ceremonial pyre of crushed cans balanced by two red coolers. A skinny guy with a gold tooth and mohawk from **The Bloody Sods** was giggling and laughing and a wrestling match sent the cans scattering, the sound of hardcore blasting from open truck doors, folks guzzling on the back gates. Laughing, talking and smoking. I ate a couple of tabs and Ana took me over to the Kommune. On the second floor of the 1875 Victorian, John, the bass player from an unnamed three piece played video games and I stared off the porch at the shape of melting trees. "If ya wanna take the phone off the line," as Royal Trux would say...

It was fucking crowded and Stool Sample kept getting pushed back in the order. I was chewing on my gums and we maneuvered our way in side. A band with green hair was playing. They were awful, they attempted to play Black Flag's "Six Pack" and it came out hollow: I sang into Roger's ear: "I got a stack of porn and nothing to do." It was fascinating that the crowd of about a hundred were moshing and rolling to this brand of antiseptic teenage punk with a non-historical relationship to the dialectic. The stagnant wanderer and his fading shadow.

Why were they filming this? What made them think it was historical? It was fucking historical when the fuckin' crowd cleared out and Stool Sample blasted the room down with a fuckin roar - they are so fucking, LOUD. And they kicked, and in between songs I yelled out insults about the first band, hilariously mispronouncing their name while standing unknowingly next to their guitarist. I was just incensed that the crowd cleared out, that they split for the hills when a band that was important philosophically and rocknroll-ully.... my point is taken. Philosophically you ask? A t-shirt of a woman licking shit with a smile is philosophical?

"Among the greatest discoveries human reason has made in recent times is, in my opinion, the art of reviewing books without having read them." -Lichtenberg (notebook G #41).

I was thankfully invited to a Stool Sample practice up in Kennesaw a few weeks back. We started with particularly rancid margaritas in this chain link fence sort of dump that Roger worried about the safety of the bass in the back - Chad was waiting for us inside. We drank and talked and up at practice I got to hear the roar in a tiny converted bedroom decorated by a lone Anti-seen promo shot. They went through the set adding details: "This is a Bryan Adams song with a little twist on it." As the bass player poured a twelve ounce bottle into a forty ounce container, running headlong through a twisted version of the eighties' Ur-techno-disco hit "Tainted Love" and foaming my own brew all over my lap. Jeremy mentioned that it was important for me to get the beer in mouth or something and I smirked and mentioned the drinking contest for later: ending up at this rancid chain taco place drinking more margeritas ("when ya ain't got nothing/ya got nothin' ta lose") with a silent Derrick and his wife who I think was the one who pulled the chair out from under me at the last gig cos it was disrespectful to the band and I countered with disrespectful? Disrespectful? Merely cos I had to sit down cos I was simply overwhelmed by Stool Samples full fledge assault of crude, loud and philosophically challenging questions. I think she warmed up to me when she saw I was merely a nut. I'm not sure who won the drinking contest but I know I walked home, kicking out lights in the front of my apartment complex and knocking over six newspaper recycling bins.

Folks think that I'm kidding when I mention that Stool Sample has simply overtaken my life. They have. They've reminded me that I don't care. That most commonly held values are values of the slave revolt in morality. No wrong is right and no real is constant. In the vernacular of the 93 current: the world as will and idea: magick is the science and art of making things happen.

The last time I saw the mighty Stool it was at this same dump I saw 'em at the first time opening for a bunch of idiot national bands that no one cares about. The stool topped themselves this time advertising the gig by detourning an advertisement for another band, a one word moniker that no one cares about. A tobacco company makes money by sponsoring a contest called "dueling divas" and giving a cash prize to the "best" local female act... the mighty Stool Sample merely pasted their name above what Quincy lived on and slapped a photo of a smiling blonde next to a mustard covered penis in a hot dog bun... smashing the ghetto of "woman's rock" asking the rhetorical question yeah these women, yeah, they might uhhh "rock" but they still suck cock right? (Further investigation reveals that this flyer was created by Luther Blissett).

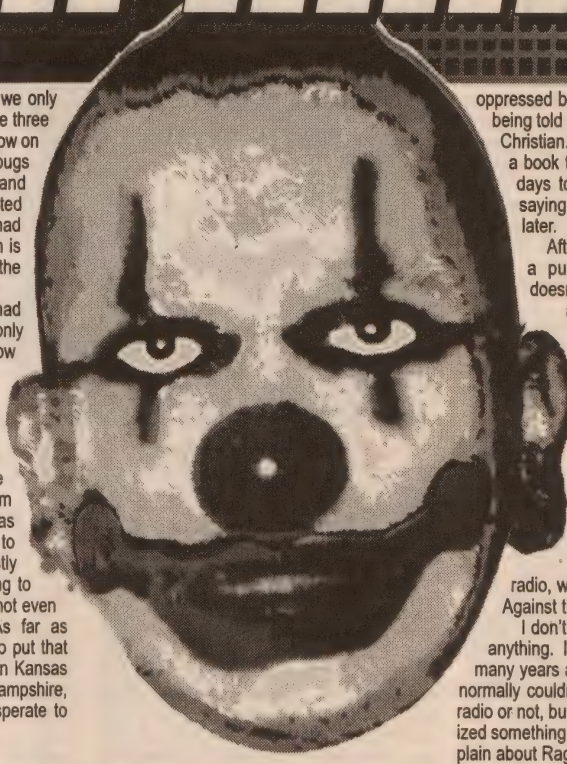
When I got home to my white trash housing project a guy in the next building had rigged a hose to his exhaust as he sat in his truck, foolishly talking to a 911 operator while he wheezed. Didn't he know that you can't trace a cellular call? His cry for help was a wadded up napkin filled with sperm on the floor by the nightstand, pornography tucked away. Sounds like natural selection to me. Hell, I'll take another parking space...

Whatever, siting here with the game on and Dylan very loud, out of drugs booze and money after a three day coke binge that produced scribbled half eaten notes and plenty of bad feelings ("believe it or not he's a really good person, he can just be obnoxious.") Aw! Mama! Is this really the end? I don't fucking care y'know? This chick was telling me about how she heard I was "difficult" and proceeded to tell me how she wanted her writing to do this and that and frankly it was exhausting, fucking tiring - I told her my main motivations were greed & revenge. "Aw! Mama! Can this really be the end?"

-Jim Hayes

STOOL SAMPLE, 4290 Bells Ferry Road 106-82 Kennesaw GA 30144-1300

SUCKER PUNCHLINE



"THE WORST PLACE IN THE COUNTRY IS A RADIO DIAL IN KANSAS"

It's relevant to mention that I just got married, and while this is not about the wedding, I will defend myself against the immediate assumption that my nuptials mean I'm getting old and boring by saying that clown noses were an important part and that there was, albeit briefly, a pit on the dance floor.

As far as this piece of writing is concerned, me getting married is merely the reason why we were on the trip. The wife and I loaded up the car and took off on a month long tour of America. Planned agenda was to leave New England, visit Howard Finster's Paradise Gardens, a weird folk art museum that was also a crazy religious fanatic's collection of junk, and from there visit New Orleans, Austin, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Reno, and then straight back home.

I could tell you a few stories about the first few weeks, but since this was a vacation, they are all fairly bland tales of neat stuff we saw, or something that would be of no interest to anyone who doesn't know us personally. The point of this is what we listened to...

We had about 40 tapes with us, predominantly stuff we both agreed that we liked, and a few things one liked and the other merely tolerated. We thought that this would be enough, because we were sure that the radio would provide plenty to listen to. Oh how wrong we were.

Let's just say that listening to the radio gives you no more idea of what a place is like than eating at that place's McDonalds. I am sure that somewhere out there are cool stations or at least shows, but they are elusive beasts, and if you don't know where to look, you will never ever find them.

Of about 4 weeks on and off the road, I found only one station playing local music. It was in Atlanta, Georgia. I didn't even like any of it, but was happy to at least hear stuff that was made by someone for the sheer joy of it.

A few things I've learned about American radio; All "alternative" stations are either called "the Edge" or "the Buzz"; In the summer of 1998, that song by Natalie Imbuglia, or whatever the hell her name is, the one where she is cold and scared and naked on the floor, is playing on at least one station at any given point in the day; Any station with the word "rock" in its format description will at some point say that it "is the only station that REALLY rocks"; The most appropriate celebration of Forth of July weekend in any state is to have an '80s marathon; The more "country" music (and I make a characteristic digression by saying the crap that is called "country" these days is to Hank Williams and Johnny Cash as calling Poison "heavy metal" was to Black Sabbath.) but anyway, the more country stations there are in a region, the generally worse the other music will be. To give an example of this last point, in a New Mexico roadside restaurant, there was a jukebox. The one guy who put on something besides country played Hootie and the Blowfish followed by, and I am not making this up, Journey!

Tips for Radio Listening Cross Country...

1) If you are a long enough trip that you get sick of all your tapes, don't just look for a station playing a song you like. Look for a song you can stand in a vein of music you like. That way, you might like the next few songs. Otherwise, you just flip from station to station for hours.

2) Listen to the 80's stuff when you can. If you are old enough to drive, you probably have some nostalgia for even the worst 80's hit songs. These stations seem to take the most liberties (one station played the Simple Minds song from "The Breakfast Club" and layered it with dialog from the film.) Even if this isn't enjoyable, it's at least interesting.

3) If you are in a state that borders Mexico, try to find a Mexican station. Apparently, a lot of Mexican music these days is like a salsa/ska/polka dance thing. Not the best description, but it's upbeat and fun, and beats hearing Puff Daddy.

All this leads up to Kansas. Let me set the stage - we had wound up in San Francisco during Gay Pride Weekend. After several days being surrounded by old guys in buttless chaps, topless lesbian drum circles, and drag queen nuns, and then seeing two women have sex on a bus stop in full view of thousands, well, let's just say that pretty much anything is going to seem bland for a while afterwards, especially stuff that's dull anyway. Take into account that we drove through Nevada down Highway 50. Remember in "Buzzbomb" when Jello Biafra sings "Highway 50 and there's nobody there, sign says 'next sign 30 miles.'"? This is a stretch of road with actual billboards proclaiming it "The Lonliest Road in America!" Nevada borders Utah.

Not to speak bad of Utah, since we only drove through it, mostly at night, but the three most exciting things in Utah were the cow on the highway, the rainlike patter of bugs slamming against the windshield, and wondering what evil the guy who tailgated me for a half hour down a dark road had in mind. Utah borders Colorado, which is beautiful until halfway through, where the road starts prepping you for Kansas.

By the time we got to Kansas, we had been driving several days, stopping only for food, gas, and sleep. We were now totally sick of everything we had on tape. I had been driving for up to 14 hours a day. Dana and I had spent 24 hours a day together for weeks, and having been together 4 years, we knew all of each others stories. The radio was all that could keep me from road hypnosis. The Kansas highway was essentially a straight line from end to end, with nothing that I would honestly call a city in between. There is nothing to provide stimulus. No hills, no valleys, not even enough traffic to complain about. As far as checking out the view, corn is corn. To put that another way, the most beautiful view in Kansas would be considered boring in New Hampshire, Maine, Texas or California. I was desperate to find something on the radio. Country, Christian pop, static, more country...

I tuned into a discussion on free speech on a talk radio. I listened with interest about how the caller was arrested for distributing literature on a public side walk. Here was something that struck a chord. It then came up that the caller was distributing Christian literature. I was surprised, but further intrigued.

I was listening to a call-in legal advice show for born-again Christians. It rapidly declined from the original constitutional discussion to what seemed like self parody. One caller complained about troubles at work. It seems that her boss and several co-workers are all witches and warlocks, and want her to join their coven. Another woman was kicked out of Harvard University, she claims, when administrators discovered she was a Christian. Caller after caller, I heard tales of how all these Christians were a despised, persecuted minority.

Now, I am not at liberty to say that any of these specific situations didn't happen, but the host was quick to generalize each as a typical event in America, where society and the government are suppressing and oppressing Christianity. Funny, I didn't think the creepy right wing group that wants to tell people what to do was called the Pagan Coalition. I don't turn on the TV and ever see Buddhist evangelists. I don't find the Koran, or the Tao Te Ching, or even Dianetics, in every motel room. And even though most people think we're wrong by a few years, I think the event that happened 1998 years ago, making this the year 1998 AD has something to do with that Christianity stuff. AD doesn't stand for "the year of some other lord of some other religion."

But the thing that really got me was that the host kept talking about the violations of their rights, their freedom of speech, the fact that "justice for all" means ALL, etc, etc, and many of these incidents describing this oppression involved keeping Christians from passing rules that oppressed non Christians. Apparently, certain Christians think that they have the constitutional right to strip others of theirs.

The otherwise good argument that the First Amendment protects the right to say what other people might not want to hear is lost when the next subject is how horrible a state is for having equal rights for homosexuals, how evolution is a lie that should be stricken from schoolbooks, and schools don't have the right to teach sex education. I would go into detail, but the fact that I was driving and without note-taking materials, I couldn't transcribe anything.

Basically, "we should have the right to say whatever we want, however unpopular. But only WE should have that right." The thing that fascinates me the most about so many right wing Christian types is not just their hatred of homosexuals, but the need to strip them of rights. Yet none of the commandments talk about homosexuality, and nobody seems to care about taking human rights away from adulterers or those who didn't honor their parents. And imagine if we tried to make it illegal to take the Lord's name in vain? God, that would mean arresting a hell of a lot of people. Not to mention adultery and that there coveting business.

The show after that was a sermon. The topic: that the idea of "Separation of Church and State" never existed. The guy (Again, I didn't have anything to write his name on, so I forgot.) had the ironclad argument that since many famous Americans were Christian, and gave lip service to God, that this is a Christian nation. If nothing else, Harry Truman said it in so many words. As we all know, in a democracy, everything the president says is automatically law. This is why we all got kind and gentle during the Bush administration. This is why nobody in America is ever afraid of anything except fear itself. Furthermore, some Supreme Court Justice decades ago said that all nations have some sort of religious, or in the case of communist Russia, an atheistic, doctrine, so we must have one, so it must be Christianity.

This shocked me, since the last show had so thoroughly proven that Christians were oppressed by the government but now I was being told that the government is inherently Christian. It was conflicting, like if you had a book that starts out with God taking 6 days to create the universe, and than saying it only took one a few pages later.

After I had shouted at the radio that a public official saying something doesn't make it doctrine or law several times, the preacher finally heard me. He mentioned some statements by some guy named Thomas Jefferson, who had no use for organized religion, but he wasn't in a position of word-is-law according to the radio personality, so things like that were irrelevant.

By this time, I was getting ridiculously angry, and Dana and I were both yelling at the radio, we changed stations. It was Rage Against the Machine. I was happy.

I don't own any Rage CDs or tapes, or anything. I saw them as an opening act many years ago and wasn't that impressed. I normally couldn't care less if they were on the radio or not, but it was at that second that I realized something. I have heard many people complain about Rage being hypocritical for being so big on their message which is so contrary to being famous rock stars on a major label playing big concerts. And while I still agree with it to a point, this criticism comes from people like myself, who have live in or near a city. We have access to underground music, local music, punk shows, minority political organizations, counter culture bookstores, and public libraries that aren't centers of censorship controversies. Sure, Rage Against the Machine are a far cry from Fugazi or Crass, but I highly doubt the kids living on farms in the middle of Kansas are going to have much access to anything like that.

I then got idealistic. Maybe Rage Against the Machine did it on purpose! Maybe it is worth having your credibility questioned in order to be the spark of mindful rebellion in the mind of kids in small towns that otherwise would be listening to the Spice Girls. Maybe the irony of having black flags flying on MTV and using Che Guevera's face as a band logo is worth doing in hopes that kids in small towns would actually learn about these things.

Sadly, more likely, this is just the product of too much Christian talk radio, and all Rage Against the Machine has inspired are those stupid Taco Bell "Gordita" commercials.

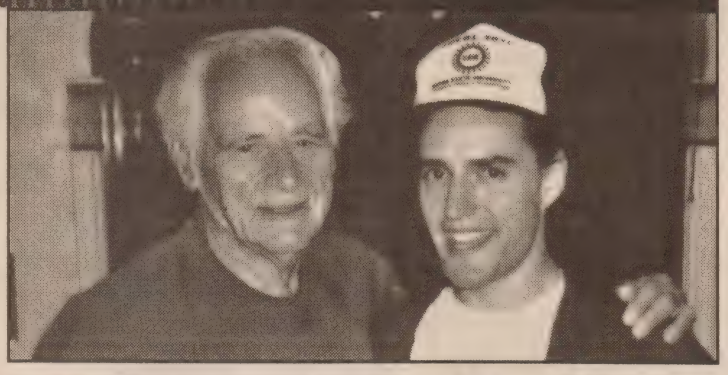
Submitted for your approval,

P.S. Correct me if I am wrong, but isn't "Gordita" translated as "little fattie"?

-Rich Mackin

PO Box 890, Allston, MA 02134

DELIVERING THE GOODS



I was listening to **Slowdive**'s "Just for a Day" and **Warrior Soul**'s "Space Age Play Boys," two of the greatest records of all time, quite a bit as of late and it hit me that these records deserve some press. I mean, life is short and wouldn't it be selfish if I hoarded these finds to myself. So I thought I should make a list of perfect records of all time. I mean records that I've come across where every single song on it rules. Records that you could just drop the needle anywhere on the table and strike gold, do you know what I mean? I am way guilty of having too many records. I am into a lot of different types of bands but here I just wanted to give a shout out to my peeps, no, to just the records who fit in the above sentences - so a lot of my favorite stuff isn't even listed here. There are some really great things/bands that I d idn't include because I felt I had to cut off on the g rounds above. Example: Faster Pussycat "Faster Pussycat" [1987, Elektra] - classic record with some classic tunes and I'd buy it again instantly if I lost it, BUT what the hell is that crap at the end of the record? The last 2 songs blow. There's lots, lots more that I LOVE but I am strictly going by the whole and complete record. So here they are and I'm sure I'm forgetting some and don't go peering through here for some *Rolling Stone*-like list of all the Zep pieces of shit and the "White Album." If you legitimately see that I've missed some or want to add your own 2 cents or turn me on to something new write me care of Al's fine publication or email [bsetal@cw-f1.umd.umich.edu]. This isn't a definitive list of who's best or who's the oldest influence, and it's definitely NOT in any order, it's just ass kicking rock'n'roll - homey.

Slowdive "Just for a Day" [1992, Creation] - Totally beautiful, mesmerizing. If this is on repeat when the moon is full, the candles are lit, and she says no - you ARE a loser. You look up romance in the dictionary and it says Slowdive, baby, Slowdive. Warrior Soul "The Space Age Playboys" [1995, Music For Nations] - Totally explosive, in-your-face glamour punk. I think this record has perfected that formula. Way out sound and lyrics to match. Warrior Soul "Drugs, God and the New Republic" [1991, DGC] - It's got "Wasteland," a sweet Joy Division cover and a nasty attitude. **The Velvet Underground and Nico** "Banana LP" [1967, Verve] - If you don't have it, you don't have a clue. **Michael Aston** "Why Me, Why This, Why Now" [1995, XXX] - Ex-Gene Loves Jezebel twin first release since leaving the band in the late 80's. Deeply sorrowful and romantic. Gets you right here. **Blitz** "Voice of a Generation" [1982, No Future] Oi! Straight up and relentless. **Henry Rollins** "Everything" [1996, 2 13 61] - Happy Hank has churned out a lot of rock in his day ("Drive by Shooting" - fucking classic) but none of it really ranks close to him opening up his big yap. I can't tell you how many times I've put this fucker on at the bottom. **Pig** "Praise the Lard" [1991, Concrete] - Ladies, why is this man not on the cover of *GQ*? Founding dude of KMFDM and one hell of a torn soul. **Captain Sensible** "Revolution Now" [1989, Humbug] - Yeah, the dude from the Damned of course. Fucking excellent synth jams: "Riot on Eastborne Pier," "Missing the Boat," "The Toys Take Over," on and fucking on. **Coil** "Love's Secret Domain" [1991, Wax Trax!] - Coil has put out some ground breaking shit but they keep it going full on all the way through with this one. Killer jacket on the inside cover, dude. **Johnny Thunders** "Que Sera Sera" [1985, Jungle] - You lucked out, poser, 'cause the CD reissue comes with killer bonus cuts. Slice your wrists and turn it up. **Lustmord** "Heresy" [1990, Solielmoon] - Brain Lustmord used to play FLAMETHROWER for S.P.K. You are not worthy. Sounds like wind blowing through a hollowed-out corpse. **Andi Sex Gang** "Western Songs for Children" [1994, XXX] - Straight up glam T. Rex style with a goth twist. Killer. **Sex Gang Children** "Medea" [1992, Cleopatra] - Even though Sex Gang was one of the premiere early goth bands and had much good material, it wasn't until their "come back" that they delivered their strongest record. Better hit the used bin 'cause Cleo won't make any more. Long story. **Soul Whirling Somewhere** "Pyewackit" [1997, Projekt] - The title makes no sense to you because it's named after an ex-girlie. You can't get any more romantic then that, fuckface. **The Stooges** "Raw Power" [1973, CBS] - Penetration, baby, penetration! The Stooges "Funhouse" [1970, Elektra] - All you need to hear is the sax go fucked on "LA Blues." **The Toy Dolls** "Dig That Groove Baby" [1983, Volume] - Faster then hell, funnier then phuck. No one else will ever sound like this. **Paul Quinn and the Independent Group** "Will I Ever Be Inside of You" [1994, Postcard] - Sinatra with no future. Put it on when she's left that door for the last time. **Glyn Styler / Lydia Lunch** "The Desperate Ones" [1997, Atavistic] - The torrid, desperate rock of "I Won't Stop Loving You" needs to be cranked while you're in denial. "The Desperate Ones" is for when it hits you like a ton of bricks and "Casket Made for Two" is for when you wish you were a virgin again. **Glyn Styler** "Live at the Mermaid Lounge" [1997, Atavistic] - Sinatra with razors in the wrists. **Blitz** "The Killing Dream" [1989, Link] - Nidge goes at it alone (finally!) after leaving the band when they turned new wave. He does everything but sing on this classic. The jams are fanatical to thoughtful and nonstop. **Ned's Atomic Dustbin** "God Fodder" [1991, Sony] - KILL YOUR TELEVISION. **Ned's Atomic Dustbin** "Are You Normal" [1992, Sony] - Excellent getting over emotional wounds type stuff when you hear the singer's more bent then you! **The Rolling Stones** "Their Satanic Majesty's Request" [1967, Decca] - Weird and satanic. Plus the flute solos rule. "She's a raaaaainbooow." **The Rolling Stones** "Goats Head Soup" [1973, EMI] - Funky and depressing. Try to match those two together anywhere else. **Psychic TV** "Pagan Day" [1984, Temple] - For an album that was an experiment (but aren't all classic albums) never to be released, this is one hell of a gem. Alex Fergusson and Gen before they hated each other and Alex trotted of to form Coil. Like pretty leaves falling. **Nick Cave** "Murder Ballads" [1995, Mute] - When someone sings 10 beautiful songs about extreme murder, he's a genius or a murderer, ummm... **Nick Cave** "The Boatman's Call" [1997, Mute] - Cave dots the i's and crosses the t's on this one. He has perfected his art. **Current 93** "All the Pretty Little Horses" [1996, Durtro] - Perfecting their invention of apocalyptic folk, not to mention a killer guest spot by Nick Cave and you really can't beat the child pictures of the band. I mean Lilith has A PARROT ON HER HEAD! **X Marks the Pedwalk** "The Killing Had Begun" [1994, Zoth Ommog] - The height of their Puppy influenced pro-murder rampage. **Psychic TV** "Towards Thee Infinite Beat" [1990, Wax Trax!] - The climax of their perfection of the acid house/tekno phase and after a marriage of perfect singles, this is thee album. **INXS** "Kick" [1987, Atlantic] - Way too much power on this record for one band - must explain the falling apart after this one: god bless Michael Hutchence. **The Specials** "The Specials" [1980, Chrysalis] - Put this on during a hot summer's day and you'll see why new school "ska" is shit. **MDC** "Millions of Damn Christians" [1987, Radical] - You can have anything stand for MDC you want, god knows they did, but when it came to their way over-the-top sarcasm of the Regan Era (replace "a" w/"ror") this one had it right and not too preachy. Plus god will love them for the gatefold (even on the cassette version!) with the re-enactment of the last suppa' starring the band. Fuck those Christians, too damn many of them. Their analogy to the house fly is way too similar. **Noisebox** "Monkey Ass" [1995, Cleopatra] - Crappy artwork, stupid tittle but you can't stop the jams! This is about as hard as rap gets, especially compared to that fluff the new school tries to pass. **Run DMC** "King of Rock" [1985, Def Jam] - "Can U rock it like thiiis." **Run DMC** "Raising Hell" [1986, Def Jam] - I don't care what any trailer park trash says, if you remember correctly, no one would touch Aerosmith until these boys put them back in the spotlight via the video for "Rock This Way" and even though that video ruled, I wish Aerosmith would go away and why does everyone think the singer's daughter is so cute? **LL Cool J** "Radio" [1985, Def Jam] - Only 16 and rockin' da bells. **D.I.** "Horse Bites, Dog Cries" [1985, XXX] - From "Pervert Nurse" to "No Moms" to "Living in the USA" through and through platinum, baby. Thank god Casey opened up his big yapper. Proof once again that the original Adolescents were the Beatles of the 80's. Get the tape 'cause it has the classic "Bedrock" (yup, the cartoon thing) as a bonus track. Plus the classic pic of the band "driving into Fullerton." **Cows** "Peacetika" [1991, AmRep] - Monster live act but I think the only wax to do them justice. Sweet rekid. **Felt** "Forever Breaths the Lonely World" [1990, Creation] - So god damned depressed while so fucking happy. It's amazing - kind of like a Smurf's record with Slayer lyrics. V/A **"Repo Man Soundtrack"** [1984, MCA] - COME ON! You mean you DON'T own it! Flag's "TV Party," The Jerks were in the fucking movie!, Pop, S/T, Fear - but the real gems are the impossible to get otherwise tracks by The Plugz, Burning Sensations, and Juicy Bananas. God loves The Plugz. **Swans** "The Great Annihilator" [1994, Young God] - Last of the classic Swans sound before they turned into an ambient band, which of course isn't all bad, it's just a level few get to. My fucking grandmother was ambient when she snored. This album will hurt you if you pay attention, it's more dysfunctional then your family (as if THAT'S possible -). **Gene Loves Jezebel** "Discover" [1986, Geffen] - So perfect for romantic drives late summer nights. **Hanoi Rocks** "Oriental Beat" [1982, Lick] - Monstrous drunken glam/blues jams. A bastard child of the 70's punks. **Controlled Bleeding** "Hog Floor - A Fractured View" [1990, Subterranean] - As the Grench said: "NOISE NOISE NOISE"! Well, the Damned said that too. But it was funnier when the Grench said it. Anyway, I've never heard something so romantic with such melody that falls under the experimental noise label. Just shows that these boys did it first and best. **Mephisto Waltz** "The Eternal Deep" [1994, Pagan] - Beautiful. As if a cemetery statue had a rock band. **Delta 9** "Disco Inferno" [1997, Earache] - The ruff'ist and baddest thing on the planet, my brotha! **Lois with Dub Narcotic Sound System** "Rougher" [1996, K] - Sweeeeeeeet. Big bass and big ahhh, tunes. **KMFDM** "Angst" [1993, Wax Trax!] - KMFDM SUX! Was way before that "Primus sux" crap, besides, Primus really does suck ass. **Paleface** "Paleface" [1991, Polygram] Forever down the path of "whatever happened to," he still churns out a pile of shit once in a while, but this was the forerunner to the 90's "come-back" of "alternative folk," i.e. some smart ass coffee house kid with rich parents and an acoustic. **Diamanda Galas** "Plague Mass" [1991, Mute] - "Give me sodomy or give me death!" and recorded live in a church no less! Proof once again that the Lilith Tour is for wank chicks - THIS is the hardcore! **The Adicts** "27" [1992, Hardslug] - A master work of punk. This is it, kidz...blasphemy, chicks, broken hearts, and classical music! **Chaos UK** "100% 2 Fingers in the Air Punk Rock" [1993, Century Media] - A friend of mine told me he was listening to this in his car and he had to drive off the road 'cause he was laughing too much. This was it. The line up. The mouth. The one liners. It's all gone now. But as they quip in the dilling around before songs they may as well have invented punk rock here again. Punk seems to float around and land where ever pure inspiration calls it. **Ministry** "The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste" [1989, Sire] - This is the culmination of Ministry. The line up. The jams. Totally relentless and "Test" is further proof that the survival of rap depends on industrial. **Pop Will Eat Itself** "Go Box Frenzy" [1987, Chapter 22] - "We don't need talent or integrity." **Star Star** "The Love Drag Years" [1992, Roadrunner] - Glamour trash turns suicidal. Manic. **Hanoi Rocks** "Back to Mystery City" [1983, Lick] - "Lick Summer Love." **The Mighty Mighty Bosstones** "More Noise and Other Disturbances" [1990, Taang!] - The perfection of ska/core. "Where'd You Go?" **Circle Jerks** "Wonderful" [1985, Combat Core] - People talk all kinds of shit about the early Jerks and yeah that was good and all but you can't deny the shining all-star strength of this period, even if it is, oh my god - no - metally! Further proof that Combat Core saved 80's punk. **Controlled Bleeding** "Penetration" [1992, Third Mind] - Third Mind kicked sooo much ass in their day and no one thanks them - anyhow CB has put out some extremely serious stuff from EVERY classification of music and that's what makes this their best: it has a taste of it all under one roof. No hunting down obscure records (though I'd like to see you find this now), no music under different monikers bullshit. This is it. **Alien Sex Fiend** "Here Cum Germs" [1987, PVC] - "My Brain is in the Cupboard Above the Kitchen Sink"! **Johnny Thunders** "So Alone" [1978, Warner] - Dolls re-do's, stabs at punk rock stars, and a moment in time forever captured. **Adolescents** "(Blue Record)" [1981, Frontier] - A couple depressed out-of-step kids become mother to an era. The cover said it all. Too much for one space, as the oversized letters fight to stay aboard, it was the first harbinger for the days ahead. **S.O.D.** "Speak English or Die" [1986, Combat Core] - The hardcore/metal crossover of the century. "What's that fucking NOISE!" Birth of the 20 second song a

couple years before Napalm Death. **Anthrax** "Among the Living" [1987, Island] - Every cut is metal thrashing mad. **Cheap Trick** "The Doctor" [1986, Epic] - Wicked 80's keyboard meets the godfathers of pop/core - but that's where good girls go. Bad girls go everywhere. **Megadeth** "Peace Sells" [1986, Capitol] - Probably the punkist thing of '86. That or Decline II. **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** "Flaunt It" [1986, EMI] - "She's My Man"! Sigue Sigue Sputnik "Dress for Success" [1988, EMI] - "Pretty baby you're the only one who makes me cum!" **My Bloody Valentine** "Loveless" [1991, Sire] - A wash of emotion. **Blitz** "2nd Empire Justice" [1983, Cherry Red] - One of thee classic new wave sounds. Only four bands got this sound and coming from and ex oi! band it's even more amazing. **In Camera** "13 (Lucky for Some)" [1980, 4AD] - One of the classic new wave four and maybe the most disturbing. **Beastie Boys** "Licensed To Ill" [1986, Def Jam] - I remember when they came to my town on this tour, every news station was covering them live like it was the coming of the apocalypse. Beastie Boys "Paul's Boutique" [1989, Capitol] - When it wasn't cool to like 'em, they dished it out. **Motorcycle Boy** "Popsicle" [1991, XXX] - Produced by ex NY Doll Sylvain Sylvain and Al only put out the single. Tisk, tisk, tisk. **Therapy?** "Troublegum" [1993, A&M] - "I'm just with you and that will never mean that I'm just for you." **Project Pitchfork** "Alpha/Omega" [1994, Candyland] - "Small things are big, big things are small. Tiny acts have huge effects. Everything counts. Nothing's lost." **Johnny Thunders** "Hurt Me" [1983, New Rose] - I never thought it was possible to bleed this much audio-ly. **Demonix** "Never Felt So Alive" [1994, hypnobeat] - Gitane Demone / Marc Ickx go a lot beyond fetish. **Christian Death** "Only Theatre of Pain" [1983, Frontier] - "Children use their fingers instead of words." Christian Death "Sex and Drugs and Jesus Christ" [1988, Jungle] - "Erection." Shwing! **Negativland** "U2" [1991, SST] - Write Gregory, I'm sure he'll make you a copy! (PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260) **Prick** "Prick" [1995, Nothing] - "She said, if you don't want it, other people will." **Front 242** "Tyranny >>For You<<" [1991, Play It Again Sam] - I've got the limited digi-pack with extra tracks, HA, HA! **Kommunity FK** "The Vision and the Voice" [1983, IPR] - "Fuck the Kommunity." Kommunity FK "Close One Sad Eye" [1985, IPR] - One of the four elite new wave sound. **Adolescents** "Live 81 and 86" [1989, XXX] - You get to witness all their dysfunctional adolescent greatness live on stage. **Big Electric Cat** "Eyelash" [1997, Cleopatra] - Kings on neo-goth. **Foetus** "Gash" [1995, Sony] - Drink, drink, drink 'till you get sick. **Marc Almond and Foetus** "Slut" [1998, Thirsty Ear] - "Love amongst the ruined." **Gary Newman** "Sacrifice" [1994, Numa] - D.I.Y. synth tears. **Creaming Jesus** "Too Fat to Run, Too Stupid to Hide" [1990, Jungle] - Godfathers of goth/core. **Fields of Nephilm** "Dawnrazor" [1986, Situation 2] - Before hitting the stage in their cowboy gear, they would cover themselves in flour for that wise look. **Current 93** "Dogs Blood Rising" [1983, L.A.Y.L.A.H] - Recorded at the 2 gigs that they were called D.B.R. **Current 93/HOH** "Island" [1991, Durtro] - From synth/pop to mysterious-o. **Suicidal Tendencies** "ST" [1983, Frontier] - "I shot Reagan!" **Splinter Test** "Electronic Newspaper Vol.4" [1997, Invisible] - Q: Who would of thought a bunch of different people opening up their big yap would be so cool? A: Brion Gysin. **Genesis P-Orridge** "A Hollow Cost" [1994, Temple] - Gen opens up his yap on how to be. **Rozz Williams** "Every King a Bastard Son" [1992, Cleopatra] - Rozz opens up his big yap on - well I don't know. Rozz Williams "The Whorse's Mouth" [1996, Hollows Hill] - Rozz opens up his big yap on how sad everything is and leaves you alone with no answer but to kill yourself. CLUE. **Fear** "The Record" [1982, Slash] - I seriously think Lee Ving could have gotten big being an opera singer. No one ever gives him props for his voice. **The Damned** "Machine Gun Etiquette" [1979, Ace] - I have actually stayed up nights listening to this over and over - just in amazement. The Damned "The Black Album" [1980, Chiswick] - "Drinking about my baby" - and the "punks" today actually get by with less. That pisses me off. **Motley Crue** "Shout at the Devil" [1983,

In memory of Anthony Skwarczynski - Novemeber 12, 1916 - May 15, 1998. I miss you and I'm pissed. 81 years of DIY.

Elektra] - God bless the children of the Beast, dude. Motley Crue "Too Fast for Love" [1981, Leather] - See, this is what also pisses me off - these guys defined an era and now they just copy every one else that's big. Same with Poison. Man, I thought creativity was an innate quality to something. I hope I don't start to suck once I get old. We only have Al Flipside to look to. **Doggy Style** "II" [1987, Flipside] - Way chock full of power/punk with a wit like Autha Cornwell. Where's the reunion, boys? Doggy Style "Don't Hit Me Up" [1988, XXX] - "From the Eastest to the Westest, We're the baddest, We're the bestest!" **Minor Threat** "Minor Threat" [1981, Discord] - "You picked up a bible and now your gone!". It's like people ask for a Minor Threat reunion and it's like man, those guys are old men now. You think they could pull that record off live? They could barley do it then. **The Nation of Ulysses** "Plays Pretty for Baby" [1992, Discord] - Some guy screaming "Who you fucking now?!" and 2 miscellaneous jazz pieces. These guys will never get to this level again. **Stiff Little Fingers** "Inflammable Material" [1979, EMI] - Should have been called flammable material 'cause it was hot, baby, hot! What's this crap they put out now? Bands should change the name if it's under a different light. **Ramones** "Ramones" [1976, Sire] - "Now I wanna sniff some glue." Ramones "Animal Boy" [1986, Sire] - "Eat that rat." Ramones "Too Tough To Die" [1984, Sire] - Was that cover shot taken at the disco, Marky, or what? Ramones "Pleasant Dreams" [1981, Sire] - The first record to make it cool to work at the 7-11. **James Brown** "Get on the Good Foot" [1972, Polydor] - "The long haired hippies and the afro blacks." **The 2 Live Crew** "As Nasty as They Wanna Be"[1989, Luke] - Tell me this is NOT the perfect tape to blast in "right" neighborhood. **Naked Raygun** "Understand" [1989, Caroline] - "Maybe we're just trying hard to be something that maybe wasn't meant to be." Naked Raygun "Jettison" [1988, Caroline] - So sweet they end with a killer live version of the best Stiff Little Fingers song. **LaTour** "LaTour" [1991, Smash] - Disturbingly realistic. **Fear** "Live - For the Record" [1991, Restless] - "Your prize is in the lavatory"! **Fear of God** "Within the Veil" [1991, Warner] - Mandatory goth/core. **New York Dolls** "In Too Much Too Soon" [1974, Mercury] - Whatever kind of punk rock you like, they did it first and cuter. **My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult** "Sexplosion" [1991, Wax Trax!] - "I'm sittin' here. All pretty'n shit, and in he walks with her - not me." **The Adicts** "5th Overture" [1986, RCA] - Brilliant powder poof glam and tear-eyed to boot. The Adicts "The Sound of Music" [1982, Razor] - "My baby got run over by a steam roller." **Adam and the Ants** "Dirk Wears White Sox" [1979, Do It] - Trippy, wacky, like the Misfits with a lose razor wire noise in the place of the mindless beat. **Adam Ant** "Manners and Physique" [1989, MCA] - "You can't set rules about love." **David Bowie** "Diamond Dogs" [1973, RCA] - "This ain't Rock'n'roll - This is genocide"! David Bowie "Heros" [1977, RCA] - Nico died trying to be his. David Bowie "Low" [1977, RCA] - "I've been breaking glass in your room again - You're such a wonderful person - but you've got problems." **The Psychedelic Furs** "Mirror Moves" [1984, CBS] - It's just so right. **Hanoi Rocks** "Self Destruction Blues" [1983, Lick] - "I was prostituted." **Felt** "The Pictoral Jackson Review" [1988, Creation] - Side B is the perfect funeral song. **Alice Cooper** "Special Forces" [1981, Warner] - Classic new wave Coop=the best Coop. Alice Cooper "Da Da" [1983, Warner] - See above plus you get the sarcastic American anthem. **T. Rex** "Electric Warrior" [1971, Warner] - He sounds soo LA but he's English = he was a hippy. **The Jimi Hendrix Experience** "Electric Ladyland" [1968, MCA] - Messed up music for messed up people. **Dead Or Alive** "Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know" [1986, CBS] - Looks sooo goth but SURPRISE! **Christian Death** "The Scriptures" [1987, Normal] - "I know Noah had two Dinosaurs on the Ark!" Christian Death "Catastrophe Ballet" [1984, IAS] - "I want to press my lips to his." Christian Death "Ashes" [1985, Nostradamus] - "Lilacs on my bed." Christian Death "Wind Kissed Pictures" [1985, Supporti] (If you have the original it's titled, "The Sin and Sacrifice of Christian Death. Christian Death.") "Atrocities" [1986, Normal] - "I couldn't have done it without the help of David and Gitane." Christian Death "Insanus, Ultio, Proditio, Misericordia" [1990, Contempo] - Reunion album that never was? **Shadow Project** "Dreams for the Dying" [1992, XXX] - David Glass started it and Eva ruined it. **Tigertailz** "Young and Crazy" [1987, Music For Nations] - 80's LA glam with lots o' makeup = cool. **Vinnie Vincent Invasion** "VVI" [1986, Chrysalis] - They tell me he has a box set about to come out. **Bauhaus** "The Sky's Gone Out" [1982, A&M] - A rock band named after a school. Who knew? Bauhaus "Mask" [1981, Beggars Banquet] - They tell me they have a reunion tour. I should have know since Love and Rockets and Peter don't sell worth dick anymore. **Z** "Music for Sensuous Lovers" [1972, Sensuous] - Suck that dick and eat that pussy. **The Replacements** "Tim" [1988, Sire] - Kiss me on the bus. **Falco** "Falco" [1985, A&M] - Boom, boom. Rock me Amadeus. **Lou Reed** "Berlin" [1973, RCA] - "Just goes to show how wrong you can be." **No Trend** "A Dozen Dead Roses" [1985, No Trend] - Special guest Lydia Lunch belts out the pain w/Jeff the sherif so hard it shreds your heart. I was playing this on the radio and a caller called to ask me: "Why?" **Dead Or Alive** "Youthquake" [1985, CBS] - So fucking good that until I got the rest of their stuff I used to think: "This HAS to be a best of." **Nocturnal Emissions** "Songs of Love and Revolution" [1985, Sterile] - With all the amazing stuff they have out and all the sound territory he's crossed, you have to go with something that sounds like Crass played with kiddie toys. **Crass** "Penis Envy" [1981, Crass] - "What the FUCK"! and all sung by the ladies / for the ladies. Crass "The Feeding of the 5000" [1978, Crass] - If you could ever hear anything more experimental while under the "punk" umbrella - buy it. They were goth, disco, hardcore, noise, reggae, industrial. **Type O Negative** "Slow, Deep and Hard" [1991, Roadracer] - Killer gothcore. Check out the sweet Pistols impersonation, too. "None more negative." Type O Negative "Bloody Kisses" [1993, Roadrunner] - I couldn't stop listening to this when it came out and I'm really glad they got some credit. Very diverse musically and vocally as I can't believe big monster Pete hits all these notes. Also ultimately cool for taking bands on the road with them that they like instead of bands that pay them. Get the original issue if you can find it because the rec. co. took classic pieces off when it broke to ensure "non-offensive." **The Germs** "Live at the Whisky [1981, Bomp] - "He's got peanut butter!" **The Zeros** "Names, Vol. 1" [1993, Restless] - You had to have purple hair to be in the band. **Cranes** "Wings of Joy" [1991, Dedicated] - Like a little girl lost in a classical play. **The Legendary Pink Dots** "The Crushed Velvet Apocalypse" [1990, Play It Again Sam] - "We are the Green Gang!" **Pretty Boy Floyd** "Leather Boyz with Electric Toyz" [1989, MCA] - The perfection of what came to be known as LA glam. **Cocteau Twins** "Blue Bell Knoll" [1988, 4AD] - Washy and pretty. Do you really need anything else? **The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy** "Hypocrisy is the Greatest Luxury" [1992, Island] - I still can't believe they opened the fucking Zoo TV tour and now where are they? **Husker DU** "Candy Apple Grey" [1986, Warner] - The original "punk sell-outs" - remember? **De La Soul** "Is Dead" [1991, Tommy Boy] - "I love 3 Feet.." too but they always lose me at the end. This one just blows me away each time. **Sleep Chamber** "Sleeping Sickness" [1991, Inner-Musick] - 39 page booklet fellas (and select ladies). **45 Grave** "Autopsy" [1987, Restless] - Just what is a "Surf Bat"? **Poison** "Look What the Cat Dragged in" [1986, Enigma] - I still think Rikki looks the best, but we all know C.C. was the coolest. **Nations On Fire** "Death of the Pro-Lifer" [1994, Genet] - They saved their best for last. From punk to house. **Government Issue** "You" [1987, Giant] - Like a reincarnated Damned. **Fear** "Have Another Beer with" [1995, Fear] - Not to be confused with "Have a Beer With." **Teenage Head** "Teenage Head" [1981, Other People's Music] - They wore makeup and were punk, but not glamour punk, just kind of punk. **Tit Wrench** "12 Swinging Inches" [1988, Vinyl Communications] - "Life Sucks - Do Me"! **Lydia Lunch** "Queen of Siam" [1980, ZE] - Sinatra on estrogen. **Virgin Prunes** - "If I Die, I Die" [1982, Sire] - It's not what you call happy go lucky type music. **Skinny Puppy** "Too Dark Park" [1990, Nettwerk] - I remember this girl comparing it to a horror movie. **Death In June** "The Guilty Have No Pride" [1984, NER] - I played "Heaven Street" for my Grandmother when she died in June. **The Dogs D'Amour** "A Graveyard of Empty Bottles" [1989, China] - If you don't drink, you start now. **Missing Persons** "Missing Persons" [1982, Capitol] - How can a band put out a perfect record then put out utter shite? **The Selecter** "Too Much Pressure" [1980, Chrysalis] - "If you don't dance to this, you don't dance." **Joy Division** "Closer" [1980, Factory] - I don't think I've ever heard someone expose so much and hide sooo much at the same time. Joy Division "Unknown Pleasures" [1978, Factory] - So disturbing - yet so dancy! **Fad Gadget** "Fireside Favorites" [1980, Mute] - You don't really get how funny it is until you listen to this masterpiece. Way ahead of his time. **The Jesus and Mary Chain** "Darklands" [1987, WEA] - Like the Ramones vs. the Beach Boys. **Cabaret Voltaire** "The Covenant, The Sword and the Arm of the Lord" [1985, Some Bizzare] - Sampling will never be the same again. **Field Mice** "For Keeps"[1991, Sarah] - Quiet as a mouse yet loud as tears forever. **Toyah** "Anthem" [1981, Safari] - Thee coolest 80's make-up (well tied w/Fuzzbox) plus all the dreams of a little girl.

-Bart

So now that the Sub-Genius end has come and gone and so have all the feathers, let us sit down and have a further gander at Dobbs' History... Whether you believe a word of it or not, take note and have a look at the names and places and dates... Some might be more blatantly obvious than others, but there is definitely a spiderweb betwixt each and every event that will be explored in this installment and others to come. -AArtVark

ANDROID MEME'S XENOCHRONY

*April 22, 1984 (Toronto)*Bob entered the waiting room in Connie's medical clinic expecting to see his cohort Bob Marshall, the journalist.
Marshall: Bob, what are you doing in town?
Dobbs: Come outside for a minute.
Marshall:*[out in the hallway with Dobbs]* What's up?
Dobbs: I've found a radio station you can use to release your particular kind of news. It's downtown on the Ryerson campus. A Chris Twomey will call you.
Marshall: When do I start?
Dobbs: They want to check you out first. Just show them your library and play a couple of *Mae Brussell* tapes. You'll overwhelm them. It should be no problem.
Marshall: So how long are you here? When can we get together?
Dobbs: Not right now. Sorry, but I have to go to Moscow tonight. There's a new guy coming in after Chernenko - one of Beter's so-called Skoptsis.
*September 8, 1944 (Paris)***Rene:** Bob, you're going to be meeting a very interesting character tomorrow. His name is *Fritz Kraemer*. You just do what he says. Don't ask your type of questions. The next few months are going to be a little dangerous for you because we're going into the final turn.
Rene then turned his attention to the newspaper on his desk. But that only lasted a few seconds. He sighed, put the paper down, and began scanning the maps on his work table.
Dobbs: Father, do you remember the young lady I told you I met at the club the other night. Well, I saw her coming out of the embassy today. She was with some of Gehlen's people.
Rene: You mean that Constance girl?
Dobbs: Yes, but she told me she prefers to be called "Connie". Anyway, why would she be with those thugs? It's unfathomable. That's not the impression she gave me when I met her. Do you get my point?
Rene: Definitely. I'll look into this tomorrow. I know who'll know.
November 22, 1965 (New York) **Dobbs:** So how do you feel about it now? It's been three years today.
David Ferrie: *[turning on the car radio]* Let's see what the radio says I feel?
The station was just beginning to play It's Gonna Take A Miracle by the Royalettes. Bob and Ferrie both began to beam as they started to sing along with this heaven-sent song. As they roared up Fifth Avenue, it wasn't long before they began to laugh and sway.
February 5, 1973 (Dartmouth) **Dobbs:** How long have you been in Seattle?
Alan: Two years.
Dobbs: What are you going to do now?
Alan: Well, before I go back to Seattle, I'm going to go to Europe and check out all the places where I had past lives.
Dobbs: How do you know your past lives?
Alan: I got them through a medium by the name of David Worcester when he channeled Awareness. I had many sessions with him during the last two years and I accumulated an inventory of my past lives. Many were in Europe over the last fifteen hundred years.
Dobbs: Whoever this Worcester fellow is, you believe him?
Alan: Yeah, I'm inclined to because I like Awareness' philosophy. It's similar to Krishnamurti's. Have you ever read him?
Dobbs: I'm familiar with it.
Alan: Great. When I'm in England, I'm going to visit Brockwood, one of his schools. I hope to be there when he gives some lectures.
Dobbs: But you're going back to Seattle eventually?
Alan: Yeah, I want to take some advanced development classes from Worcester on how to become a medium for Awareness.
Alan and Bob turned left on the northeast corner of Queen and Portland Streets and walked a few yards to the entrance of the old Mayfair Theatre. They got their tickets and went in to watch McCabe and Mrs. Miller. Bob stopped for a second, though, to listen to Led Zeppelin's Stairway to Heaven leaking from a car radio as it coasted into a parking spot in front of the movie house.

July 11, 1989 (London) **Prince Charles:** Bob, what do you know about this cold fusion breakthrough in Utah?
Dobbs:*[Toronto]* Forget it, it's a hoax! I wouldn't trust these *Pons* and *Fleischmann* characters if I were you. Listen, Charles, get the new Zappa album Broadway the Hard Way. Even though you never liked him, I think you'll respond to this one.
December 2, 1977 (New York) **Dr. Beter:**(leaning over the railing on the second floor of Studio 54) So that's where we stand now - the Bolsheviks have knocked out the Americans' moon base. From there they can point their particle laser beams at any part of the planet.
Dobbs: What about the Skoptsi faction in Moscow? They've got a little leverage over the Bolsheviks still, don't they?
Beter: Yes, that's going to be very interesting as we watch their moves after this Bolshevik victory. And the Americans are going to have to go public with their space program again.
April 30, 1971 (Toronto) **Steve:** Dr. McLuhan, what's the role of the old industrial city in the global theater?
McLuhan: Oh! Well, the city becomes sacred. That's why we have the new rush to build expressways to expedite traffic into the cities. The city planners don't understand this, however.
July 4, 1971 (New York) **Flaps:** Lyn, why do you think the suburbanization of the working class spells doom for us?
Marcus/LaRouche: Because real wealth comes from city-building, from the increase in relative potential population density. Suburbanization decentralizes and weakens the negentropic spiral of working-class evolution, and favors a new *Dark Age* dominated by the rentier-finance class.
November 19, 1971 (Los Angeles)
Dennis: Listen, Calvin, I will have that cheque ready for you by tomorrow. Frank called me this morning from Europe about it and he says we owe it to you.
Calvin Schenkel: Great. Thanks, Dennis. By the way, when are you going to audition for Frank's band again? I think you can make it now. Listening to you last night at the club, I could see you'd have no problem.
Dennis: Yeah, I feel confident, too. Playing for *Zappa* is like being in a military operation, but he knows I'm lookin' to be in the band when he gets back from this tour.
January 8, 1972 (Seattle) **Alan:** David, how would you summarize Awareness' messages on personal development in twenty-five words or less?
Worcester: A co-creative alignment of one's relationship to money, power and sex by means of mind, then emotion and finally feeling.

Alan: Is that what *Krishnamurti* is saying?
David: That's what I hear from him when he speaks.
May 24, 1972 (Dartmouth) **Randy:** Garrett, since I met you last fall, I don't feel the need to go back to Montreal for graduate studies. Your unique style of kindness for people inspires me to want to be a doctor, and there's an excellent medical school right across the harbor at Dalhousie University. That way I can easily stay in touch with you and get an occasional hit of your world.
Deane: Oh, Randy, the people I used to know in New York filled me with such a spirit. Just to remember coming home at six in the morning, with the sun coming up, on Park Avenue, having spent all night at the bars on the Bowery - I can sit here in the dream of those memories and not have to lift a finger.
Randy: I think I can feel what you feel by just being here in your home.
Deane: You're very generous, Randy, to say that. But this is my mother's house. She created that warmth you feel.
December 17, 1979 (Rome) **Dobbs:** Licio, if you don't clean up this *Toni Negri* matter very soon, you're going to be culta non grata.
Gelli: I'm tempted to tell you and your people to go fuck yourselves.
Dobbs: Look, your role in the old world-government apparatus is pretty tenuous right now because we've got bigger problems in the solar-government structure.
Gelli: That doesn't concern me.
Dobbs: Oh yeah?
Gelli then turned on his VCR and picked up the telephone as Bob watched the opening scenes of The Godfather Part 2 unfold on the screen.
February 14, 1961 (Washington) **Hoover:** Those fools are going ahead with that *Castro* nonsense.
Dobbs: Shit, so I'm going to have to go down to Miami.
Hoover: Not only that, you're going to have to visit the *JM/Wave* group.
June 29, 1960 (Toronto) **Dobbs:** Marshall, you better start writing a book soon. Look at this article by *J. C. Carothers* in Psychiatry magazine. They're catching up to you.
McLuhan: *[taking the article in his hands]* Not likely.
Dobbs: Read it later. I want to ask you if you've figured out what Sputnik and these new satellites mean, yet?
McLuhan: Yes, I think I'm getting a handle on them. I've had to do a lot of reformulation of my ideas over the last couple of years because of them.
Dobbs: May I hear a few of them?
McLuhan: I think I'll take a rain check on that. Dobbs laughed quietly and turned on his transistor radio. He raised it meaningfully at Marshall as Wonderful World by Sam Cooke hopped into McLuhan's hospital room.
October 14, 1979 (Dallas) **Dobbs:** Garrett, if I fly up to Dartmouth, will you go to Apocalypse Now with me?
Deane:*[Dartmouth]* No, Bob, I will not go to a movie that treats the word "apocalypse" so casually.
April 29, 1966 (Dartmouth) Bob sat in one of the dressing rooms of the *Dartmouth Rink* as the coach prepared Bob's young friends for the final playoff game against *Prince Andrew High School*. As Bob watched the tense faces of Randy, Steve, Flaps, Dennis, and Alan, he thought of Hilliard Graves in the opposing dressing room and Darryl Maggs out in Bedford. Those two players were the only ones that seemed destined for a professional career in hockey - although this wouldn't occur to anybody else that night or any future night. Later Bob heard some of his friends' girlfriends - Jane MacGlashen, Judy McLeod, Gudrun Gurholt - singing *California Dreamin'* by the Mamas

and The Papas while waiting at the canteen.

August 28, 1979 (Los Angeles) **Dobbs:** Frank, you hit the nail on the head with that theme of banning music in *Joe's Garage*?

Zappa: Yeah, look at what the Ayatollah is doing in Iran!

Dobbs: Oh yes, but I want to warn you. There's going to be a rise in *Fundamentalist* political activity here in America mainly through the *Republican Party* over the next few years. Your scenario will look more like the news than science fiction.

Zappa: If you're right, then those are some of my worst fears come true.

Dobbs: It's unfortunate, but it's going to knock the wind out of a lot of the mood of electric autonomy that motivated much of the frenzy of the seventies.

Frank turned back to his editing console, but he also turned on his television to catch the news.

December 5, 1970 (Chicago) **Sherman Skolnick:** Ever since I met you, Bob, my court cases haven't been covered by the local media like they used to. I used to be able to hold press conferences on my front lawn within an hour, just at the snap of a finger.

Dobbs: Yes, but I suggest you might be able to broadcast by telephone. Set up a looped five-minute message on a tape recorder. You can change the message every few days to feature new stories. Anybody anywhere in the world can call in and hear it. You'd be broadcasting to the whole planet. Just think of it!

Skolnick: That's an interesting idea. I'd be on the bus without being edited or censored.

Sherman rolled across the room in his wheelchair as his private phone line began to ring.

March 8, 1974 (Dartmouth) **Steve:** Bob, I'm more and more realising the importance of kinetic and tactile space in McLuhan's system. He doesn't talk about them as much as visual and acoustic space in his writings but the kinetic and tactile spaces are more of an influential factor in the Twentieth Century experience.

Dobbs: Political control is the biggest factor in the Twentieth Century and I don't hear this McLuhan guy talking about that, ever.

Steve and Bob continued looking over the Halifax harbor from the mid-point of the *MacDonald Bridge*. They could see the lights of the Dartmouth ferry slipping into its dock. Almost midnight. Garrett should be crossing the bridge about now.

July 17, 1974 (Dartmouth) **Flaps:** You know, Bob, LaRouche is really emphasizing the use of narco-hypnosis in political control and counter-terrorist strategies by the intelligence agencies now. It's caused a lot of factional infighting among us in New York and a lot of people are leaving.

Dobbs: The daily information-overload environment is the real terrorist action against the working-class today. Not just what's on the news any day, but the fact there is constant news twenty-four hours a day, day in, day out. Your LaRouche buddy is clueless in even how to approach this problem.

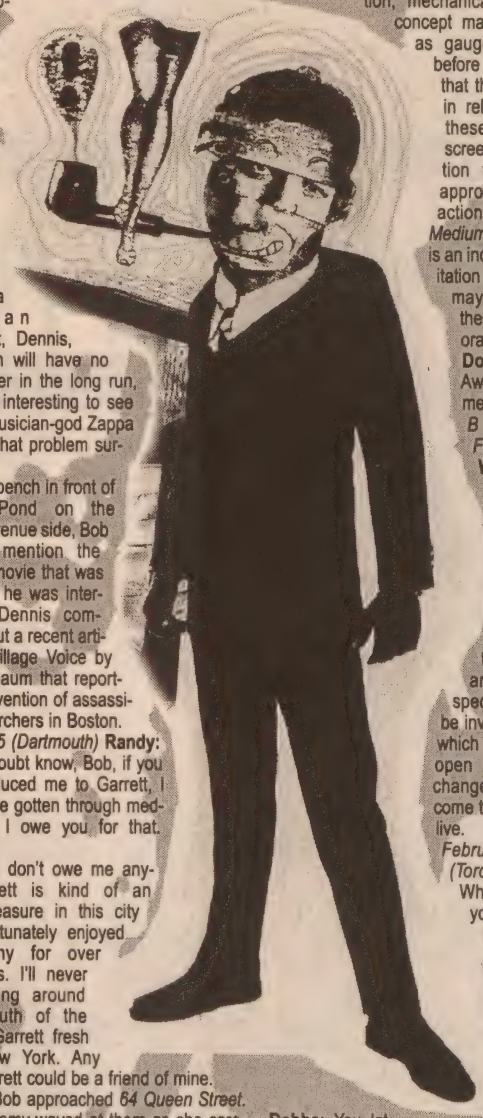
Flaps picked up his copy of Rolling Stone magazine to scan the piece by *Ben Fong-Torres* on *Bob Dylan*'s recent comeback tour. His eyes immediately fell on a section about Michael McClure introducing Marshall McLuhan to Dylan back-stage.

November 26, 1974 (Dartmouth) **Alan:** But, Bob, if there's one thing I've learned from *Krishnamurti*, *Awareness*, and *David Worcester*, it's that what's keeping people held back and in the dark is the fear of death. If we all could somehow get over that, then greed, lust and ignorance wouldn't have such a hold over us.

Dobbs: No, I don't think so. What Krishnamurti and your friends miss is that once people have realized unmistakeably the fact that the machines have won and taken over, humanity is going to fall in love with death as an escape hatch. It will be seduction by suicide.

As Alan and Bob slowly walked along Wyse Road, Bob noticed that Dutchie Mason was playing at the Matador Lounge across the street and suggested they should drop in. Alan agreed but said he'd also love to hear Frank MacKay and the Lincolns again.

February 27, 1975 (Dartmouth) **Dennis:** I feel good, Bob. It's great to be alive! The good news is *Captain Beefheart* is getting back together again with Zappa. *The Mothers* are going to tour again in a few weeks and I'm handling promotions. Music is the best!



Dobbs: Music is what's holding society together now - it's both a fascist anaesthetic and a dionysian release. But, Dennis, this situation will have no staying power in the long run, so it will be interesting to see what your musician-god Zappa does when that problem surfaces.

Sitting on a bench in front of Sullivan's Pond on the Creighton Avenue side, Bob wanted to mention the new Fellini movie that was in town, but he was interrupted by Dennis complaining about a recent article in the Village Voice by Ron Rosenbaum that reported on a convention of assassination researchers in Boston.

June 7, 1975 (Dartmouth) **Randy:** As you no doubt know, Bob, if you hadn't introduced me to Garrett, I wouldn't have gotten through medical school. I owe you for that. Thanks.

Dobbs: You don't owe me anything. Garrett is kind of an unknown treasure in this city and I've fortunately enjoyed his company for over twenty years. I'll never forget walking around the Dartmouth of the fifties with Garrett fresh in from New York. Any friend of Garrett could be a friend of mine.

Randy and Bob approached *64 Queen Street*. *Mrs. McMenemy* waved at them as she carefully put some curtains in the back seat of her car parked across from Garrett's house. The side door of the house was wide open. They could see that Garrett expected their visit even though his windows had no light in them.

December 21, 1969 (Seattle) **Dobbs:** Would Awareness comment on the musical ideas of *Frank Zappa*?

Worcester: *[in trance while lying on a couch]* This Awareness indicates that this entity as one who moves and collects response from many areas. That these become a kaleidoscope to be embroidered for the texture of sound. This Awareness indicates that each of these then become an entrance from a two-dimensional system into many other areas of visualization.

Dobbs: Was this entity a famous musician in a previous life?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates this is negative, that this entity's previous life action as one involved with a stone, and a glass and mosaics, this in areas of North Africa, that this entity also was an architect involving certain Mosques.

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the ideas of *Marshall McLuhan* and the significance of their application?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates that this entity in breaking through strands of certain gauges and screens has seen a view of which becomes of itself an action, and in understanding that each of the gauges a screen that is placed before the real action, also determines the extent to which entities may approach the real action before breaking through these screens and gauges. This Awareness indicates in this manner the various apparatus, organization, mechanical, or structured concept may be considered as gauges and screens before the real action, that that which is seen in relation to each of these gauges or screens is the limitation which one may approach the real action, hence the *Medium is the Message* is an indication of the limitation to which entities may move through these filters and colorations.

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the ideas of *Buckminster Fuller*?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates that these emanate great strength and light, yet those points of intrinsic value create a limitation in certain areas through specifics inclined to be involved in thoughts which are not entirely open to the creative change which must come to every part, to live.

February 2, 1982 (Toronto) **Dobbs:** Why do you think your medical practice is so popular?

Connie: Because I listen to my patients. I let them define their problems.

Dobbs: You let them create their own body percept?

Connie: Yes. At least, in the beginning.

Dobbs: So, it is a given today that people in America demand the right to have an audience.

Connie: It seems so.

Dobbs: And that is a new pressure in doctor's lives?

Connie: Yes.

Bob and Connie were interrupted when their son and daughter, adopted twins born on January 17, 1965, barged into the kitchen with their friend Eddie and demanded to hear again the Frank Zappa album that made fun of televangelists.

July 2, 1972 (Paris) **Jean Baudrillard:** You are interested in my writings on McLuhan?

Dobbs: Yes, but I think you can find a way around his ideas by emphasizing the "phatic" function in economic exchange. You know Roman Jacobson's Six Functions in Communication?

Baudrillard: Yes.

Dobbs: The phatic is all that's left now. Well, anyway, I've got to go. I want to see the new Godard film. Perhaps we'll talk again.

November 30, 1968 (Seattle) **Dobbs:** If Rhyee has returned to the Plane of Essence, how does this affect matter?

Worcester: It changes the tridocea. The tridocea is made up of air, fire and water. Water will fall away and be replaced by akasha, which is the word for new being. In occult literature it's called the Age of Aquarius.

Dobbs: So the Piscean Age, symbolized by the fish, is over because there is no more water for the fish.

Worcester laughed and turned on his car's motor, and he and Bob headed down the country road for the small town of *Olympia*. Bob switched on the car radio but it was broken.

January 4, 1980 (Washington) **Dobbs:** The way I see it, Peter, the old world government cloned national governments. The recent solar government cloned electric media. Now where does the organic robotoid fit into this?

Beter: It's the mythic government phase. That's when the national, world and solar governments merge and implode into the cloned mouth as government. Think of that *Man Ray* painting. Oh, what's it called? It has the lips in the sky. Oh yes - Fashion Photograph! That's an image of what I mean. It's the old *Bucky Fuller* principle of doing more with less. And it brings back the flesh in a more efficient manner. At least, that's what our friends hope.

Dobbs: Government by "cloned mouth". There was a band I saw at *CBGB's* back in June '76 called *The Talking Heads*. Remember when old McLuhan used to talk about how the "word makes the market"?

Beter: I certainly do. Even he would be shocked by how it's utilized today.

Dobbs: I hear he's ill now. I may have to visit him at his home, and that could be awkward because his family doesn't know about our friendship. It began over twenty-five years ago.

Beter: Did McLuhan ever figure out that your quote-friendship-unquote was originally an assignment?

Dobbs: Yeah. A few years ago. *Barrington Nevitt* helped him figure it out.

May 11, 1955 (Dartmouth) Garrett took each step very slowly. Bob watched from across the street, trying not to laugh. The citizens of the town of *Dartmouth* swarmed off the ferry onto the bottom of *Portland Street*. Some began to look confused as they slowed their pace. They could see that this face up ahead had on some kind of white make-up, but not as thick as a mime's - more like a smooth powder. Garrett passed through the crowd, walking carefully but seeming not to notice the reactions. Bob followed Garrett as he turned right onto *Alderney Drive*. Bob felt like a documentary camera. He told me he was going to do this as a joke, but he seems to be doing it so seriously.

November 28, 1944 (Paris) **Dobbs:** It appears you knew about me before I met you in September.

Connie: My parents helped organize the Vichy government. Therefore, I was nurtured in the circles that monitored Parisians. And even though your father's network was untouchable, we still watched you. The significance of you and me working on this mission together indicates something different is going to happen. I think they're preparing for a new world order that will be set up after this war is over, which is going to be soon. And where they're sending us today probably has some role in it.

Dobbs: My family has been an observer of these Machiavellian maneuvers for over two hundred years.

Connie: My family goes back further than that, and they weren't just observers.

Bob relaxed as much as he could as the jeep headed out of Paris. I haven't been south of Paris in over a year. And I haven't met such an interesting young woman in a longer time. This is going to be fun.

-Bob Dobbs

contact Bob at:
purple@ingress.com

NOISE FROM NOWHERE

I'm still careless, so most of what you are about to read here took place in Tinseltown, thanx to the people cool enough to give me a lift... you know who you are. Allow me a moment to clear the alcohol-soaked cobwebs from my memory and I'll fill you in as to what's been going on these past coupla months...

THREE DAYS OF RECKLESSNESS AND MUSIC: For starters, Memorial Day weekend saw one of the year's most eagerly awaited exhibitions of unbridled sickness, that being the third annual **Dionysus Demolition Derby!** As with last year's edition, DDD was a blast. There were tons o' goodies for all the compulsive spenders... a truckload of CDs/vinyl/literature thanks to the vendors of Hollywood Book & Poster, Destroy All Music, Dionysus Records of course, ad infinitum. It was truly a paradise for those who appreciate the wondrous and obscure. Critiquing all thirty bands would be lengthy and tiresome, so I'm just gonna cover what I thought were the high points... believe me, there were plenty!

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SATURDAY, MAY 23
The Meteors
The Bomboras
The Crusaders
Deadbolt
The Satellites
The Saturn V featuring Orbit
The Phantom Rockers
The Foxations
PLUS Space-Age escapades from the LA Cacophony Society with lights, costumes, theramins, drink specials, films & more.
Hosts: Capt. Blastoff & Space Lee $15.00 Cover
Doors 3pm Bands 4pm
SUNDAY, MAY 24
Cocktails with Joey
The Boss Martians
Sammy Masters
The Tiki Tones
Johnny Chan & the New Dynasty Six
The Go Devils
The Hotelbombs
The Countdowns
PLUS: Tiki Madness with DJ Otto Von Stroheim from Tiki News! Films, tropical drinks, art by John the Minor, vendors & more!
$15.00 Cover
Doors 3pm Bands 4pm
visit the Tigermask website: http://www.Valat.la.com/tigermask/ or call (818) 848-2690

The UK's **Phantom Rockers** were received with a warm welcome. They did a strong version of "Vampire Love," one of the best cuts on the just-released Tiger Mask comp. Ex-**Krewmen** Mark Burke is one of the better stand-up bassists I've ever seen, not to mention one of the fastest. They also did psychobilly versions of past 80's hits "You Spin Me 'Round" and "Should I Stay or Should I Go." The set was powerful, pure rock'n'roll with great horror lyrics to boot. They reminded me of what The Misfits would've sounded like during the McCarthy era.

The bad news: **The Bomboras** had to cancel out at the last minute. The good news: filling in was the return of those gauze-wearing crazy surf bastards **The Invisible Men**! It was a pleasure to catch these recently revamped sons-o'-bitches. God only knows who's in the line-up now, as they all look the same with their get-up. The sloppy yet satisfying set climaxed with an Invisible Man climbing onto the ceiling rafters while the remaining three instigated trouble with the audience. Playing Spiderman did have its repercussions, as the band was 86ed afterwards. Welcome back, guys!

The self-proclaimed Scariest Band Alive, **Deadbolt** arrived with their nightlight inspiring voodoo sludge. Their contribution to the Tiger Mask comp "Magimbu" was a true highlight. By this time the club was as packed as a can of Prince Albert sardines... needing a breather, a group of us headed out for some Chinese food. A bad decision. Not so much in consuming a plate of overly greasy crap, but upon our re-arrival the doorman informed us that the club's main fuse had blown, causing in a blackout. Thus re-entrance was denied. So as a result I ended up missing both **The Crusaders** and **The Meteors**. Shit!

I can't think of a better act to have started Sunday's show than **The Countdowns.** They tore shit up from the get-go and had their fans singing way loud to the chorus of "Pussy Stank." (sincere apologies for last issue's typo, guys!) I've only seen 'em thrice so far, and already they've made #1 on my list of must-see LA bands. Their brand of R&B lunacy has always been a crowd pleaser, and demands to be seen!

Japanese trio **The Go-Devils** made quite an impression with raw garage trash accentuated with broken English. They were unique and raw, and quite a treat to the eyes as well, as the accompanying photo will prove! These jumping bomb angels even did a rendition of "Strychnine" that had people's feet dancin' up an El Nino sized storm.

I could go on and on about all the various chaos that took place, but I'm sure you've gotten the idea by now that DDD was the only place to be that weekend. By the time Sunday's installment was over with I was thoroughly... well, *demolished!* Can't wait 'til next year to assault my senses once more.

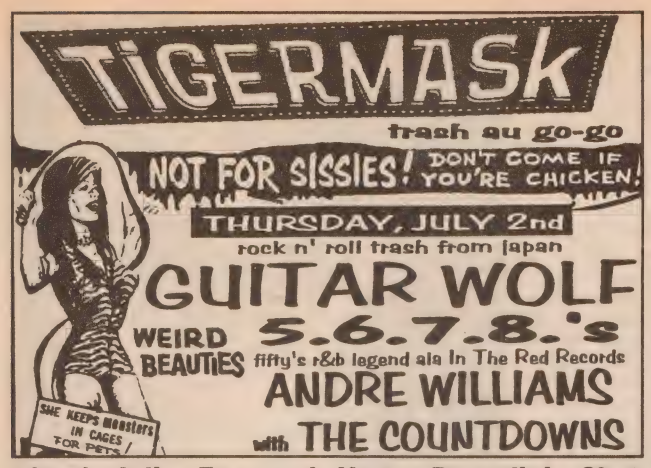
BEHIND THE ORANGE CURTAIN: Caught wind of an outdoor roots rock freebie in Fullerton so I found myself making a rare descent into OC. Supposedly this event was hosted by Gary "What You Talkin' 'Bout, Willis?" Coleman, yet he was nowhere to be found. Didn't see him, so for all I know he could have been prowling around somewhere... after all, he is a *short* li'l bastard! We pulled up just in

↑The shakin' and shimmyin' fury that is Nurse Nam.

← Not a bird, not a plane, but an Invisible Man.

↑Flipside's own Gus and a friend getting into the spage-age spirit of things.

↑The scary fellas of Deadbolt.



→(top) Julie Fox and Harry Drumdini. Shot sequence →Tim: "So you're really a lesbian? Annette: "Yes!" Tim: "And when did you discover that you were?" Annette: "Today!" She then threw up in a trash can. Later on in the evening, she proved her allegiance for the tuna by poring over a copy of "Lesbian Licks." ←Tim and his tag team partner meeting up with The Go-Devils.

time to catch **The Sun Demons'** smokin' rockabilly. The fellas kept those dancers busy with cool sounds on this hot afternoon. In between witnessing young Betty Page lookalikes hurling teriyaki to the pavement, we managed to catch some tunes **The Tiki Tones, King Kukulele** with his goofy assed renditions of island favorites, and **Big Sandy and the Fly Rite Boys**. The latter inspired lotsa dancing... and an impromptu contest saw one lucky couple win tix for the following week's **Octane '98**.

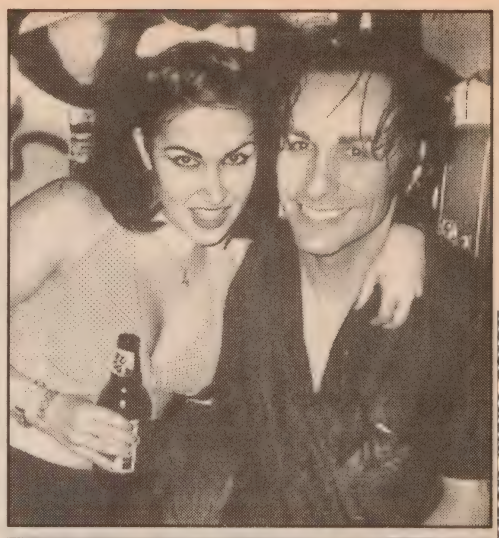
MOVING 'RIGHT ALONG: Moved from the Simi Drive-In to The Garage at the very last minute, supposedly due to the jealousy of a rival promoter, Octane '98 turned out to be a gas. In spite of the classic car show, vintage clothing swap, and porn star dunking booth not taking place, the fans got to see a shitload of bands over a two day period. Killer sets came about courtesy of **Russell Scott and the Red Hots, Johnny Legend and the Naked Apes, 3 Bad Jacks**, 70's rockabilly idol **Robert Gordon**, **The Meteors**, and many, many others. I managed to meet up with Dee Dee Troit early on and she was cool enough to smoke me out in the alley... going back into The Garage, I got to see **Deadbolt** start off their slot, and their dark, spooky stylings combined with a nice cannabis buzz turned out to be very intoxicating. I sure hope the promoters made a tidy profit at the door 'cause I wouldn't mind an edition of this event come '99.

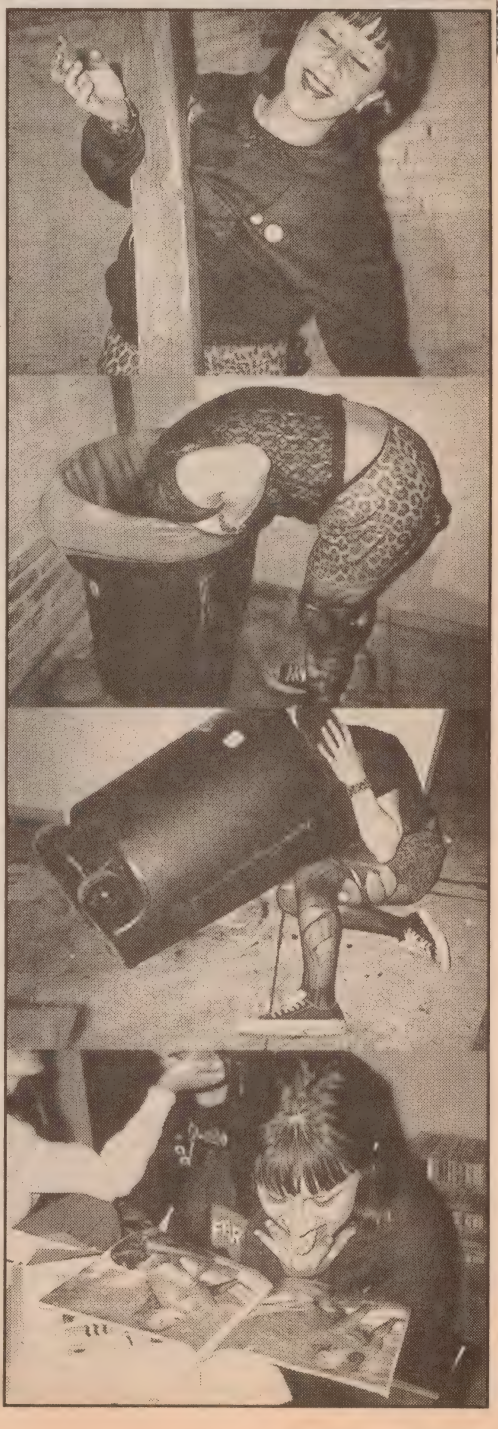
...AND DON'T FORGET THE SAFETY GOGGLES!: Count The Garage as yet another venue that won't be hosting the likes of **The Go-Nuts** anytime soon. These purveyors of superhero snack rock belted out song after song of their love of junk food. One particular number caught my ears, "Give the Cheese to China," an enjoyable little ditty about how our friends overseas are deprived of the joys of cheddar. The set ended with the boys whipping out their bazooka fashioned from a leaf blower and showering the entire venue with massive clouds of powdered sugar. It was so fucking cloudy that taking a picture of the insanity proved to be impossible, and I truly feel sorry for those wearing leather as many a jacket was caked with that crap. It was funny watching those not in the know standing up front and getting bombarded! More than one patron that evening was seen scribbling "Wash Me" onto the sugar-coated tables...

ROCK 'N' ROLL ALL DAY, AND PARTY EVERY NIGHT!: Another **Paulypalooza** came and went. Took a horrid bus ride towards Covina. Dealt with retarded passengers trying to initiate conversation. Walked close to two miles in the wrong direction in search of the party. By the time I marched thru the entrance, over three hours after leaving the house, I was a man on a mission. Put a serious dent in that Newcastle keg and caught some great tunes, especially from the way underappreciated **Knucklebone**.... and by that I'm referring to the ears of the promoters, not the fans. A superb, powerful ensemble who remind me of a more raspy inbreeding of Cheap Trick corrupted by Glenn Danzig. I gave 'em a hand in doing vocs for "Sex Bomb," and it wasn't long before bandleader Tracy got the bright idea that he was Hollywood Hogan and tackled drummer Scotto mid-song. The fucker even punched me in the goddamn *nuts!* OOOOF! As you can imagine, I finished the rest of the number in falsetto. Aside from that mishap, it was well worth the journey for bands of wildly varying styles, an endless supply of hooch, and plenty of burgers. A tattoo booth was also on hand... luckily I was short on cash, 'cos lord knows it would've sucked waking up on finding a godawful tat of, say, Ginger Spice on my forearm...

...AND WHERE WERE YOU?!?: Last night I went to a gig that full-on earned a spot on my '98 Top Ten list. A serpentine line was already formed before sunset, where Tiger Mask threw an amazing bill of **The Countdowns, Andre Williams, The 5.6.7.8's,** and outta controllers **Guitar Wolf** in the confines of Hollywood Moguls. First band, The Countdowns, tore up the usual shit... I was failed to be unimpressed. Made a mental note to steal a copy of their CD on Scooch Pooch from Rhino. The fellas did return clad in robes, along with a rhythm git man, to become the backing band for obscure 50's screamer Andre Williams. My man Andre was too much... most of his tunes centered around gettin', you know, *action*... or the pursuit thereof. Understand!? King Pimp Daddy had that throng worked up from the start, and with well reason as he was down-to-the-ground-goddamn-*down!* He seemed genuinely thrilled to be performing, as after chatting with him, this was his first gig in almost *thirty* years...! The 5.6.7.8's won many heads over with their primitive garage madness, doing a chunk o' songs from their latest, "Pinheel Stomp" and begat the beginnings of their own summer dance party, while "Japanese Greatest Jet Rock 'N' Roll Band" Guitar Wolf (hey, don't blame me... that's what they're referred to on their latest Matador release, bad syntax included!) fully took no prisoners and meticulously, without any hint of subtlety, gave each and everybody present a trashy, thrashy, well deserved *jiu jitsu* knuckle sandwich. And the beating didn't end there... several cuts from "Planet of the Wolves" were worked over and destroyed, and they extended an open invitation to a lucky soul to join in on guitar... unfortunately the guy couldn't play a lick. Still, this did not hamper the padded cell frenzy that has, that is, that will always be... *Guitar Wolf!* 'Nuff said!

POMONA SCENE REPORT: Went to the grocery store at 11 AM. Everything was cool, everything was normal. Leaving was a different story. A full block of Garey Ave. was taped off by the cops... upon closer inspection I see the aftermath of a drive-by, with blood streaming aside the drivers' door. Not just a speckle, mind you... I'm talkin' about a full blown gusher of plasma. It looked like a shoot for an H.G. Lewis comeback. The incident didn't hit the papers until it was the third of random-style shootings that





Two-thirds of The Countdowns→
←Mark of the Phantom Rockers

were taking place all in the same week. The victim was in ICU for five days, then died.

Memorial Day. Alone, kicking back reading a magazine at midnite. I hear a faint alarm. It gets louder, LOUDER... the crescendo of which results in a rather large BOOM! I look outside to investigate, and see two homies hopping my neighbors fence a mere fifteen feet away. I make a quick retreat back into the confines of the house. The boys in blue are there in a nanosecond, with an amount of firearms that would make Charlton Heston green with envy. I motion one over and inform him of where the offenders are hidden. The fucks are taken into custody. Go ahead, call me a rat... but, hey, I watch out for my neighbors, and they watch out for me. Plain and simple. Hopefully that was the third strike for both of those losers... I have no sympathy whatsoever for car thieves, as I have experienced that violation... my only regret is that those punks weren't thrown outta window after crashing into that tree...

Walking down from the store at half past ten. The night is silent, the only noise you can hear is the buzz of the lampposts. It's cold, it's chilly... and from a distance you can see a Camaro screeching thru the streets, evading a hit-and-run charge. The evidence is all too obvious with the smashed front end of the car. Got heavily maddogged by the driver, as I was the sole witness from the street. The area was so desolate, I wouldn't have put it past him to pull a U-ie, whip out a piece, and send me to meet my dad in the afterlife.

Two days ago as of this writing, a few of us had an interesting run-in with the local gangstas. It was decided that the lot of us would go to the store and pick up some forties. For some reason, why I don't know, my roomie pulls up in front of the hardcore gang bangers. My alarm went off as one G made some comment about "motherfuckin' rednecks"... that particular person's alarm went off upon seeing Keith's red bandana flying from his back pocket. It was the wrong color in that 'hood. The following conversation took place:

"Yo, whassup wid dat dead ass rag?!?"

"You have a problem with that?"

"Yeah!"

"Well, do you want it...?

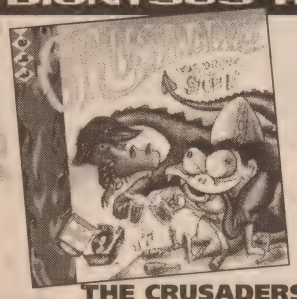
"Yeah!!"

The offending cloth was given, promptly set fire to, we made our purchase, and then went back home to corrupt underaged minds with a viewing of "Pink Flamingos".

Take care and live every day as tho it's your last...☠

-Tim From Pomona

wild wax, deranged discs, musical mayhem!
THE DIONYSUS RECORDS EMPIRE
DIONYSUS RECORDS - HELL YEAH - BACCHUS ARCHIVES



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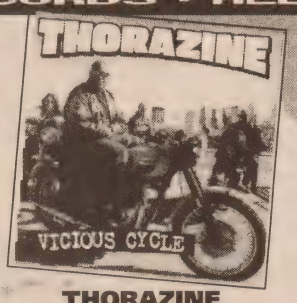

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VICIOUS CYCLE
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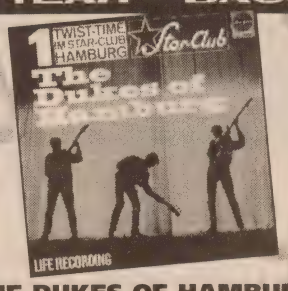
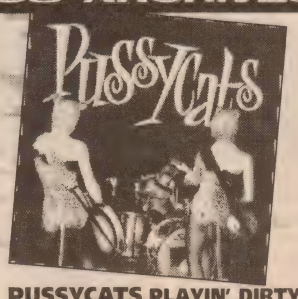
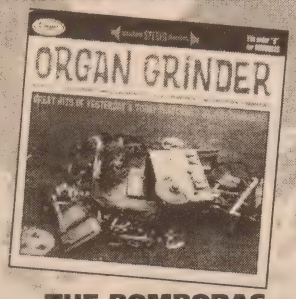


THE DUKES OF HAMBURG
TWIST TIME IM STAR-CLUB
LP ONLY • ID123359



PUSSYCATS PLAYIN' DIRTY
South Europes fave all girl punk group, like a female Dwarves!
LP/CD • HELL48



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On April 23 I caught **Men's Recovery Project** and **Behead the Prophet** at the PCH. The place was packed. Sam MacPheeters was dressed in Colonial times costume, complete with pie hat. He began the set with some rant on the government as the rest of the band, costumed in masks, prepared for the upcoming "musical" onslaught. The music ranged from Suicide art damage to full tilt hardcore. Couldn't help but think how strange it is to see Sam MacPheeters in a different band other than Born Against. Behead the Prophet... Any hype you have heard about this band does not even come close to doing them justice. They go beyond that. Behead the Prophet rock like a motherfucker! The singer spent most of the set running around in the crowd, who coincidentally were just as spastic as the band. The set concluded with the crowd rushing the band and knocking them to the ground. Fuck yeah...

No Less were supposed to play the PCH on May 1, but had to head back to Redwood City due to van trouble. But I hear **Ruido** and **Bad Acid Trip** played anyway. I missed it...

Deficit have called it quits. They played their last show at the PCH on Saturday May 16. Apparently the members are seeking higher education. **Lifes Halt** opened up the show with another one of their energetic performances. Definitely a band to watch out for. They have a song on a comp from *Change* fanzine coming out soon. **Missing 23rd** played after them I believe. They're really good, kind of bring to mind a more tuneful Minor Threat. I believe they have an LP in the works.

NEWS BREAK - Monster X played their last sow on June 24. **Devola** recorded for an EP on 625. **Mk - Ultra** have a split with **Seein' Red** coming out on Coalition sometime, then somewhere in there will be a split with **Crudos**. **DS-13** repressed their amazing "Aborted Teen Generation" EP on red, and apparently it's all sold out. Heard that Havoc Records may do a domestic release of it. Seek this record out! DS-13 also have a split 7" with **Heads Kicked Off** on Spiral Objective out soon, and there's a possible split with **Last Match** and maybe something on Really Fast Records. Members of **Utter Bastard, Misanthropists**, and all two of **Godstomper** have a new side band called **Beautiful 666.**

ZINES - *Jesus Is Dead So Deal With it #1* is out. It's done by Ron, the vocalist for thunder-violence pioneers Devola. The zine consists of his thoughts on the current state of hardcore. Many criticisms are right on point. There's also a few other things thrown in as well - can't give it all away to you. The centerfold is actually pretty funny. Send a letter and $1.00 to: PO Box 1221, New Paltz, NY 12561.

Mel cranked out a new issue of *No Barcodes Necessary*. Issue #6 has interviews with Sned (Flat Earth Records), Jon (Active Distribution), Richard (Armed with Anger Records), Stampin' Ground, and a three way with Brob (Tilt!), Stef (Empower), and Nico (Outrage). Then it's all rounded off with articles, reviews, and the ever-improving quality of this already great zine. Send $4 to Mel Hughes, 83 Glebe Park, Chanterhill, Enniskillen, BT74 DB, N. Ireland.

Florimond from the French crust band **Primitiv Bunko** does a zine called *Fight for Your Mind*, and the second issue is now available. This installment is now typed, with only the news being handwritten. Inside you'll find interviews with Spazz, State of Fear (including a centerfold), Profane Existence, and Blanks 77. Along with reviews, you'll find a short history of Black Flag, an article on Mumia Abu-Jamal, and contacts to French distributors. If you can read French give this one a look. Send $3 to Florimond Soyez, 84 Avenue des Colestins, 03200 Vichy, France.

Chad from **Brother Inferior** has a zine called *Prayertower*, which is a collection of thoughts and experiences pertaining mainly to religion and politics, and a little bit of scene stuff too. As much as it's a means to put forth his thoughts in more detail than lyrics allow, it's also a call for communication. Send $1 to PO Box 8545, Tulsa, OK 74101 - 8545.

Crass Menagerie went on-line sometime last year I believe. You can get on the mailing list by writing to - toocrass@hotmail.com. This zine has news, reviews, and interviews with bands and people involved with all aspects of the underground. When you think you've heard of it all, *Crass Menagerie* will surprise you.

Far from Home put out a new issue with interviews from Ensign, Strife, Fury 66, and Against All Authority. This zine is rounded out with opinions, reviews, photos and stories. It's free if you see it in stores, but if you can't find it, send $2 to 7512 Amigo Ave., Reseda, CA 91335.

WEBSITES - Monster X have two sites dedicated to them so far. One address is - http://members.aol.com/Mailrats77/MonsterX.html. This site has a guest book, list of records with graphics and lyrics. The second site is - http://home.c2i.net/abakkemo/MonsterX. This site has a little more to offer with lyrics, reviews of Monster X releases from various zines, reprints of interviews, and links to other sites. **Charles Bronson** has a site at - http://members.aol.com/youthattack/412.html. You get the discography, photos, history, and links among others things.

One site that will blow your ever lovin' mind is *Sanctuary* zine. Being from Ireland it will give you the latest on what's going on in the scene there, then there's band pages for Amebix, Disaffect, Hiatus, and Doom. On top of that there's sound pages, news, reviews, graphic pages, labels / distros, information on upcoming punk fests, and links to more band pages than you can imagine. You can reach this site by writing to -http://homepages.iol.ie/~naughton/index.html.

PLAY MY TOWN - If you're looking to play the LA area, there's two all ages clubs to call. The first one is Bollocks (562) 988 - 0622. Then there's the PCH Club - (562) 434 - 4564. Ron from Devola books shows in the town of New Paltz, NY, so give him a call at (914) 256 - 9570. Be sure to call all these places at a decent time, too.

WHY? - Been informed recently that Dan a.k.a. Big Boy, bass player for **No less** is no longer with us. He'll be missed, but No Less will carry on.

Alright, I guess that wraps that up for this installment. Send demos, records, zines, show dates, news, whatever to the address below. Take care!

-Matt Average
PO Box 64666, Los Angeles, CA 90064 USA
e-mail - engine98@earthlink.net

CAUGHT IN MY EYE

Men's Recovery Project → Behead the Prophet. ↓ Pics by Matt Average

Jonny Chan and the New Dynasty 6

Interview by Nurse Nam

Within our sorry times of boring electronic blip bands, self effacing alternageek projects, and endless female diva sap croonings, Jonny Chan and the New Dynasty 6 is all about F-U-N, fun. They conjure up the days of late 60's pop garage bands with neatly pressed suits, wholesome, fun lyrics, and heartbreaker, dashing good looks. I heard their rough mix three months ago in the office of Dionysus Records and I couldn't wait for their album, "So...You Want Action" to come out! So it's here and you're still there reading this interview - what is your problem?! Get your lame ass off to the nearest Wall-O-Records and get it! Your sorry, miserable lives with be enriched with songs of utmost catchiness and toe tapping madness! I kid you not. They were one of the most well received bands in the drunken-orgy-rock fest known as the Dionysus Demolition Derby. I caught up with these Romeos of rock at the event and they were kind enough to honor me with an interview. They were under the watchful eyes of the mysterious Emperor Ho (their manager and mentor) and Smiling Kirk Hansen, their choreographer/art director. I love these East Coast boys to death! Read on and see why I like to cause trouble. (P.S. Ladies, do not interview bands while you are in nurse uniforms.)

Nam: OK let's start this way down. Introduce yourself and what you do for a living.
Jonny: Don't say what you do for a living. I'm Jonny Chan.
Nam: OK what instrument do you play?
Jonny: Guitar and I sing.
Tommy: I'm Tommy Jade. I play bass and fuzz bass.
Tripp: I'm Tripp Fontaine and I'm a pastry chef.
Wayne: Wayne Sweeny - building a temple of rock for you.
Nam: Oh, OK. Now give us a little bit of a background. When did you guys first get started? Which bands were you involved with before this fine project?
Jonny: Well we've always been together. Always.
Tripp: More or less.
Tommy: Feels that way, definitely feels that way.
Jonny: You want us to give you a real answer?
Wayne: Well there was the old Dynasty 5 and those guys... what happened was a terrible bus wreck and Jonny somehow miraculously survived.
Tripp: Although he wasn't actually *in* the band.
Wayne: They were on tour in Guatemala - and I don't know - it was something with the bananas. That was the old Dynasty 5 and I think Jonny just - he had an epiphany, didn't you Jonny? Yeah, on Mt. Baldy one day... I think she's bored.
Jonny: She wants real answers.
Nam: No, I don't care. You know it's an interview and I don't have any set standards. If you wanna goof around, it's fine.
Wayne: That was the birthday of the new Dynasty 6. We were born that day.
Jonny: Actually I used to be in a band with Freddie Fortune (of Fortune and Maltese) called the Covingtons and...
Wayne: Yeah Jonny make us look like asses.
Nam: Yeah, so where did you find these losers?
Tommy: Actually I met Jonny in our other life and Jonny thought that I was lame and we rehearsed and discovered that we were not lame together and we played with some other people but that kind of fizzled out and I knew Wayne Sweeny from other band experiences and Tripp knew Jonny from other channels and he got involved.
Tripp: I was flown in from abroad. I was brought in to bolster the New Dynasty 6.
Jonny: No, I started the New Dynasty 6. Actually it all started when I decided that I wanted to get back in the industry - rock'n'roll industry that is - and 3 or 4 years away from that and one day I was just walking down the street and I thought, "The New Dynasty 6" and then I thought...
Wayne: That's a fascinating story.
Jonny: No, it just popped into my head and now I said we need to have a frontman so I knew Emperor Ho and we wanted to call it Emperor Ho and the New Dynasty 6 but Emperor Ho can't sing.
Wayne: And he's not angry enough.
Jonny: He can sing but he's like a madrigal. He doesn't have an angry bone in his body.
Wayne: But since he's been hanging out with us, he's been getting more and more [angry].
Jonny: Yeah, he's already called me an asshole! But anyway, sad to say, Emperor Ho could not sing but I knew there was a place for him within this sphere - structure for him - and we found it, but the thing is I changed my name to Jonny Chan, legally, mind you.
Nam: Really? Can I see your driver's license?
Jonny: No you can't.
Wayne: No but you had the plastic surgery also.
Jonny: Yes I did. So anyways, it just made sense, for some reason. I don't know why.
Nam: Do you get a lot of people coming up to you expecting you to be Chinese?
Jonny: Yeah, all the time.
Tripp: Well we're actually huge in China. We've actually sold millions of records.
Tommy: Bootlegs.

Wayne: The funny thing about this band is that we shun publicity and we've also started dabbling in Satanism so, I mean, we don't have to do much.
Nam: That sums it up right there, that's the music industry.
Wayne: We worship the dark lord.
Tripp: We have sold ourselves to get where we are today.

Tripp: There's a chapter in the little red book about the band. Our own chapter. It was edited out of the first printing.
Wayne: The funny thing about this band is that we shun publicity and we've also started dabbling in Satanism so, I mean, we don't have to do much.
Nam: That sums it up right there, that's the music industry.
Wayne: We worship the dark lord.
Tripp: We have sold ourselves to get where we are today.
Tommy: Yeah, I got 3 drink tickets!
Jonny: Buying our tickets to get to California and get Red Dog for free, and that is not an endorsement by the way.
Tommy: Premium Red Dog.
Wayne: Are you serious? 3 beers each?
Jonny: Yeah, but I heard they got tons of beers for free from that guy.
Nam: Don't worry. Ralph and Rob [of Tigermask, the promoters] will take care of you guys.
Jonny: Where was I? Oh yeah, so I started this band three years ago and it was me and this 17-year-old kid and this girl who cried every show and then this other guy who joined.
Tripp: Don't get too detailed Jonny.
Jonny: Am I getting too detailed?
Wayne: I hope we have time to get a check up later.
Nam: Well it depends on how well you answer the questions.
Jonny: Well that other band just exploded in my face and then Wayne and Tommy saw me and said they'd like to play with me, or something like that, or I asked them. We started playing together. Then Tripp was magnetically drawn to us.
Tripp: I woke up one day and I said I must find the New Dynasty 6. It was my particular quest. Some people are

"Ab Fab" Tommy Jade - bASS and rump shaker

Tripp Fontaine - drums and auteur

drawn. It was like a fan, I was so drawn to them.
Nam: Like fate or destiny.
Tripp: Yeah it was kind of like love at first sight.
Wayne: It wasn't like you were drawn to us, you were just repelled from so many other things.
Tripp: That's true. It's sort of the lowest common denominator.
Nam: Well, how would you describe your sound?
Tommy: It's amazing.
Tripp: Lot of throbbing, rhythmic, pulsating...
Tommy: In your face.
Tripp: ...swell. If you like to be... if you like to cry, laugh, and go through basically every emotional state possible in 90 seconds then we're the band for you.
Jonny: People have said that we are a bit misogynistic though and a couple of people have said that I'm a bit too angry.
Tommy: I just want to put this to rest. That's not true.
Jonny: Our style of music - we've been described as "throbbing pop."
Nam: Would you say that you guys are 60's influenced?
Wayne: More 1860's.
Tripp: No, we're 1760's.
Wayne: We find that the 1860's and the 1760's to be more influential. So when you say 60's, then that's what we are.
Tripp: We're really influenced by the 1760's: high rolling, romantic, debonair, and former relative of Jonny Chan who actually formed, I think it was a... I'm not sure about this but I may be on shaky ground.
Tommy: You're talking about the old dynasty.
Jonny: I don't know what he's talking about. Ask us another question. OK what song do you like that we play. Any of them?
Nam: I like "Hey." You wrote that, right? And what prompted that? It's so simple and catchy.
Jonny: Because I'm simple and catchy.
Tripp: Tell us a bit about yourself.
Nam: No, this is an interview about you guys.
Jonny: Watch out for this guy. He's tricky. He'll hypnotize you with his eyes
Tripp: Don't be like that to Nam. I'm just kidding Nam.
Jonny: We could be real serious.
Nam: But you're not. It's OK. Nobody is telling you to.
Tripp: I want to be serious. Can I just be serious for 30 seconds? I am not like these guys.

Jonny Chan - vocals and guitar

Wayne Sweeny - guitar and vocals

Jonny: We've always tried to figure out what Tripp is about actually. We actually think of him to be more of an associate... than a friend.
Nam: That explains it. That explains it all.
Wayne: That's Jonny view on life.
Tripp: I'm just sort of there to help Jonny get to where he needs to go. I'm like if Jonny is some sort of guru then I'm Jonny's carrier but little does he know that I'm going to drop him soon.
Nam: Are you gonna start your own band?
Tripp: I'm going to - well I won't go into details but there is a major contract involved. I'm trying to court Tommy and Wayne out from under Jonny's feet.
Nam: At the same time?
Jonny: We'll see about that.
Nam: Tell us about the recording of this album. How did it go?
Jonny: It was cheap.
Tommy: It was very spontaneous. It was very - how would you say? Spontaneously lo-fi and wonderful and that's what works for us.
Wayne: I borrowed some equipment from the U.S. government and then we just got some tape and set up at our house and we just played our set and we miked everything up. No tricks, everything pretty much turned out.
Tommy: We played our music for seasoned professionals and they can't believe the amount of perfection we've gotten from such a simple set up.
Nam: How long were you guys together prior to the recording?
Jonny: It's hard to say because a lot of the guys go away on vacation. They...
Nam: They just want to leave you.
Jonny: A lot of people find me annoying.
Tripp: We spent the night together before the recording and that helped tighten the band.
Tommy: Probably about a year.
Jonny: That's not a very humorous answer Tommy.
Tommy: That's the factual. I'm in the facts here.
Nam: OK then you, you, you get the fuck out and I'll talk to him.
Tripp: We did spend about 4 hours recording the album. Literally four hours.
Wayne: And then Tripp left and we recorded for days.
Jonny: What happened is we sent stuff to Lee [Joseph, head honcho at Dionysus Records]. We had 11 songs and those 11 songs took about 6 hours.
Tommy: It was just a couple of days of mixing. It wasn't that bad.
Jonny: We were going for a live sound, just as live as possible.
Tommy: I mean all these guys with 12 mics on the drum set. We go for one overhead.
Tripp: I only use 11 [mics]. No, I'm a one mic drummer.
Nam: Yeah, I don't like those mic sluts.
Jonny: We're actually toying with the idea of recording some more stuff. We're going to play a couple of new songs tonight.
Nam: So is there a new direction that you're taking?
Jonny: Yeah, I think we're gonna go from the summer of 1966 to the summer of 1967.
Wayne: Not too psychedelic.
Jonny: Just maybe the spring of '67.
Tommy: Harder and rawer might be the way to describe our coming direction.
Jonny: I don't think so. I would say much more sensitive and introspective.
Tommy: Well, within the rawness and the hardness the introspection comes through. You will see us.
Nam: I'll be the judge of it later. OK, OK just blow me away. That's all I ask.
Tommy: Oh we will.
Nam: How would other people describe your sound since you guys don't want to give me a straight answer from your perspective.
Jonny: Like two years ago, people who are into garage music hated our guts in New York because... I don't know, they didn't like us. We just recently played with the Neckbreakers and some people actually liked us.
Wayne: A lot of people are jealous of our good looks.
Tommy: I think we're converting the flocks because I think a lot of people at the beginning of this whole experience were like - they must play as authentic as possible to win them over. And we do.

Nam: So is there a new direction that you're taking?
Jonny: Yeah, I think we're gonna go from the summer of 1966 to the summer of 1967.
Wayne: Not too psychedelic.
Jonny: Just maybe the spring of '67.

Tripp: As Confucius says, an avalanche begins with the first drop of rain.
Jonny: I think that may be a metaphor. What do you mean rain? It's snow.
Tripp: An avalanche starts with the first drop of rain.
Jonny: We got our title for our new album.
Nam: What is it?
Jonny: It's not confirmed. It's a working title. Should I say it? I'm not sure if I should say it because I don't know if the rest of the band has agreed to it yet.
Wayne: Just say it.
Jonny: "Jonny Chan Sings Songs of Hate." I'm afraid that people would try to steal it. [Don't worry Jonny. I don't think anyone would do such a dastardly deed.]
Tripp: Jonny is going to actually copyright that.
Jonny: Yeah and no cussing. That's another thing. We don't swear.
Nam: Oh, so you're a wholesome band that America can grasp and welcome into their loving bosoms?
Jonny: We challenge you and we make you think.
Nam: So you guys are Jonny Chan and the New Dynasty 6 but you guys have a sound catered to the American audience.
Wayne: True.
Nam: Don't you find that to be oxymoronic?
Tommy: I don't know if it's catered to the American audience. I think it's for all the audience.
Tripp: Well, I've got European influences.
Wayne: Give us back your green card!
Nam: Are you French?
Tripp: I'm not.
Nam: I was going to say if you were you were going to be excused for being so annoying.
Tripp: No, I'm from Ireland but I do French occasionally. We're international.

Kids in Czechoslovakia are dancing to Jonny Chan and the New Dynasty 6.
Tommy: I guarantee that. [He's Czech.]
Nam: So would it be fair for me to call you guys "four debonair playboy jerks"?
Jonny: Yeah that would be fair.
Wayne: We're basically gonna break your heart and take your women, I mean, that's basically what we do.
Nam: Hey I'm eating this up!
Jonny: Oh yeah, you're gonna eat us up?
Nam: Yeah, just put your head on a silver platter and I'll help myself.
Tommy: Actually we're very nice.
Jonny: No, we are not nice at all.
Tripp: Actually we can be really nice.
Tommy: Jonny is very angry.
Emperor Ho: Jonny is an asshole.
Nam: Emperor Ho may I curtsey to your royal presence.
Emperor Ho: You may rise.
Nam: Where did you meet these four disgusting jerks?
Emperor Ho: Well Jonny Chan saw me wearing a suit at a club and he thought that I looked really good in a suit so he decided to ask me to...
Nam: The prom?
Emperor Ho: No, to manage his band. That's the sole reason why I am involved here in the first place, I look good in a suit.
Jonny: I was actually trying to toy with the idea of him wearing a kimono.
Nam: But that's from Japan.
[Mogul's is playing the Jonny Chan video on the projector. Jonny rushes to feed his enormous ego.]
Jonny: We do love ourselves by the way.
Nam: OK now that Jonny's gone, let's do the interview.
Jonny: Should I really go watch the video?
Nam: No, you're not moving until I tell you to.
Jonny: I like that.
Tripp: Can you take my temperature?
Nam: Yeah if I can stick it up your butt.
Wayne: That's the idea.
Nam: OK, let's do the interview. We can play later! OK the suits.
Jonny: I got this one for $10 eight years ago.
Tommy: Mine's on loan from a friend.
Tripp: Loaner.
Wayne: [exposing his belt lining] Read what this says.
Nam: I can't see.
Wayne: Come closer.
Nam: Oh, $2! What a deal! And your waist is 34... with a belt.
Jonny: Are those 34?!
Emperor Ho: This is a $60 number from Rose's Antiques.
Jonny: Tripp Fontaine is wearing my suit. I just want to have that on record.
Tripp: This is the suit that Jonny wore when he was a little lighter.
Jonny: Yeah I lost a little weight. I got a weight problem. I'm trying to lose it. It's right here [pointing to mid section]. I'm getting older and it's showing.
Tommy: You're getting younger Jonny. It's rock'n'roll.
Tripp: Well the kids look up to overweight rock stars.
Nam: Hey Gary Glitter. He was huge, literally.
Jonny: I have a problem with my thighs just right here and there. I did lose a few pounds.
Tripp: He did write a song called "Fatty Fatty" which is kind of autobiographical.
Jonny: Actually we did a song called "Fatty, Fatty 2 X 4" which that guy doesn't like. [Points to Smiling Kirk Hansen]
Nam: Who are you? Introduce yourself.
Smiling Kirk Hansen: I'm smiling Kirk Hansen.
Nam: Why are you smiling?
Kirk: I don't know. I guess it's because I was brought up that way.
Jonny: The thing about Smiling Kirk Hansen is that he always feels so damned good.
Kirk: I feel good all the time.
Emperor Ho: Kirk is our image consultant.
Nam: So did you come up with the whole suits and tie look?
Kirk: Yes I did and also you'll see the moves on stage that I masterminded.
Nam: So he's a choreographer.
Jonny: No, it's more heartfelt than choreographed.
Kirk: Didn't work on Tommy Jade because he's quite a natural at that.
Emperor Ho: He is also our graphic designer. He designed the poster and album cover as well.
Nam: Tell us about the making of the video that you, Jonny, were so eager to see. I'm sure you've seen it like a billion times.
Jonny: Of course I have. It's me.
Wayne: Basically we went out last summer and we had a show and we all got trashed and the next day was about 110 degrees and we decided to go out to Coney Island in our suits.
Tripp: So I called up some of my cinematographer friends. We organized the cameras and we got some lighting rigs and hired a couple of fashion models and headed out to Coney Island. We got over the boardwalk for a couple of days.
Jonny: It was the Mermaid Parade where everyone dresses like freaks, you know, and we dressed in suits.
Wayne: So we dressed like bigger freaks.
Jonny: All these people thought we were going to audit them or something.
Tripp: They were a bit shocked. It was a 100 degrees and we were in suits and they were pointing at us.
Nam: Did anyone call you guys the Beatles?
Tripp: They thought we were a band from Europe actually.
Tommy: See, we have that international appeal.
Tripp: We did look rather dashing.
Jonny: It starts from the footwear up - dash, dash, dash.
Tripp: So we shot that video over that day. It was last summer and we had a second session. We wanted to make a different season so we waited 'til winter and we shot the rest of the video in Williamsburg, Brooklyn right on the waterfront capturing the band's raw city energy.
Wayne: Our underwater sequences were entirely choreographed by Tommy Jade with the assistance of the U.S. Coast Guard! It was expensive but we had to do it.
Nam: Which song is going to be the next video?
Jonny: It's "All About Me."
Tommy: It's got to be that because it really is *all about him.*
Tripp: It's already a classic.
Wayne: It's a song about Jonny and how everybody revolves around him. It's his own world.
Tripp: He's extremely centered.
Wayne: Jonny is making a religion out of himself.
Nam: Jonnyism? Are you guys the high priest of Jonnyism would you say?
Wayne: No we are all the lamest men in rock'n'roll. We play along because Jonny is very sensitive.
Nam: Tell me about New York, what are the venues that you play? What is the reaction by the people there to your music?
Tommy: We are hated and loved at the same time. The crowds keep building and building and building.
Wayne: People are so darned jealous. But they want to know our secrets to success so they come to see us play.
Tripp: We have other bands coming in to watch us. They write notes in their little pads and go home trying to emulate us.
Jonny: Some guy walks in off the street and four weeks later I see him wearing a suit with his band. See what I mean?
Tripp: There are several Jonny Chan cover bands in the New York area as we speak.
Jonny: It didn't work for them. You see, I belong in this suit. I feel comfortable - you guys feel comfortable in these suits right? [Band collectively nods a yes.] But they were obsessing over their suits. I feel like with us there's no obsession.
Tripp: We play at Arlene's Grocery which is a pretty happening club.
Jonny: Baby Jupiter [?] is nice. They love us there. Acme Underground.
Wayne: We just put a series of shows at various grocery stores throughout New York.
Nam: Is the Continental still around? I don't know much about New York.

Emperor Ho: Well Jonny Chan saw me wearing a suit at a club and he thought that I looked really good in a suit so he decided to ask me to...
Nam: The prom?
Emperor Ho: No, to manage his band. That's the sole reason why I am involved here in the first place, I look good in a suit.

Jonny: They don't like us there.
Wayne: We blow away all the bands there. That's probably why they don't invite us.
Jonny: They might actually put this in - hey this is for Flipside so that goes to New York, right?
Everyone: Yeah.
Tommy: We love the Continental.
Jonny: We would love to play at the Continental.
Tripp: No, we're not prepared to link up with the Continental. They haven't treated us with the respect that we deserve. It's not that we hate the Continental. We just want a Saturday night headlining show past the 11 o'clock hour and free pizza slices. Just call Jonny's number. **Tommy:** 1-800-JONNY-CHAN.
Jonny: We play all the clubs in New York at one time or another and we have a huge following. It gets crazy. People recognize us on the streets.
Nam: OK then, which one of you gets the most chicks?
Tommy: It must be Jonny Chan.
Nam: George!
Everyone: George!
Nam: Come on George, tell us your secret to macking on the chicks!
George: You will have to find out for yourself.
[Ooohs and aaahs from everyone.]
Nam: That's why I don't like being a female interviewer, you boys are just sooo out of control!
Wayne: We're out of control?! Look where you're headed there lady. I can't tell you my moves because you can't resist them. [I see no threat what so ever]
Jonny: I get out after a show and the only people that come up are these big chubby guys that say, "You're great man! Wow!" and there's like no chicks. It's like, what happened to the chicks?
Tommy: You had women all over you at one show. You were singing on stage and they were all rubbing your body and putting oil on you.
Jonny: Yeah and then I get off the stage and they disappear. It's like, "What happened?"
Tommy: It's the music Jon, it's the music.
Tripp: Don't let him fool you. Jonny is a sexual dynamo. It's his guitar playing and his good looks. Girls tear their clothes off and rub up against him... oh, and it's his suit. I know this because I'm watching from behind the drums.
Wayne: He's basically watching Jonny's ass during the show.
Nam: Well now tell us what you think is going to happen in the new millennium.
Jonny: Big, big future. We are the future. The year 2000; this is what people are going to sound like and act like.
Wayne: 2000 is just a number.
Tripp: Rock and roll lives forever! We are the future and the past of rock and roll.
Wayne: We're going to get some new suits.
Tommy: We will be hanging off the apple at the big Dick Clark show. We're in touch with Dick's people.
Nam: Emperor Ho, where would you like to see this band going?
Emperor Ho: Why, total stardom.
Jonny: Of course. We deserve it. I mean look at us.
Wayne: We're also toying with the idea that basically we're gonna break up next year and do a reunion tour shortly after. That's an exclusive scoop.
[Everyone exits the room. I corner Emperor Ho for some real information.]
Nam: OK, give me the low down.
Emperor Ho: The place of origin for each band member: Jonny Chan - Detroit, Michigan. To be more precise, the neighborhood Troy. Wayne Sweeny, second guitar place of origin, San Francisco, California. Went to UCLA as music major, music theory. Plays classical violin as well as rock'n'roll on the guitar. Tripp Fontaine place of origin - Dublin, Ireland, his alter ego is that of a film maker. He is actually a member of the Irish Film Maker's Guild, a very exclusive community of only 50 some film makers. And then Tommy Jade's place of origin - the Czech Republic. Speaks Czech and goes to the Czech Republic quite a lot. Emperor Ho, place of origin, Taiwan but has resided in the United States since 1979. First in Texas, followed by New Hampshire, Massachusetts and now finally New York.
Nam: Thank you so much Emperor. I am most grateful for the information.

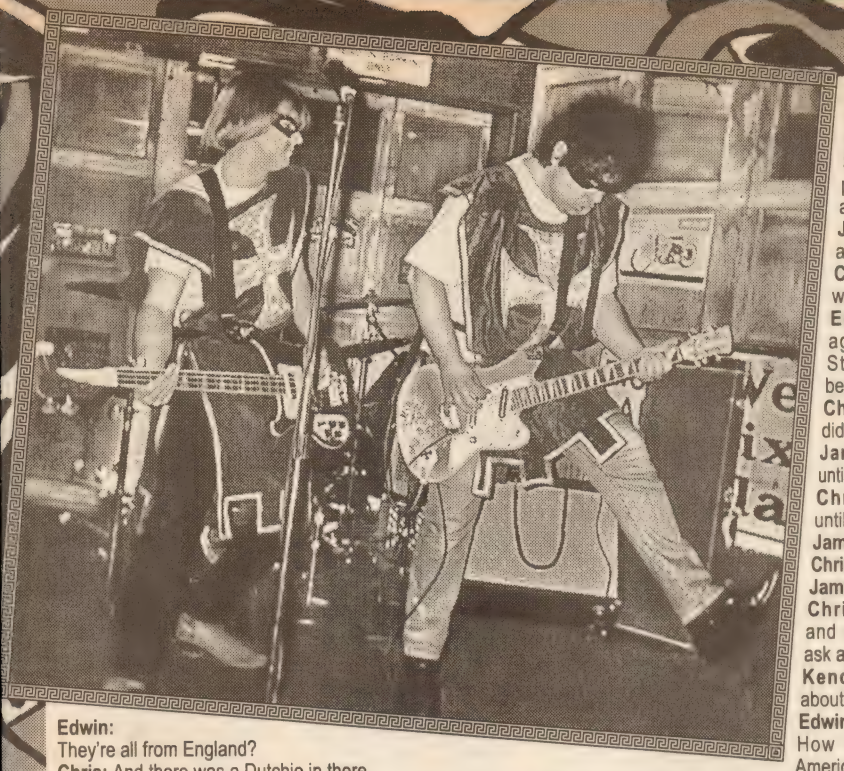
CRUSADERS

"FAT, DRUNK, AND STUPID"

Interview by "Sir" R Edwin Letcher

The Crusaders are one of my current favorite bands out of Australia. They played the Dionysus Demolition Derby on Saturday, May 23. I coaxed them into the parking lot to do an interview before their set and we walked around looking for cherried out, vintage autos to take pictures of them with. They were probably jet lagged but they were talkative and right jolly. This is just one example of the supreme gaffes I was responsible for at this three day garage rock extravaganza. I took photos for two days and all of them were stillborn. I didn't take a single shot that was usable for anything but performance art fodder. On day three, I thought all the bugs had been worked out and shot another couple of rolls. No luck. That's what I get for borrowing a camera with more than one button. Thankfully I was able to rectify things before this went to print as the "mates" came through LA again before heading for home. Get your ass off the "bar-b," "crack a tube" and meet the Crusaders from "down under."

Edwin: [indicating a Valiant] So, James, you've got a car that is basically like that?
James: Yeah, is that for publication?
Edwin: No, for my own personal benefit. I've got a jar of Vaseline and my own blow up girl. [I have no idea, now, what this was all about, but the Crusaders found it amusing and it took a minute of laughing before we could continue]
Edwin: Come on down here and let's get a photo... How about by the Oldsmobile? So, in Australia, are nice cars kind of a must?
Kendall: A way of life.
James: Ah, yeah... a lot of people have 'em.
Chris: Let's stop being Australian. We don't get the Oldsmobiles, just the Newmobiles.
Edwin: There's a nice yellow car down this way. So, James drives a Valiant. What do the other guys drive?
Kendall: I drive a Valiant. A '65.
Edwin: What is yours, James?
James: A '62 Valiant. [indicating Mickster] He drives a '64 wagon. A Holden. An Australian 60's car!
Edwin: Who's got the Australian 60's car?
Kendall: Mickster does.
Edwin: Mickster, what is it?
Mickster: It's an E.H. Holden wagon.
Chris: You didn't ask me.
Edwin: Well, yeah... Like anyone cares. [We may never know what he drives. We wandered on among the mostly cheap, modern, unremarkable examples of transportation 'til we found another pip.]
Edwin: There's an album cover right there.
Mickster: We could be the cut out Crusaders. We should have our costumes on.
Chris: We never do anything without our costumes on.
James: Which is great for our lady friends.
Chris: It's like Kiss' *Creem Magazine* photos. Like when they said, "Oh, it's all right; your manager said it's all right," when they were just starting out. They were kind of LA. They were doing a shoot for *Creem*. They said, "No, we can't do it without our make up and costumes," and *Creem* said, "Your manager said it was all right..." "OK..." Photo. They spent $30,000 getting the negatives back.
Edwin: OK, any truth to the rumors, now this is a very big rumor in America, that you guys got your name from a very popular American band, and that you used to be known as the Motley Crusaders? [the Crusaders all laugh their fool heads off]
Chris: That's totally gnarly, dude!
Kendall: We haven't heard that rumor yet, but it's probably true.
James: We used to be the Purple Knights.
Edwin: Ooh, really? Now, that is for real?
James: That's definite truth.
Mickster: Except we swapped Chris for two other gentlemen at a time.
Kendall: It was me, Chris and James.
James: Chris is worth more than two men, so we thought we got a good deal at the time.
Edwin: And did you have an alternative name when you played during the day?
James: During the day, we reverted to our mild mannered, alter egos. [We take a photo - gone, gone, gone - with a huge billboard of Angelyne as the back drop]
Mickster: Is Angelyne a blow up doll?"
Edwin: You don't have Angelyne in Australia, do you?
Mickster: No, we don't.
James: Who's Angelyne?
Edwin: Angelyne is that entity right there.
James: She's a whole lot of woman.
Edwin: Yeah, she's a whole lot of woman.
Kendall: She's got big tits as well.
Mickster: They're not real.
James: No, they're real.
Kendall: Silicone valley.
James: She's curved... she's curved.
Edwin: Yeah.
Mickster: She's curved. She defies geometry.
James: [laughs] I defy geometry!
Chris: Any car she travels in automatically has twin air bags.
Edwin: Wow, you guys have the Great Barrier Reef. You have kangaroos. We have Angelyne.
Kendall: I think you guys come off better.
James: Then we can conquer them all. I'd like to get in her pouch, mate. [A series of unintelligible vocal winks and nudges ensue.]
Edwin: Who writes the songs?
Mickster: We...
Kendall: Barry Manilow!
Chris: He didn't write that song! I saw an article on him, in an Australian newspaper -he didn't actually write that song.
James: No way.
Edwin: Who did?
Chris: Some other guy.
James: What a lying cunt... I write the songs...
Chris: We all write... the songs, although James and I have probably been more prolific, over the whole of the band, but likely...
James: But, over all, really, we've ripped off several.
Chris: I mean, who writes the songs?
James: Ed Cobb, Chuck Berry...
Edwin: If Barry Manilow doesn't, I don't know.
Chris: The Everly Brothers, Little Richard... Although Kendall learned two chords on the guitar and wrote six songs in the last month, which is really good, seeing as he hasn't done any song writing for the whole seven years that the band was together.
Kendall: Coming in with a vengeance, mate.
Edwin: Is he kind of like the Ringo of the band?
Chris: No!
Edwin: Sorry.
James: Who's got the biggest nose?
Chris: He's done "Yellow Submarine Sandwich." Mick does one song per album, in general.
James: No, that's on the contract. That's the drummer contract.
Mickster: I've got about 48 songs to do but...
Chris: He's waiting for his solo album.
Edwin: You need a 48 album deal.
Chris: Yeah, well that's what we said to Brian. A 48 album deal means that you can only barely make 48 albums...
Edwin: Why bother?
Chris: We want a 1,000 album deal.
Mickster: We'll make a 1,000 copies of each.
Chris: We'll sell at least 4. We can guarantee you that.
Edwin: Are there any Australian bands, you think, that really kick butt? [General oohs, yeahs, and other affirmative noises.]
Edwin: I personally love the Easybeats.
Kendall: So do we.
James: We gotta salute the Easybeats.
Chris: Actually, an interesting thing about the Easybeats, that you may not know; they're called Australian, and we regard them as Australian but...



Edwin: They're all from England?
Chris: And there was a Dutchie in there.
James: A bunch of mongrels, like the rest of Australians.
Kendall: They're migrants.
Chris: They're migrants. They met in a migrant hostel.**James:** That says something about Australia.
Chris: We're a melting pot.
Kendall: A mixture of everything.
Chris: But inside they all call themselves Australian.
James: In America, you might say like, "We're African American," "We're Celtic American." In Australia, we're all a bunch of mongrels.
Chris: Did you know that one of the guys out of the Easybeats, George, the guitarist...
Edwin: George...
Chris: Young.
Edwin: Young, that's right.
Chris: ...is the older brother of Malcolm and Angus, of ACDC.
Edwin: No, he's not.
Chris: Yes, he is!
Edwin: Oh, that's right. I was going to say he's their uncle, but you're right. I know that. He is the older brother.
Chris: His famous story is...
James: Are you doubting...?
Edwin: No, I knew that, I knew that.
Chris: His famous stories of Angus, as a child, being almost trampled by teeny boppers where the Youngs lived, in Sydney, and when the Easybeats were huge, invaded their house and all those teeny boppers ran through and Angus was still in nappies, you know...
James: They're a rock and roll dynasty.
Chris: That is a true story.
Edwin: I've always thought that Angus got the benefit of George's...
Chris: Well, the whole band did. George Young used to produce ACDC.
Edwin: I think that, George, when it got time for ACDC, George kind of knew that if you've got a really cool sound, you kind of milk it, you don't try and do too much...
Chris: That's right.
Edwin: I think that he was very instrumental in the ACDC phenomenon.
Kendall: And Harry Vanda, as well.
James: Harry Vanda's my hero,
Chris: You would find that most Australians about our age would say that ACDC were a fantastic band until Bon Scott died.
Edwin: Oh, yeah... I think most Americans would agree.
Chris: And, since the new boy, what ever his name is...
Kendall: Malcolm Johnson.
Chris: Malcolm? I thought it was Brian... [Mayhem erupts with general mutations of various names that mutated to the Stones.]
James: As soon as Brian died...
Edwin: The Stones. Plenty of people would argue that...
James: I'd argue any day.
Chris: I'll go along with that.
Edwin: I would agree that the Stones were a lot better before but...
Chris: But they still did some good stuff...
James: I'll give you until 1972, then fuck it.
Chris: I'll give you until '80.
James: '80?!
Chris: Yeah, '80, easily.
James: Forget it!
Chris: I like country and eastern. Anyway, ask another question.
Kendall: Let's talk about us.
Edwin: OK. This is what. How many nights is America?
Kendall: One. We're about to play our first gig.
James: Yes, our first gig ever.
Mickster: Is it 9 o'clock?!
Kendall: No, it's only 8 o'clock... about 2 hours to go.
Chris: You could read the paper out here, it's so bright.
James: We've got a bottle of Blue Smirnoff.
Chris: 100 proof.
James: 110.
Edwin: Do you guys usually get pretty schnockered?
Kendall: Oh, yeah. Sure.
Chris: Absolutely.
James: Before a gig, yeah, as a rule.
Mickster: It's in the contract.
Chris: I'd be drunk continuously.
James: You'd be amazed how much Lee had to change the contracts.
Edwin: Do you guys find that the overall sound of the band is evolving?
James: Good question.
Kendall: We started off as a pretty clean sounding unit...
James: Pretty clean, 60's punk, standard...
Kendall: And we just decided to drink more and it got more...
James: We started like the Herman's Hermits. Now we're more like the Sonics. We're de-evolving if anything.
Kendall: We're getting rawer, cheaper and nastier.
Chris: I know nothing about the Mummies!
Edwin: So, you guys obviously patterned your costumes on the Mummies, right?
Kendall: Yeah, right!
Edwin: I'm just kidding. Where do the costumes come from?
James: Medieval Europe.
Kendall: We were always called the Crusaders, OK, we just used to play in our street clothes, and that was cool...
Edwin: For real?
Kendall: This is for real. A girl used to come and see us quite often...
James: With big tits.
Kendall: She came with big tits... yeah.
Mickster: She got them reduced, actually.
Chris: They were so big, they used to charge her twice.
James: They were so big she had a reduction... I know that's unheard of in LA... [One of the security people informed us that we were making too much noise too close to the apartment buildings, so we moved and continued the interview]
Edwin: So, what about the costumes?
Kendall: We were always called the Crusaders, and this girl who used to come and see us a lot, in the early days, found these costumes at a street market in Melbourne. She bought them for us, gave them to us, and we thought... She asked us to wear them and we did, and we've worn them ever since.
Edwin: What do they smell like, now?
Chris: Terrible!
James: No, the original costumes are actually so moldy and decrepit, we had to get new ones.
Chris: The original ones... actually, my cross was totally ripped by my dog. I hung it...
James: He fed it to his dog!
Chris: I hung it on the clothesline to dry, after it was covered in beer, after a gig, and my dog was just a puppy and he tore it to shreds. But I still wore it for many years afterwards.
Edwin: So, you guys have new costumes?
Chris: They look the same but they're different.
Edwin: Did you have them made yourselves?
Kendall: We had them made by a friend of ours from Melbourne.
Edwin: Do you guys have extras, or do you have to wear the same ones?
James: We see enough gorgeous girls with big tits that can come up and dance... That's our extras.
Chris: Normally, we just wear the same costume, without washing it, day after day.
Edwin: Are there a lot of places to play in your home town?
James: Yeah, three. [Everyone else laughs.]
Chris: Well, let's go on record as saying that probably...
Kendall: There are a lot of places to play... but, we've been banned from quite a few of them.
Chris: Mostly the local scene, not the garage scene, which is quite small, there are probably about 8 or 9 bands. The other 1,000 bands in Sydney, absolutely, without doubt, totally suck... and so do the venue owners and all the places to play.
James: Yeah, and they can fucking come and fight us if they don't agree.
Mickster: That's exactly why we came to America to play.
Chris: It's even better fun going to Melbourne or other capital cities of Australia.
Mickster: And Brian thought his interview was bad [a reference to Brian Marshall who puts out a Minneapolis fanzine called *Noises from the Garage*].
Edwin: From here, you guys are going to Reno? That's your next stop?
Kendall: Sacramento is first. What's that like by the way?
Edwin: Sacramento... ah... it's about like LA except it's not as big.
Chris: We've only stayed in Hollywood so we haven't seen all of LA. Per capita, it looks like there's a lot of strange people.
Edwin: Well, you know, you're in Hollywood, and all the weirdos tend to come here to find other weirdos.
Kendall: That's 'why we came here.
Edwin: Exactly... I think you'll like Reno a lot.
Kendall: Yeah? We're a bit dubious about Reno.
James: Why do people go to Reno? They go to get divorced or something, right?
Edwin: Well, you can. Nevada, in general. Nevada is kind of weird, 'cuz you can gamble in other places, like in California, but people still go because of the image.
James: We wanted to go to Las Vegas. We wanted to drive through the desert.
Edwin: I don't know if it makes sense to go through Las Vegas on your way to Sacramento...
James: No, we're not going to do that.
Mickster: We're going to hang out for the Derby.
Edwin: Vegas is OK 'cuz there's a scene there...
James: Oh, there is?
Edwin: Separate from all the big clubs and stuff...
James: I've just read, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. That inspired me...
Kendall: To not go there.
Edwin: I think you'll like Reno. OK, after Reno, where to?
James: Portland, Oregon.
Edwin: You know, I've never been to shows north of, say, California.
Mickster: Have you ever toured around the country?
Edwin: No.
Kendall: OK, so we go to Portland, then Seattle, then...
Chris: Denver.
Kendall: Denver, Lawrence, Green Bay.
Mickster: Then we go to Minneapolis. Then we go back

Mickster: What are you talking about? We've all had sexual experiences with kangaroos.
James: We used to ride them to school. You can put your books in the pouch as you get along and you...
Kendall: Actually, kangaroos are a bit of a pest and people shoot them.

to Detroit, Chicago, Rochester, Philadelphia...
Kendall: Toronto's in there somewhere, too.
Edwin: So, what about Australia? Do you guys tour Australia?
James: Yes, we do.
Mickster: Well, you wouldn't actually call it touring.
James: We go to the only other major city on the east coast and that's Melbourne. That's a good 13 hours drive. Flat out driving.
Mickster: Two shows, go home.
Edwin: What's your home town again?
Mickster: Sydney!
James: Kangaroos.
Edwin: Have you guys seen actual, live kangaroos?
James: I rode them to school.
Kendall: You drive around Melbourne, you'll see kangaroos.
Mickster: What are you talking about? We've all had sexual experiences with kangaroos.
James: We used to ride them to school. You can put your books in the pouch as you get along and you...
Kendall: Actually, kangaroos are a bit of a pest and people shoot them.
James: That's bollocks!
Kendall: Well, they do... Farmers shoot them.
Chris: They shoot horses, don't they?
Kendall: I've seen that film, yeah.
Edwin: How big an influence is America on Australian culture?
Kendall: Right!
James: Good question.
Kendall: It's kind of half and half... probably in thirds. Australian drinking culture, American pop culture and...
James: British.
Kendall: British culture as well.
Edwin: Australian culture is also influencing America too.
Kendall: Is that true?
Edwin: Almost more as a novelty kind of thing.
[The Crusaders all laugh.]
Edwin: No, no, no. You'll see commercials and they will use Australian imagery to sell Australian products...
Chris: Tampons.
James: We're doing all we can.
Edwin: Well, like beers and things like that.
James: We should have contacted the fucking Australian tourism board.
Chris: Yeah, we should have.
James: If you don't pay us $100,000 we'll tour America.
Kendall: Besmirch your good name.
Chris: American culture, in our circle, is...
Kendall: We're talking about television, music...
Chris: We grew up with some American culture but, I think now... there's a lot of American culture...
James: It's like watching "The Blues Brothers," you know, it's like touring America is everyone's dream. Touring America with a band.
Chris: That's your dream, but that's not like every Australian's dream?
Chris: A lot of Australian bands, you own your own house, car and drink at the pub every night, don't go to work, or if you do, don't work too hard, get lots of money...
Edwin: So, if you're in a band, that's kind of like the dream, is to tour America?
Chris: Ah, yeah... the Demolition Derby's the life!... Then, we're disappointed as all fuck. [all laugh]
Chris: No, that was a joke.
Edwin: In America, you dream about touring Europe, and Japan and, I guess, Australia. **Kendall:** That's cool.
Chris: Most good bands that come to Australia, actually say that it's fantastic, that they love it and they're coming back. A great friend, Sugar Shack, who's probably about the whole reason we're even here. Sugar Shack, we met in Australia, a fantastic... to us, we're the epitome of most excellent music, but there are more scarier home boys in Sydney than we found in LA.
James: That is true, Chris!
Edwin: What do you mean, home boys?
[Several terms come up, the most intelligible being "tough guys."]
Edwin: Well, we've got gangs that are black, Hispanic, Asian...
Kendall: I bet you don't have Greek or Lebanese guys! Yeah, they're pretty scary guys. I'm not scared, they're just fucking assholes.
Kendall: Dick heads, yeah.
Edwin: Have you had run ins?
Chris: No, but you can see them in the street a lot more. Maybe it's just because of where we are around here.
Kendall: Any time you're around and think there's some trouble going to happen you avoid it.
James: They're the guys in those can you see driving along.
Chris: The low riders, you know?.
Edwin: Hey, I've got a question. Have you guys ever seen The Saints?
Chris: Yeah.
Kendall: I have seen The Saints, yeah.
Chris: I have.
Mickster: I saw The Saints around the "All Fools Day" tour.
Edwin: Were they decent or kind of over the hill?
Kendall: OK, the thing to remember is that when I saw them they were about 10 years old.
James: 10 years old!?
Kendall: Yeah, 1987. They were, still, actually as good as I thought they would be. [Garble of everyone talking at the same time]
James: Wasn't a good album in like fucking 10 years.
Chris: I saw them at a student protest in about 1986, at the university, and there was a sort of gay time, open air, here we are, let's play the protest sort of thing and they dragged out all their old songs. They played "I'm Stranded" even... Ivor Hay[?] was drumming, though.
James: Do you guys know, Radio Birdman?
Edwin: Oh, yeah.
Kendall: We turned down a support gig with them because we were going to Spain and we couldn't do it.
James: There is a big sort of reformation kick in Australia.
Kendall: I saw them when they played, it was, I think, January of last year, 1997 and they were great. It was the first time I'd seen them 'cuz I was too young at the time but they were fucking cool.
Edwin: Are there any American bands that you guys are going to be playing with on this tour that you've been looking forward to at all?
James: Definitely! Boss Martians. The Go Nuts.
Kendall: Can't wait to play with the Go Nuts.
Edwin: They're one of the more vocal proponents of snack rock.
James: Yeah, that's cool.
Chris: The new genre.
James: We met up with the Fleshtones, in Spain, and we'd actually like to meet up with them, but it depends.
Kendall: We played a show in Spain with the Fleshtones, and that was cool.
Chris: That was like one of the high lights.
James: They're good guys. I'd like to get pissed with them again. Get drunk.
Chris: Get drunk. Not angry drunk. They were great and I'm sure we'll meet a lot of great bands.
James: Definitely!.. The Satelliters seem kind of like cool blokes.
Chris: They seem like our kind of guys.
Kendall: Even though they're from Germany. [laughter]
James: They're into getting pissed... not piss-drunk, tanked in America... I mean drunk. Do you say tanked?
Edwin: Tanked? Yeah, that's OK. Blotto.
James: Blotto, yeah. Three sheets to the wind. Smashed?
Edwin: Yeah.
James: What is stoned over here?
Edwin: That's mostly heroin.
James: Heroin!?
Edwin: OK, here's the thing. Everybody uses it to mean being fucked up, drunk... but it's also kinda like a heroin term.
Kendall: In Australia, stoned means smoking too much pot.
Edwin: Well, yeah pot. We used to say stoned but, I think people who do heroin, when they say stoned, they know exactly what they mean, you know 'what I'm saying. I mean they've kind of like adopted that as theirs. I mean, that's what I think. I don't know.
James: I sure would like to be under the influence of marijuana at the moment.
Chris: Me, too!
Edwin: Have you been having trouble finding drugs in America?
Chris: That we have! That's the understatement of the year!
Kendall: We thought the streets would be lined with cocaine.
James: We thought, LA... this is where it all happened, years ago, now it's like everyone's into health food.
Chris: We have very responsible day jobs, you know, but when we go out to clubs we like to have a bit of a drink and then a bit of a smoke of pot a little later on and then Monday we go back to work. That's not a problem...
James: We thought Australia was uptight.
Kendall: Believe me, it's not.
Edwin: Well, there's plenty of drugs in Hollywood, it's just that we don't do it. I don't think many of my friends do...
James: Fair enough.
Kendall: Don't get us wrong, we're not habitual users.
Edwin: And we have all, at one time or another, done something. It's just that right now...
Chris: Well we've never been like, "Oh, if you don't use drugs, we don't like you." We don't care. If you want to do it, that's your prerogative. If you just want to come to the gig and enjoy yourself, that's fine as well.
James: Just throw stuff at us.
Chris: Yeah, throw stuff at us; we like to get smashed. This is a release.
Edwin: Do you guys have any surprises in store for America?
Kendall: I think the surprise is that we'll play well.
Chris: The surprise is that we'll play in tune and that we're playing more than three songs in a 40 minute set.
Edwin: OK, I think that's good enough.
Crusaders: Thank you, mate.

AVAIL

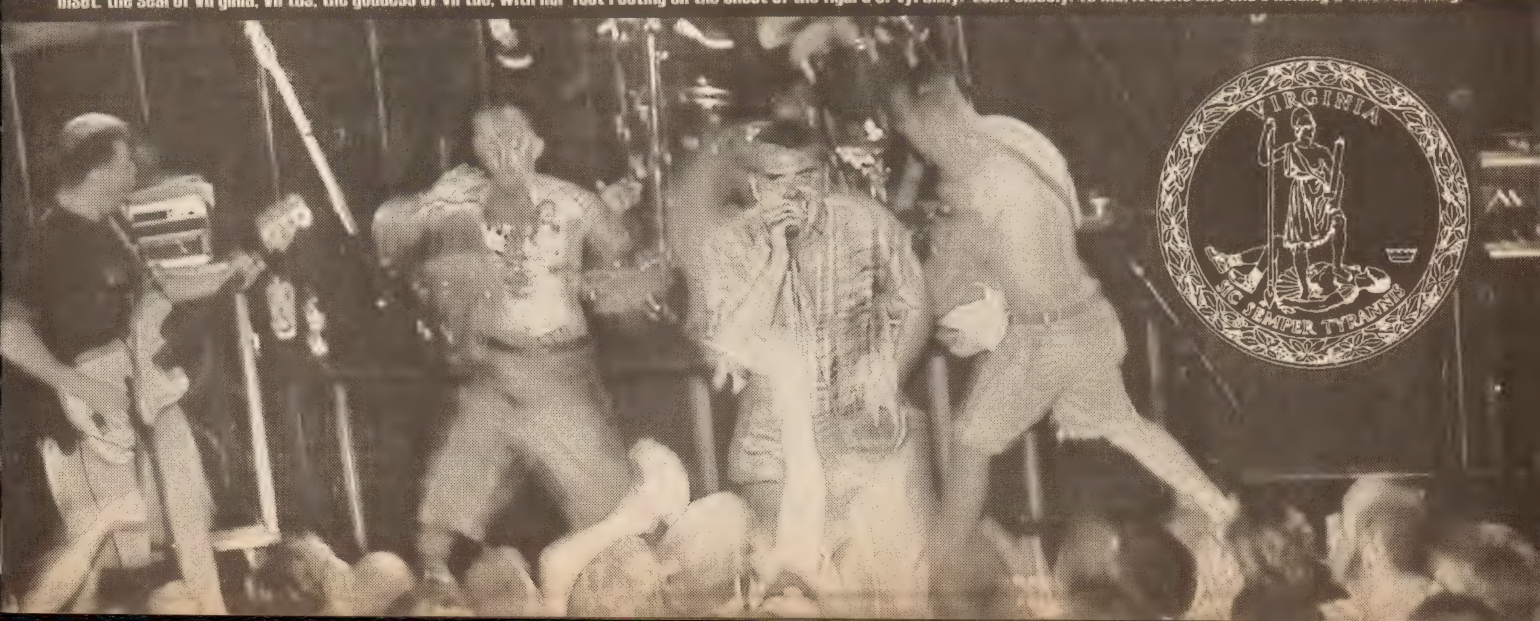
Avail is more powerful than all James Bond villains combined. You know the type - wanting world domination, promising to be able to control the weather at a whim only to eventually fail. Avail's got the weather thing already covered. Each time I've seen them: tidal waves and earthquakes of people jumping, clamoring, spazzing, smiling - bringing a high pressure system of humidity, concrete floors seem to ripple, wood flexes, and it's a thing of great wonder - how can so much power, positive aggression, and good intentions not lay waste to each and every club they play? I always watch in awe. They're anthemic, it's hardcore, but as nuclear bomb designers found out too - you force a couple small things together in the right way, you're gonna raise the level of an ass whooping to blinding heights. Wiping the mist off my glasses after the show, we let the tape rip with Tim the singer and Eric the drummer.

Interview and photos (most taken blindly on outstretched arms) by Todd

(Interspersed throughout this layout are facts about Virginia, the state they're from and proud of.)

Todd: If you could swap the American anthem with another song, what would that be?
Eric: "Simple Man." Lynyrd Skynyrd.
Tim: "If Heaven Ain't a Lot Like Dixie, I Don't Wanna Go" by Hank Jr.
Todd: What song do you secretly hope to hear from the organ during a sporting event?
Tim: "Mmm-Bop." Hanson. [laughter]
Todd: Oh, I don't know any Hanson. I just make fun of them.
Eric: The intro to "Your Time Is Gonna Come."
Tim: "I get knocked down but I get up again..."
Todd: What's your song of request when doing drunk karaoke with Hot Water Music and Ann Beretta in Richmond?
Tim: Gee, how do you know about this?
Todd: I have sources, man. It's Flipside. We've got moles everywhere.
Tim: You know that we do that every Friday night?
Todd: Yeah.
Tim: We always do, collectively, a David Allen Coe song called "You Don't Even Call Me By My Name." It's the fucking karaoke anthem for us there. That's our song. Sometimes we get really drunk and... God, we've done everything. Lynyrd Skynyrd, David Allen Coe, Johnny Cash, Cindy Lauper. One of my good friends... She went up there and did "I Touch Myself" and you have to understand that this is a redneck bar. We are just these outsiders that just invade this absolute redneck bar in Richmond every Friday night and do karaoke and the rednecks are just floored. They have their mouths open like, "What are all these honkies doin' in here singin' fuckin' karaoke?" And this woman friend of mine goes up there and starts dancing to "I Touch Myself" and these big ass rednecks with white power tattoos are goin', "God damn - Fries to go with that shake?" It was funny as hell. [laughter]
Todd: I saw Hot Water Music with Discount at a record store and was just blown away. Even their new album is fucking great.
Eric: I said this to them and they were all laughing at me and telling me to shut up, but I honestly think that that band could become the next big mainstream band if they wanted to.
Tim: If that's the route they wanted to take.
Todd: In a record store they totally just floored me.
Tim: We did ten shows with them down south and I think it went really well. When they play I think they're really honest - it's heart felt. And I don't see a lot of bands doing that. Hot Water Music is just the opposite. They sound totally different than us and they're so fucking real and they're so honest on stage and they mean every chord they play and every emotion they portray and it fuckin' blows my mind. Playing shows with them was amazing. I got good vibes from them. They're a tight group and we're a tight group and we just blended really well and they're all individual personalities and they all click and they're just fucking awesome.
Eric: I can't wait to see a picture of Chuck with the Warlock. I gave one of the guitar players a Warlock guitar that I had and then he just shredded that thing. He was so into that. It was great.
Todd: Have you ever used a bowling ball outside of a bowling alley?
Tim: Yes, alley bowling in Richmond. Me and some friends were mad about dumpster diving for a while when we were younger and we dumpstered a bowling ball and then dumpstered lots of other things and called it alley bowling. We'd go in alleys in Richmond and bowl. What have you done?
Eric: Just smashed TVs and stuff. [laughter]
Tim: It was a pastime in our old house. We lived in this old communal house with like fourteen people and it was just so fun. We'd climb to the third story room and go, "Ahh, we don't really need this TV anymore." It was a big party. Our friend, Adam, would crucify himself naked out back with a homemade cross back in the alley while people were

Inset: the seal of Virginia, Virtus, the goddess of virtue, with her foot resting on the chest of the figure of tyranny. Look closely. To me, it looks like she's holding a two foot dong.



throwing stereos off the roof. We'd throw couches...
Todd: In what way do you think you're the most retarded in?
Tim: [pause] How about you?
Todd: I'm just really clumsy. I trip up stairs, I cut myself, I fall asleep on dates, I'll lose my driver's licence, I'll lock myself out of my car, I'll crash my scooter, I brake glasses like every week, I've lost sight in one eye from hitting a wall, I cut off the tip of my finger. It's crazy.
Tim: I'm most retarded... I don't know, I can't spell at all. Is that retarded?
Todd: Not retarded in the neurological sense.
Tim: I don't know. I'll write a letter to Flipside and tell you later. [laughter] I'm distracted by the swastika on the wall by the way.
Todd: What do you think you know the most of and give me a factoid from it.
Tim: I know the most about riding freight trains. That's my specialty.
Todd: [All hysterical because he actually had a freight train question without knowing Tim had any interest in them] OK, can you give any tips to a beginner for freight train hopping?
Tim: Do not do it.
Todd: Why not?
Tim: Very dangerous.
Todd: Where's the furthest you've gone?
Tim: I just go through the southeast. I've never done the west coast. I only do the hard parts of the country that nobody rides on.
Todd: Have you ever gotten really, really cold?
Tim: Oh my God... Yeah. I'm a genius because I'm on tour usually in the summer so I ride in the winter through the southeast. It's gnarly. Just the last trip I went on in March was really nice and I rode a hot shot piggy back from Richmond to Savanna, Georgia.
Todd: What's a hot shot piggy back?
Tim: A piggy back is a flat car with tractor trailers stacked on top and you sort of lay underneath the axles. I caught that fourteen hour trip. It was a breeze down to Savanna and spent a couple of days there and it's beautiful in March. It was like 75 and humid. 9:00 in the train yards in the south over yard in Savanna, no shirt on, gettin' sunburned and thirty hours later, I still hadn't gotten out of the yard. I kept missing the train that I was trying to catch and thirty hours later I hopped out and ten hours later I was in North Carolina and a cold front came in and it dropped to 20 and it was in-fuckin'-sane. I had a zero degree bag and I couldn't bust it out 'cause of the car I was riding. I was doing push-ups, jumping jacks, sit-ups, jogging in place, shadow boxing. I was doin' it all. Unfortunately my camp was flooded too that I have in Rocky Mountain, North Carolina, where I ended up so I couldn't make a fire or anything. I slept in the Amtrak station.
Todd: OK, this is kind of a hard question because I have a list here. Give me percentage ratios of the following elements that could possibly compose Avail.
Tim: Out of what?
Todd: On a scale of 1-100. Bananarama?
Tim: [laughter] What was the question again. He's too good at this.
Todd: What percentage ratios will compose an Avail...
Tim: In what ways?
Todd: In any ways. OK, have you ever fashioned to Bananarama for inspiration for a song or like when you're dancing around going, you know, "You're my Venus, you're my power."
Tim: [laughter] OK, OK, I get it. Bananarama... 1%.
Todd: John Cougar?
Tim: 99%
Todd: Ooh, yeah. Billy Joel?
Tim: [laughter] 99%.
Todd: Minor Threat?
Tim: This is me. 10%.
Todd: The sound of a train going full speed?
Tim: Choo-choo. For me... 90%. For Eric... 10%.
Todd: Where was the worst place you've been when you got a flat and the spare had no air?
Tim: We've only had one flat in 7 years. We've had the same van. It has 220,000 miles on it and we've only gotten one flat. That was on the 85 south on the way to Atlanta last year. We were drivin' down the road - Richard's driving [roadie] - "Richard, the van's shaking." [van shaking noises] "No it's not." "Richard, the van's shaking." [van shaking noises] "No it's not." Five minutes later, "Richard, we swear, the van is shaking." "No it's not." [exploding noises] The muffler gets torn up in it. Everything's mangled. That's it.
Eric: No, we got a flat once on bloody 520.
Todd: Why's it called bloody 520?
Tim: The percentage of deadly collisions. It runs east/west in pretty central Florida and it's a two lane road. This was about '92 and we got our first flat and we had to skateboard to a phone at like 3 in the morning to call AAA. Two flats in 7 years.
Todd: In "Scuffletown," what is the "third per capita"?
Tim: Highest murder rate per capita. The last time they did a survey it went New Orleans, D.C., Richmond - murder rate per capita. So in my predictions, this year we'd be #1. We got #2. I can't remember which one was #1. I'm really bummed. That's something we strive for in Richmond. We all have guns and we shoot each other on a regular basis.
Todd: What kinds of guns do you have?
Tim: In our house, a shotgun, a rifle, a Glock, 357...
Todd: Yeah, can't go wrong with a Glock.
Tim: A nine millimeter.
Eric: In our house there's two shotguns and a pistol.
Tim: And my weapon of choice is a police-issued flashlight. I don't have any guns. [laughter]
Todd: OK, hypothetical question. If there's a rabbit stuck in the middle of the road, frozen, and you're driving your van 65 miles per hour with everybody in it, loaded down with equipment, what do you do? Do you swerve, stomp on the break or do you just take your foot off the break and close your eyes and hear the squish?
Tim: [laughter] Swerve.
Eric: Swerve.
Tim: Gotta love the rabbits, man. [laughter] Don't want to hurt the rabbits. They'll kick your ass in wherever our after-life is. It's a rabbit revolution.
Todd: What's the largest animal or structure you've run into either while driving, on a bicycle or on a skateboard?
Tim: Nothing very large, but many times while riding my bicycle through the city, I've swallowed bugs.
Todd: Have they bitten you on the way down?

Official Virginia state bird - Cardinal: fish - Brook Trout: Nickname - Old Dominion. Birthplace of Dr. Ephraim Mc Dowell, father of abdominal surgery.
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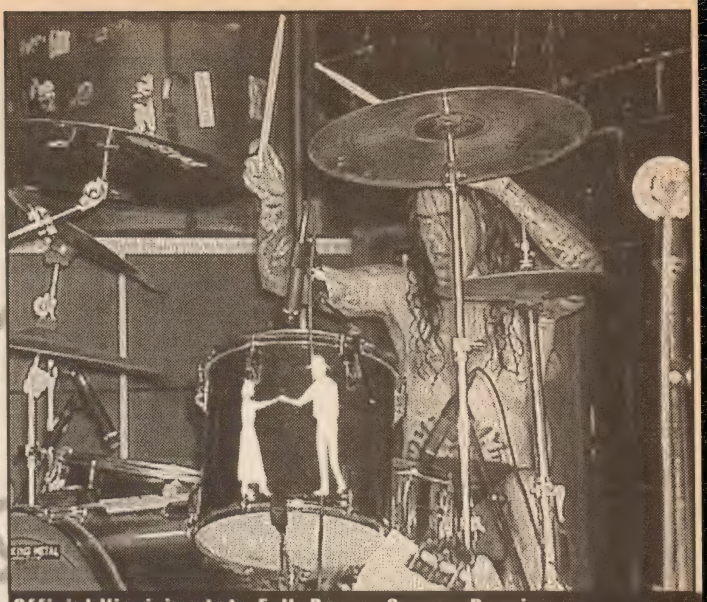
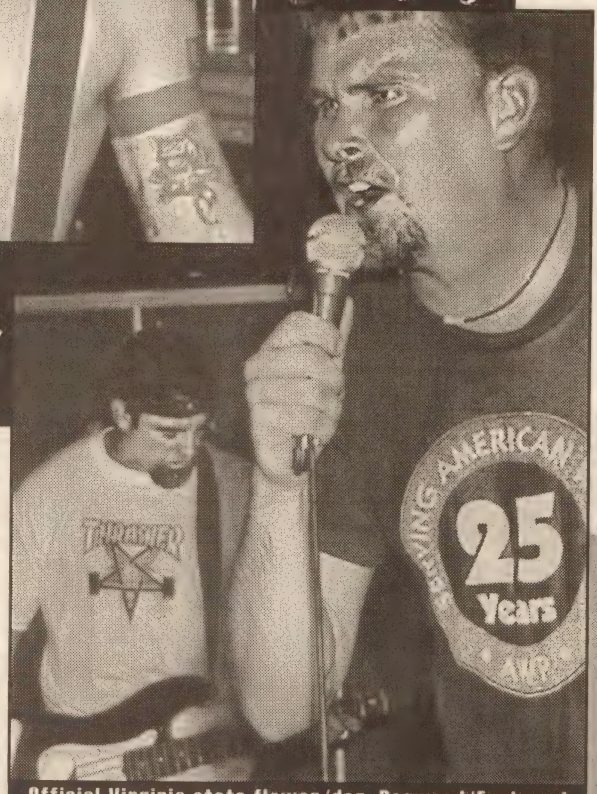
Tim: I have no idea but it makes me fuckin' throw up. There's nothin' like hittin' 30, goin' downhill on Broad St. and bein' like, "What's up? I'm fuckin' the coolest, fastest biker in the... Gulp. Ahh...blahh..." [gross bug swallowing sounds].
Eric: I hit an Irish Wolfhound once. I was in a car. I totally just fuckin' smacked it, the thing flew up about ten feet and out like twenty feet and then skidded for another ten. It died in my arms.
Tim: Oh, God.
Todd: What's the most uncomfortable physical position you've been in?
Tim: Airplane seats on the way to Australia.
Eric: Getting a prostate exam.
Todd: Oh really? How long were you in that position for? [laughter]
Eric: Too long. When you have a 45 year old man who's a stranger with his finger up your ass, it seems like eternity.
Tim: I'm glad you're here 'cause I'm really boring in comparison to you, man.
Todd: Who would you never like to be compared to? What would be the ultimate insult?
Tim: What are these questions, man? [laughter] "You remind me a lot of Vanilla Ice." That would suck. Well, Vanilla Ice, he's cool. His like hip-hop and shit, you know. He's all political, he's all white.
Todd: He's got a hit on his head too. Seriously.
Tim: He's a fucking moron.
Todd: Suge Knight of Death Row Records said, "That guy plays again, he's dead. We're gonna kill him right afterwards."
Eric: I would have say Neil Pert.
Todd: Neil Pert. That's right.
Tim: He's wiggidy-wiggidy-wack. John Bonham on the other hand... Dope.
Todd: What comparison have you read or heard about that made no sense whatsoever?
Tim: Yes, Yes. [excitedly] We were compared to Yes. Yes and Kansas.
Todd: No way. How?
Tim: Well, no, it made sense. It was reviewing our first record, "Satiate." We do have some songs on there that sound like Yes and Kansas. What I don't understand, and sometimes I hear it through the grapevine, that the people in this band think that we're talking shit when we say this and I need to make it perfectly clear that we're not. I didn't know why we're always compared to Fugazi. I think we sound absolutely nothing like Fugazi and I'm not being critical of that band at all 'cause I think sometimes through the grapevine they think that we talk shit about them all the time and we don't. I read a lot of reviews that compare us to Fugazi. Not the integrity, not the way we work things - which is very similar - at least we try to be - except they're huge and we're not.
Todd: Have you ever been interviewed and thought the interviewer was interviewing a different band then you?
Eric: Yes, right now.
Todd: [laughter] Ooh.
Tim: No, never.
Eric: "We're not the Decendents, man."
Tim: "We're the Adolescents."
Todd: See, know you've got me all conscious about the questions. [laughter] Do you have any subconscious triggers? If somebody walks into a room and you already don't like them or don't trust them.
Tim: Do I already know them?
Todd: No, you don't know them. First impression. It can be totally wrong but what does somebody overcome to get your respect or whatever?
Tim: Spit noises. Yeah, like people who have a swice [Tim's way of saying a spit lisp]. Like if you talk and you're just like, "Sslluurrpp." [hard to re-create sound here] Or this one... "How ya doin' [and then a click noise with your teeth and your cheek like real suave guys make]." When people eat and they're just like, "[food slurping noise]." Smackin' it. Drives me nuts. [Joe Sore walks in]
Joe: Everybody, I'm here.
Todd: Everybody, this is Joe Sore of The Canker Sores.
Tim: I know Joe Sore. He left a polite massage on our voice mail the other day.
Joe: What do we got here so far?
Tim: He's fuckin' bustin' our chops here, man. He's goin' off.
Todd: What's the most over-rated wrestling move?
Tim: Oh, this thing. The fuckin' [slaps his hands in front of his body real tough like]. You know what I'm talking about? When they go across the head? What the fuck is that called? How do you explain that? It's so retarded. Where they clap over the ears.
Todd: Have you ever been in a fight and had someone seriously do that to you? It fucks with the pressure in your inner ear.
Tim: Yeah, but they don't do that. They go around the ears. What is that? The piledriver? It's pointless but when I was a kid, I used to like that wrestling stuff and I got in a fist fight with my bro one time, my brother, and fuckin', he had me up against the wall in this corner - he was holding my arms - I was like, "No, fuck that." And I grabbed his head and stuck it in between my legs and went, "Booom." Motherfucker cracked his fuckin' head. That's an effective move. I've done it.
Todd: If you watch them, they'll always pull their heads between their legs so their head doesn't directly hit the ground... That's fuckin' brutal.
Tim: We stayed with an old wrestler in Pensacola, Florida.
Eric: Oh, yeah, Florida Flash.
Tim: Florida Flash. His father was a professional wrestler for a while. It was in the old days and he was one of the guys with one of the fuckin' weenie bikinis that got beat up.
Todd: The palooka guy.
Tim: The guy that they get in at the last minute. He's awesome. He's fuckin' the greatest guy.
Todd: What's the best place in America or Canada to have chicken fried steak?
Tim: I don't eat meat. Joe would know. Bo, where's the best place in America to have chicken fried steak?
Bo: I haven't eaten chicken fried steak in fuckin' ten years. I don't know.
Tim: The meat eaters that live around our house eat like pigs feet, pigs ears and stuff.
Eric: I'm gonna have to take a guess and say Stuckies.
Todd: [laughter] Stuckies. You're gonna have to get yourself a pecan log first. Worst job you've taken?
Tim: Pizza Hut.
Eric: Toys 'R' Us.
Todd: Worst job taken where you had to wear a stupid uniform?
Eric: Toys 'R' Us.
Todd: What'd you have to wear?
Eric: This orange shirt. I lasted one day. [laughter]
Tim: I've never had to wear a uniform in my life. Not even at Pizza Slut.
Eric: You never had to wear kitchen pants?
Tim: No. I've always worked in kitchens or laid carpet. The only jobs I've ever had have been manual labor and fuckin'... And then, of course, there's Avail. It's weird, the image that we have. It's like, Eric has to dress metal and I have to look like a frat guy. It's a bummer. So we're gonna talk to management and see if I can look metal - which is how I really feel and Eric feels like a frat guy. So the uniforms we have to wear in Avail... It's tough, man. It's hard bein' us.
Todd: If there was a cosmic rip today...
Tim: A cosmic what?
Todd: Hold on, let me finish the question.
Tim: A science guy, man.
Todd: If there was something that you busted out on stage at the Corona Showcase except you were opening for The Spice Girls, would you play the exact same set?
Tim: No way, man. We'd do our techno version. We were in Australia in January and we were playing this place called The Metro in Sydney and I was trying to figure out why all these people had all this weird vibe and all this momentum outside. They were all directed in one direction and I was like, "What's going on?" So I followed the hordes of people - I was like a sheep like, "I'm going where they're going." And I got up to these fuckin' police barricades and I was like, "What's goin' on?" And they were like, "The Spice Girls just went in that building." And they fuckin' waited two hours to get a picture of Sporty Spice and fuckin'... It was cool, man. [laughter] Sporty Spice. I love her. She's fine.
Todd: When was the last time that you knew, right then, that somebody was lying to your face but you did nothing about it?
Tim: If people lie to me and I know it, I fuck with them. I don't like to lie to people and I don't like to be lied to. In a non-aggressive way, I call people on their shit.
Todd: What's the last uniquely valuable thing you've learned?
Tim: How about you? What's your answer? Put you on the spot when I can't think of a fuckin' answer. [laughter]
Todd: Well, it's a lot of technical stuff lately where I've learned not to tell people too much information when I'm answering them because if you overload people with information, they're just going to turn off.
Tim: I learned recently, in the last book that I read called *Bomb The Suburbs*, that the hip-hop movement is very underground and very political and I knew nothing about it.
Todd: OK, if you could vacation in anybody's brain for a week, who it be and why?
Eric: My dog.
Todd: That's a good one.
Tim: No shit. My dog. Zeke is my dog's name.
Todd: You have two tattoos for Zeke, don't you?
Tim: Yes I do.
Todd: What are the swallows carrying Zeke's banner?
Tim: In traditional sailor tattoos, when the sailor does 100,000 miles at sea you get a swallow, at 200,000 you get a swallow, if you cross the equator you get a turtle. I just got a turtle when we went to Australia. There's all kinds of


Official Virginia state Folk Dance: Square Dancing

Eric wrings the post-drumming sweat out of a single sock.

Official Virginia state beverage: Milk



Official Virginia state flower/dog: Dogwood/Foxhound

sneaky little sailor tattoos that we have that represent our travels that we are always on.

Todd: What's a band you've been compared to that you've never heard?

Tim: Yes and Kansas.

Eric: You've listened to Yes.

Tim: I've never heard Yes. I never listen to a classic rock station, ever.

Todd: What's one thing you wish interviewers would stop asking you?

Tim: "Are you vegan or vegetarian?" "Are you straight edge?" "What's your favorite city to play?" "What's your craziest whore story?" "What are you influences?" "Give me the band history."

Todd: What's one thing that you feel passionately about but deep down you can't change?

Tim: Well, I work to change things. I feel very passionately about class issues, especially in Richmond. Poor and rich.

Todd: How big is Richmond?

Tim: 194,000. It's slipping. It used to be 210,000. Everybody's doin' the old urban flight and moving out to the suburbs and all the poor people are incapacitated and live in the city where the buses don't run into the suburbs. You can't get jobs outside of the suburbs. They don't have money to buy cars. It's an issue that a lot of people deal with in the city and people are extremely politically active and I feel like I do nothing.

Todd: If you could hand out CDs or LPs at the beginning of a show of music that you think is essential to people that they probably haven't heard, name a couple of things that would be on there.

Eric: What do you mean? As a compilation album?

Todd: Yeah, that people probably have never heard.

Tim: Certain Lynyrd Skynyrd songs. People always stereotype that band as a bunch of yahoo, honkie racists who sing songs about not being racist and not doing drugs and weird sort of poor empowerment songs. You could put in a lot of songs like that. I would put Woody Guthrie, the original fucking working class communist hobo, Jimmy Rogers, The Yodeling Brakeman. There's tons of old country that I fuckin' dig. Old bluegrass. God, there's tons and tons and tons of awesome bluegrass. Phil Oaks. People like Utah Phillips. Old folk songers. Union Organizers, the I.W.W. People.

Todd: Have you read the book by Nick Tosches called *The Twisted Roots of Country*?

Tim: I know the book but I haven't gotten a chance to read it yet. I'd love to read it.

Todd: It's fantastic. What are you tired of repeating at shows but will continue to say until people start listening to you?

Tim: Circle pit during Scuffletown.

Todd: Any tips to keep good smelling during the tour?

Tim: Play in different clothes that you wear. Change your clothes before you go on stage. Have show clothes and daytime clothes. I can wear my daytime clothes for weeks. The show clothes...

Todd: Have to be rung out.

Tim: Yes. They have to be completely different. I'll wear the same clothes for every show for the entire tour. That's how when I see pictures in fanzines, I identify the tours by, "Oh, that's when I wore my nazi skinhead shirt."

Kid named Ryan: Do you retire the jerseys after the tour's over?

Tim: No but Ben from Iconochrist wore a white shirt an entire tour and when he finished - it was a two month tour of the United States - it was brown and black by the end of the tour and he has it framed in his house.

Todd: OK, here's the real egghead question. Your last two albums, "Over the James" and "4AM Friday," I get the feeling of kind of a continuity. Almost being given snapshots that are infused with a specific time, specific place and a specific head. Who's the person, and if you could describe him in the third person, where's the time and place?

Tim: You're way too deep for me, man.

Todd: I want to stretch your brain. I think a lot of people listen to your lyrics as a band and what I think... Even with how you lay out your albums themselves, they're infused with a specific time and a place and I don't think that's just like, "Oh, I think we'll talk about Richmond this time..." or "That's where I got drunk and fucked her."

Tim: I write most of the lyrics and a lot of them are like journal entries basically so every song we play people are like, "What's your favorite song?" or whatever and like, specifically, when we're playing, they're like journal entries. I remember the time period that they were written when I'm singin' 'em. I remember what I was writing about although people have no idea half of the time. They think that every song's about a girl. You know what I mean? And that's fine if people can relate to it that way 'cause sometimes if I write a song about something, later on, for me, it could be about a relationship or something like that. The new record, it seems like almost a concept record. But I realized early on this tour that a lot of those words and a lot of that music was written on that record, "Over the James..." It's very Richmond oriented. All the photographs in there are pictures that I've taken or Chris have taken or Brain's taken or Caroline's taken of our hometown and they all have relevance to them. And a lot of the songs, everything, even like "Vine," that's Vine St. right next to my house and Lombardi St. is two blocks from our house. "Nickel Bridge" is the bridge that I ride my fuckin' freight trains over. All these things. "Scuffletown"'s a part of Richmond that we live in called The Fan. And we're not pride ridden. We're not like, "Richmond power, yeah." I was trying to make sense of why there was a concept with that record and I think that I realize now it's because we were touring for so long and for so often that when you're gone, your mind shifts back to home and I write a lot of words on tour and I think a lot of those words... My focus was home. I wanted to see my dog, I wanted to see my best friend Al, my roommate Al. I wanted to sit in the backyard and have a barbeque and drink some beer with all my friends and then you start thinking other things. So when you're talking about time periods and influences, I'm not the man. Everybody in the band is the man. As far as words go, I think that's why there's so much of that theme on there. Writing about things that you miss. Writing about Lombardi St. could be about a lamp post but people would say it was about a girl or a man or whatever.

Todd: What do you think, if we can consider one person, what's their biggest struggle that they're going with? What's their biggest conflict? Because there's a lot of tension.

Tim: Abandonment.

Eric: We've got two divorced people in the band.

Todd: Are you one?

Eric: Yes.

Tim: I'm not.

Eric: Lots of relationship conflicts I think.

Tim: Yeah, I think there's times, like on 4AM, there's semi-political songs. We're never overt about that kind of stuff. If something affects you directly, you write about it - you're inspired by it - whether you paint or you write or you write music or lyrics. You're affected by something at a moment and you feel you can write about it and make it real, just do it. With the new record in particular, there's a lot of that relationship conflict sort of stuff. And abandonment. I think that's my issue

Todd: There's a lot of running away but coming to terms. Being surprised that you're not overwhelmed by something continuing. That kind of thing. Almost like an avalanche/fire type thing where sometimes you're inside of it and you're just whirling so fast that you're almost still, you get thrown out of it.

Tim: I have issues with taking things for granted. I've taken people for granted in the past and it's kicked me to the curb in the future and I've learned a lot about leaving. I have a wander lust. I was born with it. I like to be out of town. I like to hitch hike. I love being home, but as soon as I've been home for a month, I've got to get on the old freight train or do something - sleep at the river or just go on long walks during the day. When you run away from that stuff, when there's ever issues that you have, when you're gone, that's when they make sense. When I leave, that's when they make sense to me. And I've noticed that theme on the record too.

Todd: Any last words?

Tim: Power to the people. Woop-woop. ☠

Interesting people born in Virginia besides Avail: It's the birthplace of eight presidents, Nancy Langhorne, the first woman member of British Parliment, Lewis and Clark, Aimee Mann of 'Til Tuesday, Patsy Cline, Wayne Newton, Pocahontas, Edgar Allen Poe, Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, Lawrence Taylor, and Willa Cather.

Discography (pretty complete):
•1988 "What Stays the Same" (7")
•1991 "Satiate," Old Glory and Catheter Assembly (LP)
•1992 "Attempt to Regress," Catheter Assembly (7")
•1993 "Satiate" and "Attempt to Regress" re-released together Lookout (CD)
•1994 "Live at the Kingshead Inn" Old Glory (10")
•1994 "Dixie" Lookout (CD/LP)
•1996 "4AM Friday" Lookout (CD/LP)
•1997 Avail/(Young) Pioneers split "The Fall of Richmond," Lookout (CDEP)
•1997 "Live in San Francisco at the Bottom of the Hill," Lookout (CD/LP)
•1998 "Over the James," Lookout (CD/LP)
("Who's to Say" 7" - don't know who put it out or year.)

Compilation appearances
(as remembered by the band)

• Food Not Bombs compilation from Richmond "Come on, Feel the Noise" acoustic version (cassette), Whirled Records • "God's Chosen People" comp - original version of "Sidewalk," Old Glory Records • "R.B.A. Punk Nation" comp - live version of "Blue Rich" recorded in Czech Republic in Prague • "Departure" comp - the song "March" on it, early '90s • Something on "Heidi Says," a Lookout comp. • "Land Agreed, World of Need" (Appraise cover song) Trust Kill Watermark Records • Tape comp from Roanoke - song they played in 1990 that's never been released called "Underneath It All" • A different version of "Midtown West" on *Suburban Voice*'s 15th Anniversary comp. • Gave AK Press books version of "Suspicious Minds" by Elvis for their next AK Press benefits book comp.
Not out as of interview.

ALL

WAIT FOR THE POP PUNK TRUCK TO DROP OFF A BAND AT YOUR LOCAL VENUE. WHEN THE BAND'S SETTING UP, STEAL A CASE OF THAT PRECIOUS POP PUNK FROM THE BACK AND SKEDDADLE. TAKE OUT A BOTTLE OF POP PUNK FROM THAT CASE. CAREFULLY PULL BACK THE LABEL, DIP IN WATER, WAIT FOR THE WATERMARK CODE TO APPEAR. READ THE FINE PRINT ON THE UNDER-SIDE: THIS GENRE OF MUSIC MADE POSSIBLE IN NO SMALL PART BY ALL/DESCENDENTS. HERE ARE THE UNDISPUTED WESTERN UNITED STATES INVENTORS AND KINGS. WE'RE SETTING UP A BEST OF THREE FALLS WITH SCREECHING WEASEL AS THIS GOES TO PRINT TO DETERMINE THE CHAMPION OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. STAY TUNED.

SHITED, HOLLY, AND TODD HAD A CONKING OF THE SKULLS WITH STEPHEN, CHAD, BILL AND KARL OF THE ALL JUGGERNAUT. PHOTOS BY EVERYONE

ALL were interviewed in their Roxy dressing room by ShitEd, Todd and Holly.

ShitEd: Alright, I want to ask one thing: admit it, this is one band with two names, right? You guys want to admit it?
Karl: Yeah, sure!
ShitEd: Cool!
Bill: I think it's two bands. It's just that they have all the same people in them.
Holly: Milo aside, if Chad went to college who would take over on vocals?
Bill: Say that again?
Holly: Milo aside, if Chad went to college...
Karl: No danger of that!
[everyone laughs]
Holly [frustrated]: All right. If Chad died who would take over the vocals?
Stephan: Bug.
Bill: Frank Daly [Big Drill Car] maybe.
Bill, Karl & Stephan: Dezo!
Bill: It would have to be Dez.
ShitEd: Cadena?
Bill: Who else?
[Dez used to front Black Flag]
ShitEd: Yeah, OK!
Bill: Dez is one of your favorite singers, right?
ShitEd: Yeah!
Bill: I can see it in your face.
ShitEd: I get to hang out with him more than you do anymore. You don't live around here. So are you guys goin g to continue the thing of two singers? Is Mil o going to come back and you take anoth-er vacation, Chad? Or was that just a one-sh ot?
Karl: We're going for a revolving door: every other release is Descendents or ALL.
ShitEd: What's Milo up to while Chad's singing?
Karl: Science.
ShitEd: He's workin'?
Karl: Yeah.
ShitEd: Chad, what did you do while you had time off from the band?
Chad: Played bass in a friend of mine's band, called Armchair Martians.
ShitEd: What was that name again?
ALL: ARMCHAIR MARTIANS!
Holly: Aye-are-em...
ShitEd: Aw come on, Holly! [to Chad] You had all that free time, how come there's only four songs of yours on the new album?
Chad: Uuh...
Bill: That's the normal amount, though. We each write one fourth. No more, no less. That's one fourth of 16 songs.
ShitEd: Right, true.
Holly: What's your favorite island in the supermarket? [I think she meant "aisle"]
Karl: Island?
Bill: Produce.
Holly: Food island.
Bill: Produce!
Holly: Is that fruit and stuff? I've got to get my islands straight!
Bill: Someone who needs to go to college! The produce section, the fruit and vegeta-bles.
Holly: Well I ask is there a specific fruit or vegetable?
Karl: I kinda like the cereal aisle.
Bill: Cereal aisle is a good aisle.
Stephan: I'm pretty good with steak, I like that aisle fine.
ALL [a babble of voices]: steak. Chicken. Sausage. Turkey. Jerky! Bacon. Stuffing. Meat. Dogfood, whatever. Everything.
Bill: I guess they're all pretty good.
ShitEd [to Bill]: Last year's Warped Tour when you played I remember seeing you doing some really major limbering up. Do you have any problem with your arms, or wrists or something? Why were you doing that?
Bill: I just have this little routine of stretches that I go through that seem to have served me pretty well for the last 19 years so I con-tinue to do them. Yoga and stretching. I think that our stuff is quite fast and quite tight, the music, but it's so common in punk rock you see the drummers kinda clamp up and it doesn't come out right. It has to be a really fluid action. Really smooth and fluid. So it sounds natural and not forced like bogus thrash music. So I limber up to the point where I'm like a linguini, so I can just do it.

ShitEd: I know what you mean. Most punk rock drummers have their elbows tight to their ribcage. You've got yours held out and you make large motions.
Bill: It's just my way of protecting myself against cramping up and just sucking.
Todd: Chuck Biscuits is a heavy, fluid player.
Stephan: He's rad. If you have Chuck you can play a lot faster.
Karl: It's one of those diminishing returns things. You'd think that by tensing up you could play faster, but the reality is, if you relax you play faster. Yeah, check out Zeke tonight. Check out Mark when he's playing guitar. He's just the loosest thing ever. But like, so fast! Do you like Zeke?
ShitEd: Oh yeah!
Todd: They're great. What did your shirt [on the last tour] say?
Karl: "If it's not Zeke, it's weak."
Todd: Have you ever jokingly, when you were in the studio, said "We need more kazoo on that track," and has somebody done it? Or just said something really funny, or just off the top of your head that you weren't serious about, and somebody took you very seriously?
Karl: We always try to include at least one fart...
Bill: I think that's how that "Mexico" thing happened. We were recording the vocals and I was standing in the doorway of the studio talking to somebody that was walking by, and I said "Yeah, I'm going to go on vacation next week..." And Chad was just finishing the vocal and it said "I'll get there!" And then the song ended and I was in this conversation and I was like "I dunno, maybe Mexico" to this other person. And then it was like "Let's put that on the end of the song!" It was an accident.
Karl: I've got that one whistle I've done in two songs, too.
Stephan: Sometimes we have instant songs. Usually not. Usually we work on them for a long time, to make sure that they're really kickass. But then once in a while we do one in ten seconds [laughs] that comes out pretty good too.
ShitEd [dubiously]: That's two or three minutes long?
Stephan: No, those are the fast, over real quick things.
ShitEd: Smallsongs.
Todd: A guesstimate, how many albums have you guys produced and engineered over the last decade or so? When did the Blasting Room come about?
Stephan: The Blasting Room was started about three years ago, little over three years maybe. The first record we recorded there was ALL "Pummel." Since then we, I don't know. All together...
Todd: Can you guesstimate? Hundreds? Thousands?
Bill: How many albums at the Blasting Room? There's probably been about 7 or 8 dozen of them. It's just something that we do for fun when the band is in a little hiatus period. It's not something that we spend a ton of time on. It's more of just a hobby.
Stephan: It's a cool thing to do when we're home.
ShitEd: Highlights? Who have you recorded there that you liked the results a lot?
Stephan: Hagfish, who're touring with us. Loved that. Done two records, both of them there. Shades Apart. Zeke.
Bill: We just did this band Kemuri, too, from Tokyo...
Todd: That Japanese ska/punk band?
Bill: ...That was really cool.
Karl: Electric Summer. Do you know them? They're from Denver, but they're Japanese exchange students. Their record is one of my favorite records.
Todd: I saw them open for At The Drive-In. Has anything ever caught on fire?
Bill: The truck caught on fire yesterday!
Stephan: Karl's bunk caught on fire.
Karl: We've had equipment, like his amp [Stephan's] has had a flame out or two.
Stephan: Yeah, I've had a tube go supernova on me.
Todd: I was reading an old Descendents interview the other day, and it said [in a doubtful voice] you guys lived in shelves?
Bill [laughing]: He says that like it's unheard of. I've lived my whole life like that and he talks about it like it's...
Todd: I picture you like a grocery store and you're sleeping on the shelf. It wasn't explained.
Bill: What it was, we practiced in a room about as big as this room and that...
Todd: About 10 x 15 or so?
Bill: Yeah, and we had this little room back there, not even the size of a big bathroom, that had these bunks, and that's what it meant by shelves. We built these bunks. And that's where we lived for 9 years...
Karl: We called it the Stacks.
Bill: ...Right there in the practice room.
Stephan: Now we've taken the Stacks, they're about the same size, and a similar thing really, now we have them rolling in the trucks we have out here. A very similar design.
Todd: Have you guys ever played video fishing?
Bill [all excited!]: The little mobile game? Yeah! The Pennywise guys gave us one of those. It's pretty cool. When you catch one it feels like you actually caught one.
Todd: Are you serious?
Bill: Yeah!
Karl: On what?
Todd: It's a little hand held dealie. You've got a little spool and everything. It's all digital. Walmart and Target have them.
Bill: It's better than Gameboy if you like fishing.
Karl: Do they have like an electronic thing where you get to gut them?
Todd: No. No. [everyone laughs]
Stephan: You ram a little stick down their throat to find the hook and all that crap? No.
Karl: Gotta whack them against the side of the boat.
Todd: What's the longest cut you've ever suffered?
Karl: I had this hangnail once that went all the way up my arm, around my back, around my waist and down to my toes. [Todd's laughing] It hurt.
Bill: I don't seem to cut myself.
[Karl shows us an inch-long scar on his chest]
Stephan: I had an appendix one that was deep and stayed open a long time. I had to go back and get the poison removed.
Karl: Yeah, I got to see his guts when that was done. So if we hated them, at least we knew what they looked like. We could recognize them.
ShitEd: Yeah, you'd know them anywhere.
Todd: Why Fort Collins of all places?
Bill: It was a pretty arbitrary decision based upon statistics and averages and that kind of thing; coupled with the fact that we knew some people there and had been through on tour to where we thought it seemed like an OK vibe there. What happened is that we left LA, and went to Brookfield because LA was too expensive, too polluted, too all the things that LA is. We ended up in this little tiny place. We sort of couldn't hang. It's like

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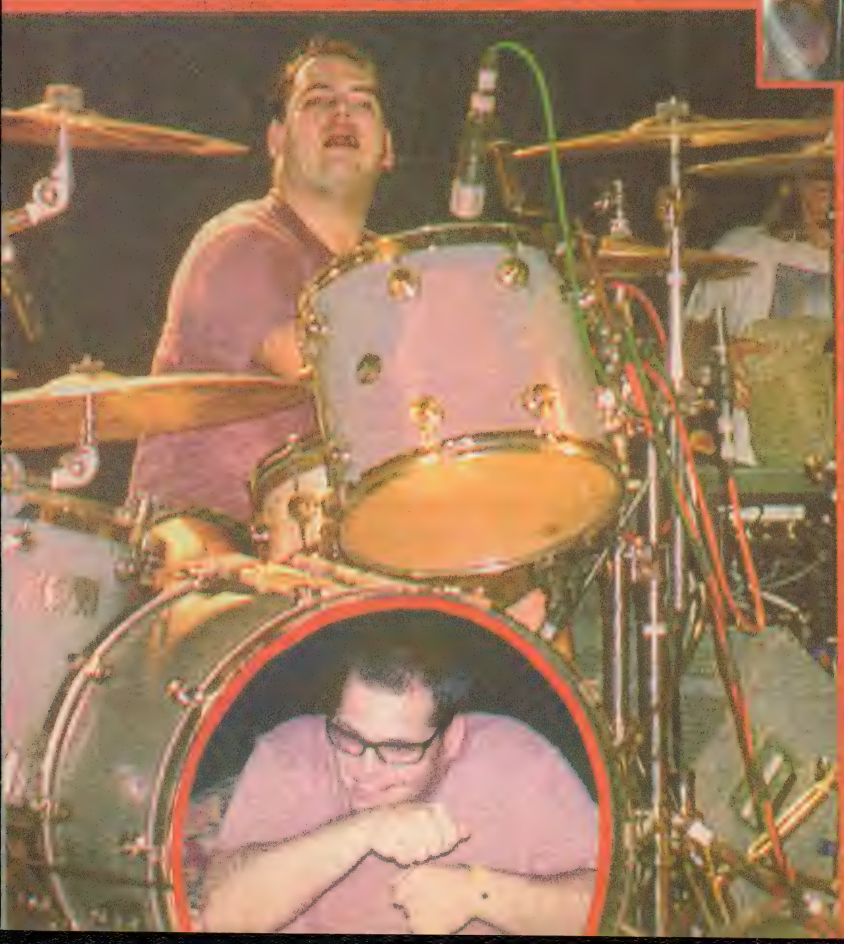
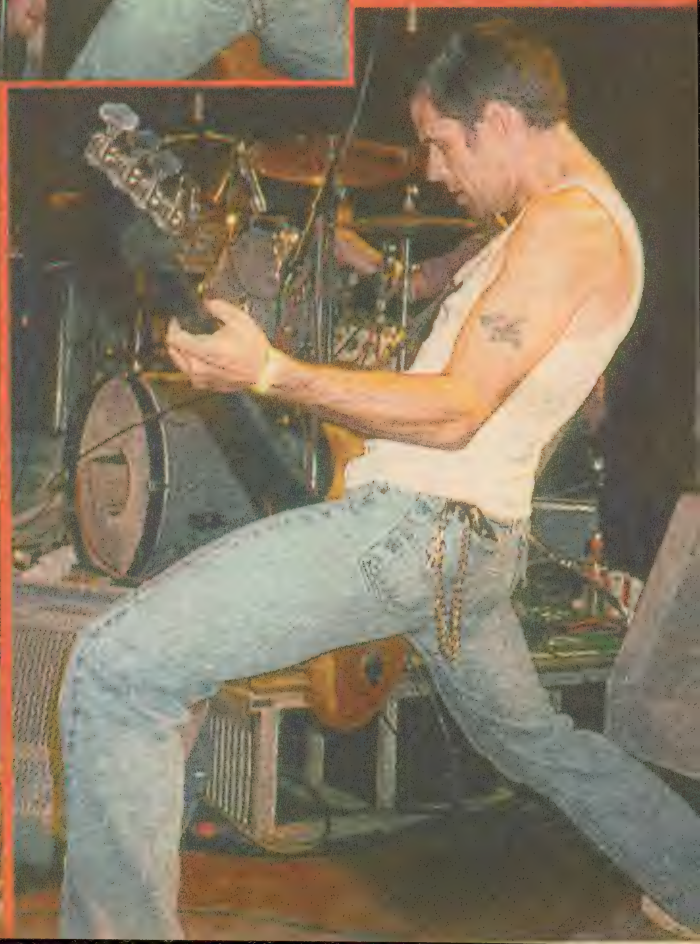
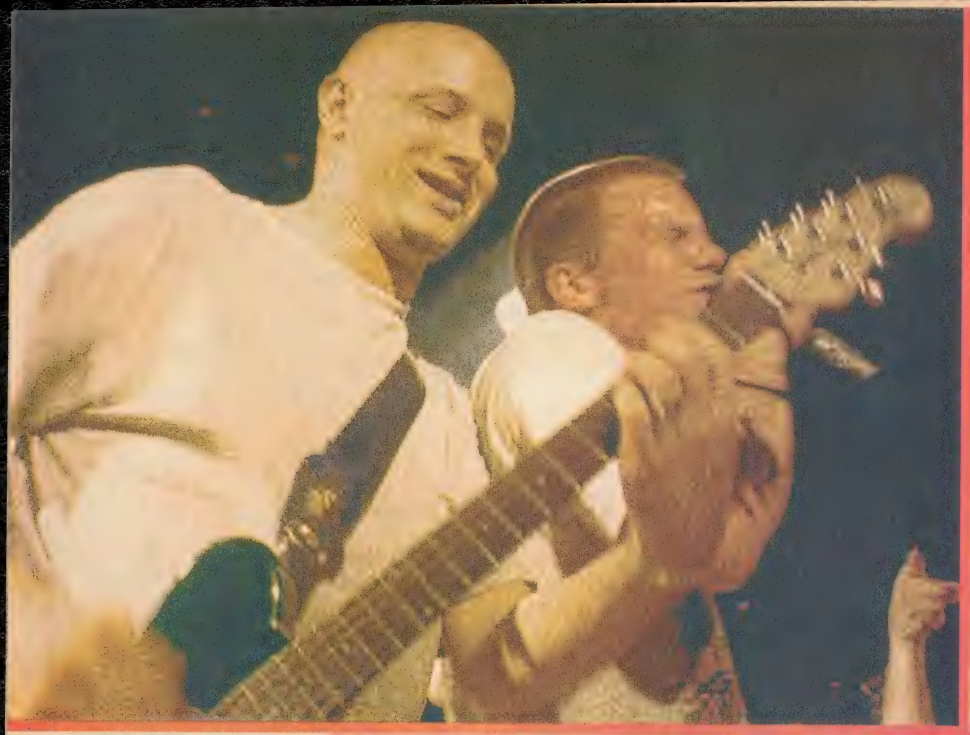
BILL: I CAN'T DO JACKSHIT WITHOUT COFFEE, PERIOD.
KARL: WITHOUT COFFEE I'M STUPID. I'M USELESS WITHOUT IT.







SHITED: SO ALL CAN'T OPERATE AS A CULT?
BILL: NOT EXCEPT FOR WHEN IT IS OPERATING AS A CULT: WHEN IT'S ON STAGE. WHEN WE'RE ON STAGE WE'RE THE TOUGHEST GANG IN THE WORLD, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? WE'RE TOTALLY UNIFIED AND COHESIVE IN WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO GET DONE. AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT THAT GOAL IS. BUT WHEN WE'RE NOT ON STAGE, THEN EVERYONE HAS TO BE ABLE TO BE THEMSELVES.

we went from too big to too small. So we thought, OK, we're going to have to move again here. We'll do it right this time. We'll get in between. So Fort Collins just seemed, as far as regionally and everything, an OK option. Everyone was backing it for different reasons. Karl and Stephan have always really preferred that area.

Todd: I lived in Fort Collins when I was a little kid.

Karl: So did I.

Bill: I think we just have to move every few years.

Stephan: It ties into that whole shelf thing.

ShitEd: You have to move your shelves. Any surprises come to you guys with doing a record label, O & O Records?

Bill and Stephan: It's a money pit! A money sieve. Never do it!

Bill: We got a real slow start on that. We're still picking up speed on it.

Karl: Wretch Like Me of course is the outstanding thing that we're doing right now. And boy are they ever outstanding!

ShitEd: I've got the record.

Todd: They're good.

Bill: They're really powerful live.

ShitEd: Yeah I notice they got a bad review from *Maximum [rocknroll]*.

Karl: Well that's always a good recommendation isn't it? [everyone laughs] I shouldn't try to be mean.

ShitEd: I don't blame you.

Karl: It's a reverse barometer a lot of the time!

ShitEd: Ummm, you've probably answered this a billion times before, but Bill, explain to younger readers what a bonus cup is.

Bill: The history of it is more interesting than the actual composure [composition?] of it. My buddy that I used to commercial fish with, he was a speed freak. And he'd have these big jars of amphetamines, like Black Beauties. He would say "Why don't we stay up all night and fish, since we didn't catch so many today?" So we'd stay up tomorrow night too and fish. And then the next night. I'd find myself having to stay up for days on end. And I wouldn't take any drugs. 'Cause I'd never taken a drug before. So I started making these coffees, and I started drinking more and more of it, and it was "fuck, I can only drink so much coffee!" So I started making it really strong. So I came up with the idea of the bonus cup, which is you fill the cup halfway or so with instant coffee and then you put water from there and sugar and milk. So it's really like a Black Beauty I suppose.

Karl: There's a modern variation, are you familiar with Water Joe? Caffeinated water?

Karl: If you make coffee with that stuff you'd be surprised what it can do.

Todd: Has coffee ever saved your life? Like driving?

Karl: It's made it worth living!

Stephan: If it hasn't saved our life, it's certainly allowed us to maintain some kind of a schedule! [everyone laughs]

Bill: I can't do jackshit without coffee, period.

Karl: Without coffee I'm stupid. I'm useless without it.

Todd: What's an excessive coffee day?

Stephan: I don't know!

Bill: Excessive for me is when it's over 10 espresso units in one day. That's excessive.

Stephan: In one 12 hour or 24 hour?

Bill: Between sleeping time.

Karl: As a symptomatic thing that's when you have sock-shoulder or imaginary bugs...

Bill: Or hat head! [He paws at his head like there's something wrong on top of his head.]

Karl: That's when you've gone over the line. We're all kind of bad about cappin' bees and stuff like that.

Bill: This is my regimen, this is my formula. You have your one when you wake up, and then your one later on when you burn out, and then your 6 right before you play. If you have more than that during a day, then the 6 don't do as much good. You have to have 8. So by the end of a long tour it'll be up to about: one in the morning, and one when you burn out, and then 15 before you play! Tonight these guys [two guys from *Giant Robot* zine, who were to feed Bill a variety of canned coffees and ask him to rate them] are going to find out what the deal is!

Stephan: It all depends upon what phase of our lives we're involved in at the time. In the studio, you don't want to be drinking very much of it early on because you'll burn out at 3 and you'll still have 12 more hours ahead of you. You'll be really fucked. So I drink little tiny bits all through the day, little tiny amounts, just a half cup or something and just sip it. But then on tour it's like Bill says: one in the morning, one in the afternoon, 8 before you play, then none so you can drive, come down, sleep, and make it back up the next day and hopefully be on some sort of schedule.

Todd: Do you guys possibly know what the most expensive coffee in the world is?

Karl: It's supposed to have been passed through a weasel or something?

Todd: A luak.

Bill: What? What is it?

Todd: It's called a luak. It's this little marsupial. It crawls into the coffee bush and eats it. It's not digested completely, then it poops it out, and then you roast that.

Karl: There sure are a lot of really rich stupid people.

Stephan: Jesus Christ! Somebody's going to make their coffee out of someone's shat?

ShitEd [sarcastic]: Well it's naturally processed!

Stephan: Well it's organic! [laughing]

Karl: Maybe if you're a hippie.

Bill [incredulous]: $200 a pound?

Todd: Yeah, $200 a pound.

Bill: Have you had it?

Todd: No.

Karl: So what do you do when you drink it? Do you say "Wow, this tastes like weasel shit!" [everyone laughs]

Todd: I have no idea! [30 seconds of laughter and general babbling about weasel shit]

Todd: Do you guys have any touring tips, anything that keeps Chad from poking Bill in the eye?

Bill: Never say the first thing that you're going to say. Think about it for at least a full day. Then if you still think you need to say it, then talk to that person about that thing.

Stephan: Otherwise you go for a brawl.

Chad: Know when to shut up.

Bill: Yeah, brawl each other every day, that's rad!

Karl: I don't think there was ever any conscious thing this way, but at a certain point every day, all of us seem to split up for a while. Everybody sort of goes in different directions.

Stephan: We drive together, do sound check and then drift off for a little bit. And then come back together when we play. It kind of gives you a little bit of breathing room. Bill goes to movies a lot.

Bill: I noticed in Black Flag there was a problem where we couldn't draw a line between where was it just a band, and where was it almost like a religion, or a whole commune way of thinking. I think that grey area where the different places where people drew those lines was where the conflict came in that ultimately ripped the band apart. With this band I've tried, 'cause I got this going again coming right out of Black Flag, we started the Descendents again as something that would be touring rather than a hobby, the thing I tried to remember was that the band can't be a religion. It's got to be four individuals. Otherwise it's like if all the individuals lose all their identity they can't really bring anything into the band. There's only going to be whatever existing dogma there was at that moment of inception. But also, when the band is functioning as a unit you have to submit totally to the unit. You have to be a good listener, good cooperator, team player. But when the band isn't functioning as a unit, like if the band was just in Denny's, everybody needs to clearly have their own identity and their own individuality. Otherwise the band will destroy itself.

ShitEd: So it can't operate as a cult?

Bill: Not except for when it is operating as a cult: when it's on stage. When we're on stage we're the toughest gang in the world, do you know what I mean? We're totally unified and cohesive in what we're trying to get done. And we all know what that goal is. But when we're not on stage, then everyone has to be able to be themselves.

ShitEd: You mentioned the Flag, did you hear that someone reissued some of the Nig Heist again? [the Nig Heist was a side band during the Black Flag days]

Todd: Do you know what Mugger's doing now?

Bill: Yeah, he's a computer systems analyst.

Todd: Really? I heard he was a cop!

Bill: No. I talked to Mugger not that long ago.

Todd: Baboon Dooley's wife overheard someone telling Henry Rollins he was a cop.

Bill: I hadn't talked to him in seven years or something, and I called him and he goes "Hello?" And I go "Where's my blow job at?" And he goes "Billy!" He recognized me right away 'cause I said something that he used to say when we were kids. Mugger would always come to the shows and he'd being going: "Where's the blow jobs at? Where's the broads at?" He was always looking for pussy, all the time. So that was the first thing I said to him and he goes "Billy! What's up?"

Todd [to Bill]: So how many girls have been left in your wake? [loud hooting and guffawing from the band]

ShitEd [faking ignorance]: Is that one directed to Bill?

Karl: I was never a terminal womanizer. I was more of a serial monogamist.

Bill [in the manner of a politician denying everything categorically]: I am totally unaware of any such activity, nor would I be in a position to disclose any information about such activities, if they did in fact exist!

Karl: And he didn't inhale either!

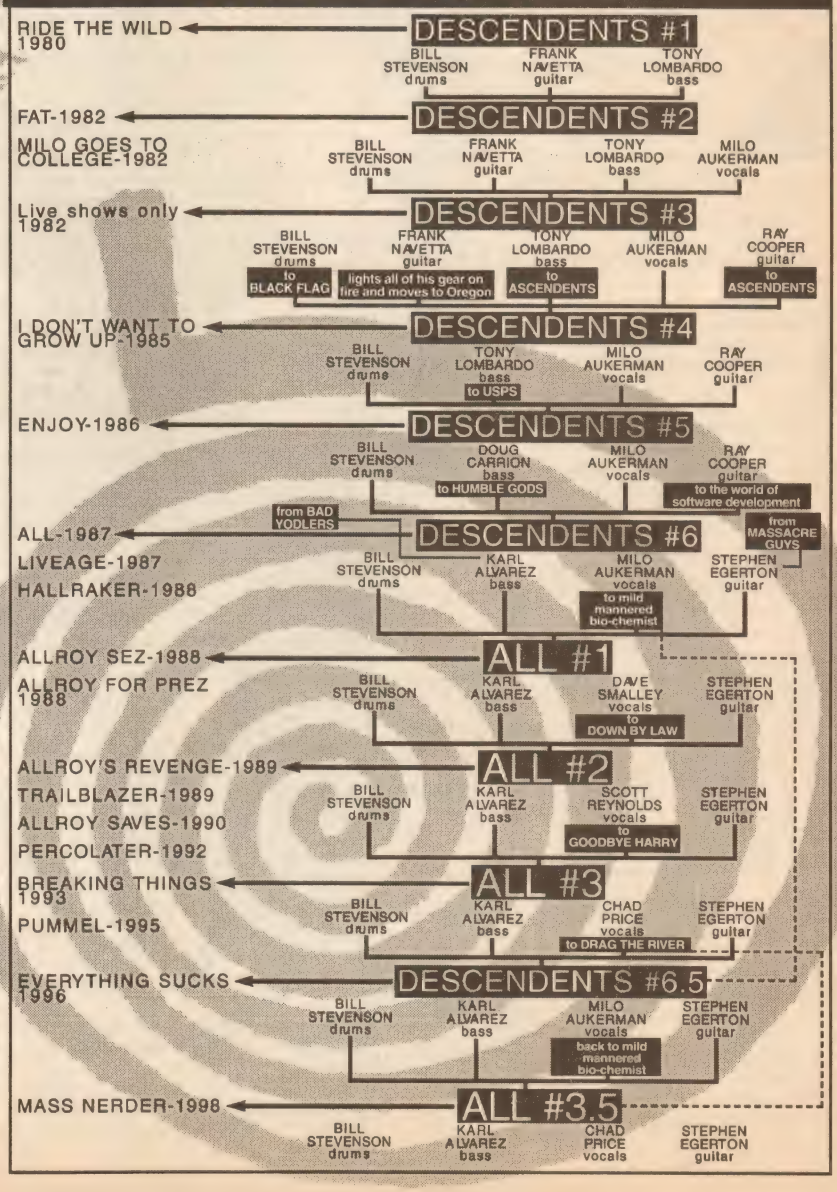
ShitEd: What's that Circle Jerks song, "Deny Everything"?

Bill: That's a good song!

Todd: Here's a pop question, if anybody can answer this. Why

can't you buy macadamia nuts inside the shell?
Karl: I don't know. They don't grow in it?
Todd: Any guesses?
Karl: You've got all these weird questions!
Todd: [in a fake dumbfuck voice]: So, like, what are your influences?
Bill: How about, what's a macadamia nut? They're like these little things, you buy a can of them.
Todd: From Hawaii. Do you know why they're so expensive? It takes 3,000 pounds of pressure to crush those things.
Bill [protesting]: You know the answer!
Karl: Why men have nipples. Where Old Zealand is.
ShitEd: Old Zealand is in the Netherlands.
Karl: That's what I found out. I did the research.
Stephan: Are you saying it takes so much weight to get through the shell off the macadamia nut that half the time it destroys the nut, thereby increasing the value?
Todd: No it's so labor intensive, you have a huge press just to bust a nut... Name something that you hear all the time that you have no clue what they're talking about.
Karl: Any differences between techno music idioms, I am baffled.
Bill: Stuff about dressing or whatever that's like cool or uncool. I don't seem to have any grip on that part of things.
Stephan: The total state of world politics for me, I have no idea.
Bill: Yeah I don't really know what global warming is!
Todd: So who came up with the Descendentspeak? You have "liveage," "bikeage," "Shreen," and you have this song "I want to put my hands around the girl's world?"
Bill: Oh you mean "grab her by the world?" The ALLspeak or Descendentspeak evolved over the years. The "-age" thing that you talked about, that was my thing from high school. I just always spoke that way. I don't really do it anymore because too many people do it, so it's not mine anymore. And it happened with the music a little bit!
ShitEd: Oh more than a little bit!
Karl: When you're hanging with your bro's and you're real tight, you develop your own slang.
Bill: Bug came up with that one: "Grab her by the world! Grab her by the world, Stephan!"
Stephan: I think he stole it from Moon, who used to drum for MIA. The thing about going on tour with another band is that they'll have their own slang.
Bill: Big Drill Car was good for that. They had a cool word for everything.
Todd: Do you guys know what happened to Big Drill Car?
Karl: They broke up, and Frank and Mark have a new band with John from the Doughboys called All Systems Go.
ShitEd: Mark's not doing sound for Rocket [From The Crypt] anymore?
Bill: No, not right now, no.
Stephan: They just went up and did a demo. The other guys I don't know.
Todd: That was a great band.
Stephan: Yeah it was.
ShitEd: Yeah, a wonderful band. I've seen them a lot with you guys.
Stephan: Yeah we played with them a lot. They were such a blast to hang out with. They were capable of being sociable in a way that really wasn't where we were at! [laughs] During that period it was cool to watch everybody come up and talk to them and stuff, and they would look at us like we were all weirdos or something!
Todd: So is life good?
Stephan: Totally.
Karl: It's as good or bad as you make it I guess, right?
Bill: Life's real good from where I stand. I have everything I ever wanted. I've been tripping out on that for about the last year. I think getting SSL in the studio was the final thing. I got everything that I ever wanted in my whole life, I have it now!
Todd: What's this "SSL"?
Bill: It's this fucking huge mixing console from hell. It's like from me to you...
Stephan: It's like 13 1/2 feet long!
Bill: Our studio looks like the Enterprise!
Stephan: We've had this board for maybe...
ShitEd: You need a captain's chair!
Bill: We've got one!
Stephan: I roll in every day and I look at it and it's fucking rad! I got in there and mix on it and it's just "This board rules!"
Bill: I remember driving around, like when we did that one tour it was Black Flag and two others, Minutemen and Saccharine Trust. There's 14 or 15 of us in one of those Ford vans, and we'd just piled in there like sardines. And I'm sitting there with Brewer's armpit right here, and Henry's foot right here [he's indicating they're jammed into him] and I'm going, "When I grow up here's the shit I want to have: I want to have a car that won't break down." I have that. I have a car that won't break down. "I want to have my own bedroom where I can shut the door and nobody's foot can be on me." OK, I got that. "I want a place where I can practice whenever I want, and make my own music, and record and work on my music in whatever way I want to be able to do, and have plenty of space to do it in and all the gear." And that's all I really wanted in life. ☠

ALL/DESCENDENTS FAMILY SHRUB



Pang: If you started a major social movement in Taiwan, what would you want people to do?

Tsai: Go into the street and fight with policemen and start fires.

Pang: So do they do this naked or not?

Tsai: It depends. Depends on them.

Pang: Because starting fires naked would probably be painful.

Tsai: When fighting, many clothes will be taken off, so it doesn't matter.

LTK Commune

When most people of Taiwan, they tend to think of cheap electronics products. But in addition to processor plants, Taiwan also has a thriving punk and indie rock scene. At the center of the scene is Taiwan's underground oldest band, surviving Commune. After eight years, mandatory military service, lineup changes, and numerous police disruptions of their shows, LTK Commune is finally getting ready to release their second album, which will feature more of their political, scatological punk rock. However, anything they have recorded will pale in comparison to their live shows. I interviewed vocalist Ko Ren-Jien and guitarist Tsai Hai-En after a show where they broke beer bottles on their heads, shined audience members' shoes, threw underwear around, hit each other with newspapers, and ended the show with a half-naked man wearing an inflatable air floatation device. And that particular show was pretty tame because no penises, real or simulated, were exposed. Other members of the band include Liu Bo-Li on bass, Robert on drums, and Xiao Yin on props.

Thanks to Charles, Azhi, and Rainy for translation help.

Interview with Pang Kexing

Pang: How did you get the English name LTK Commune out of Zhou Shui Xi? [Zhou Shui Xi is the name of the longest river in Taiwan.]

Tsai: It's Taiwanese. [The pronunciation is] Low Tsui Kui.

Pang: And the commune part?

Tsai: Why commune? It's just commune!

Pang: On your web page [www.dj.net.tw/~sw/music/ltk/ltk-eng.htm], it says that half of your shows have been disrupted by the police or canceled.

Tsai: Before.

Pang: What was that like before?

Tsai: I forgot.

Pang: You forgot? Why?

Tsai: [It was] six or seven years ago.

Pang: It was when you guys first formed.

Tsai: [We were] at National Taiwan University with Groupie [another Taiwanese punk band]. The administration, they thought it was a demonstration, but it was just a concert.

Pang: So now your shows don't get disrupted?

Tsai: No. Recently, no. But the boss of Roxy Vibe [the only consistent venue in Taiwan for underground bands] usually tells us to stop.

Pang: Can you tell us a little bit about the history of the band? I heard you guys started playing guitar in high school since you thought that many women like guitar players.

Tsai: Yeah, so we learn to play guitar.

Pang: Have you gotten any chicks?

Tsai: No. Never.

Pang: Never gotten any chicks from being in a band?

Tsai: No. No. No. No way. From the very beginning, it was to interrupt a concert, by forming a band with my high school friends. It was "Guitar Night" and there were many bands at the show. We form a band to interrupt them, to [mimics playing a guitar with lots of distortion.]

Pang: Why did you want to interrupt them?

Tsai: There are many flowers and chicks and teachers and they sit there, la-di-di-dum [mimics a complacent guitar player churning out love songs.]

Pang: What motivated you to form a band that's so contrary to Taiwanese society? A band that doesn't want to appear on the game shows, that doesn't want to sing love songs....

Tsai: We were just fucking around.

Pang: When did you become serious?

Tsai: Never. Never.

Pang: So your drug law [an open advocacy of drug use, which is pretty radical in a country where breaking the drug laws is punishable by death] - you don't think that's serious, challenging the Taiwanese government's drug policies?

Tsai: Just part of it. The other part is fucking around.

Pang: What's your new album going to be called?

Tsai: "Armed Violence."

Pang: So you guys think violence is good?

Tsai: Yeah. It's very peaceful now. We get violent, we get moving.

Pang: How did the band manage to survive your time in the army? [Every Taiwanese male must perform two years of mandatory military service] I know a lot of bands break up afterwards.

Tsai: That's just an excuse. I think it's an excuse for them to quit bands because they can't invent anything after joining the army.

Pang: Do you ever get frustrated being in a band that's been around for so long? You've been around for eight years. Do you ever feel like you're just doing the same old thing?

Tsai: Yeah. Sometimes. So we keep fucking around.

Pang: Why do you sing in Taiwanese? [most Taiwanese bands sing in Mandarin Chinese or English]

Tsai: I and Ko Ren-Jien, we were living in Kaohsiung before. And we have the same roots in making lyrics in Taiwanese. It's quick.

Pang: Would you guys consider yourself Taiwanese or Chinese?

Tsai: Taiwanese. We are independent. Our attitudes tend toward independence.

Pang: How do average Taiwanese people react to your songs or lyrics?

Tsai: They don't react to our lyrics.
Pang: So they don't understand your lyrics, they just don't like your sound?
Tsai: Sometimes they can understand the lyrics, but most of the time, they don't understand.
Pang: So you've never gotten any bad reaction from your lyrics? Because you do songs about masturbation...
Tsai: You mean serious people? Sometimes there are serious people. One time at a gig in a restaurant, we sing masturbation stuff, and everybody was [makes a shocked face].
Pang: But other than that, audiences love it when you masturbate?
Tsai: They have no reaction.
Pang: Why do you guys sing about the stuff you do? About beggars, about masturbation?
Tsai: I feel it reflects ourselves.
Pang: What have been your influences? Very few Taiwanese people listen to indie rock or punk.
Tsai: Gao Lin-Fung [a.k.a. the Frog Prince, a pop singer], He Yi-Hang [imagine a Chinese Johnny Carson with a Beatle haircut] Chen Yi-Lang. Gao Lin-Fung is the king of rock and roll in Taiwan.
A-zhi: It's a joke. It's a joke.
Tsai: I mean it. I mean it. He Yi-Hang is the famous host of a talk show. Very famous. He Yi-Hang, Gao Lin-Fung, we say it's Tai-K [pronounced tyke].
Pang: So if you ever got the chance to meet these guys, what would you say?
Tsai: [totally deadpan, and totally lying] We met them. We have their signatures on our guitars. We went to their show.
Pang: And you were cheering loudly, screaming "Jia Yo!" [Right on!]
Tsai: [after long pause and much laughter] Yeah. I mean it.
Pang: What's the difference between punk and Tai-K?
Tsai: It's very. From the lyrics, the influence...influenced from Gao Lin-Fung...and it's not punk, it's Tai-K.
Pang: So you guys don't like punk at all?
Tsai: We like but it's different. We want to sound like Gao Lin-Fung, so we call it Tai-K. We don't want it to sound like the Sex Pistols.
Pang: If you could run Taiwan for a day, what changes would you make?
Tsai: I don't know. Changes? Why are you asking this question?
Pang: Many people think you are a political band.
Tsai: I like to go to Changhwa [a city in central Taiwan] these days, for the garbage dump. The government wants to build a garbage dump, and the villagers, they don't like. They are throwing stones at people and places. I want to go there.
Pang: If there's one place you could destroy in Taiwan, what one place would it be?
Tsai: [points to Roxy Vibe] The first. Vibe. I see Ling Wei [the boss], I want to destroy him.
Pang: I've heard that every night you go swimming in the National Taiwan University pool without your clothes on.
Tsai: No clothes. [stresses] For swimming. Just for swimming.
Pang: Do you like wearing clothes?
Tsai: I could wear, I could not wear.
Pang: So why don't you walk around naked more?
Tsai: I just took off my pants, and they told me to put them back on. So I just take off my shoes.
Pang: If you started a major social movement in Taiwan, what would you want people to do?
Tsai: Go into the street and fight with policemen and start fires.
Pang: So do they do this naked or not?
Tsai: It depends. Depends on them.
Pang: Because starting fires naked would probably be painful.
Tsai: When fighting, many clothes will be taken off, so it doesn't matter.
Pang: Do you ever see yourself stopping LTK Commune?
Tsai: Until I am 70, I will be in LTK Commune. [And then] I will form my own band.
Pang: Is there anything else you want to tell foreigners?
Tsai: I want to tell them to fuck.
Pang: Fuck what?
Tsai: Fuck themselves.
Pang: So you think all foreigners should go fuck themselves?
Tsai: Especially men!
Pang: Why are you in LTK Commune?
Ko: This band is great.
Pang: How long have you been singing?
Ko: Since my childhood.
Pang: I mean with LTK Commune.
Ko: 8 years, about 8 years.
Pang: Why do you want to sing about masturbation?
Ko: Just for fun. I think it is a basic necessity.
Pang: So why do you sing about it instead of doing it? Wouldn't your time be better spent masturbating?
Ko: Me? Me?
Pang: Well, you guys practice every week, you play on stage...you just spent an hour playing on stage. What would be better, playing for an hour, or masturbating for an hour?
Ko: I tell you the truth. Four times a week.
Pang: Four times a week? Very small.
Ko: Too much.
Pang: I think this is a cultural difference. Taiwanese people don't masturbate as much as Americans.
Ko: I think I am sick. I have a backache.
Pang: Oh, so no wonder you only masturbate 4 times a week!
Ko: Okay, let's change the question. How about this answer? Are you satisfied?
Pang: Yeah, I'm satisfied. You guys simulate masturbation on stage, and you're embarrassed by this question? *sigh* Why do you use Taiwanese?
Ko: I speak Taiwanese more readily. I cannot speak Chinese with my friends, even Mandarin, I cannot speak it well.
Pang: Would you consider yourself Taiwanese or Chinese?
Ko: Taiwanese or Chinese? Me? I am Taiwanese. I am absolutely independent. I am not Chinese.
Pang: So I heard you are a lawyer.
Ko: I am almost a lawyer. Not really a lawyer.
Pang: What, do you play one on TV? If you are in a band that advocates violence and wanting to smash the state, then how come you work for the state in the field of law?
Ko: I know your question, but it's good. It's a very good company. Why? Why? Why me? Do you like your country?
Pang: I like the United States, but I don't like everything about it. I know the United States has problems. And you?
Ko: I don't know.
Pang: You don't like Taiwan? What don't you like?
Ko: Air pollution, environmental pollution.
Pang: You ride a motorcycle. So aren't you contributing to the air pollution then? You are part of the problem.
Ko: Your questions are very hard.
Pang: If you are Lee Teng-Hui [president of Taiwan], what would you do?
Ko: What part? Relations between Taiwan...
Pang: Anything.
Ko: [pauses] Anything? [pauses again] Maybe you can interview someone else? [pauses again] I would declare Taiwanese independence.
Pang: Who influences your music?
[crowd yells, "Gao Lin-Fung" etc...]
Pang: Shut up!
Ko: No, they are correct. Do you know them?
Pang: I haven't listened to them yet.
Ko: You should listen. Because they can express the spirits of the Taiwanese.
Pang: Do you think that LTK Commune also expresses the spirit of Taiwanese people?
Ko: I hope so. I hope I can achieve the same.
Pang: Do you want to tell foreigners anything?
Ko: Anything? The foreigners? Many, many foreigners, especially men, have the Taiwanese girlfriend. If they could [we are interrupted by a friend saying goodbye]...Where were we?
Pang: American men with Taiwanese girlfriends?
Ko: Nothing. Whatever.
Pang: [slightly frustrated] Have you had many beers?
Ko: Two bottles [of longnecked Taiwan Beer - like a 40 oz]
Pang: Do you want to add anything else?
Ko: No, no, no. I am just...thank you for everybody's support. ☠

BRANDON CRUZ...THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE

Another Case of Brewtality CD REC. 1998

Pre-school CD 81-84
Wasted Night CD 85-87

GangGreen
TAANG! 135

VoodooEconomics...
DOUBLE CD

The entire history of the Proletariat 2 cd-s et

The Proletariat
TAANG! 127

Truth Whole Truth...
CD/CS/LP ON COLORED VINYL

T-shirts & all other CDS/LPS available

The Business
TAANG! 115

Learning To Scream
7 IN BLACK OR CLEAR VINYL

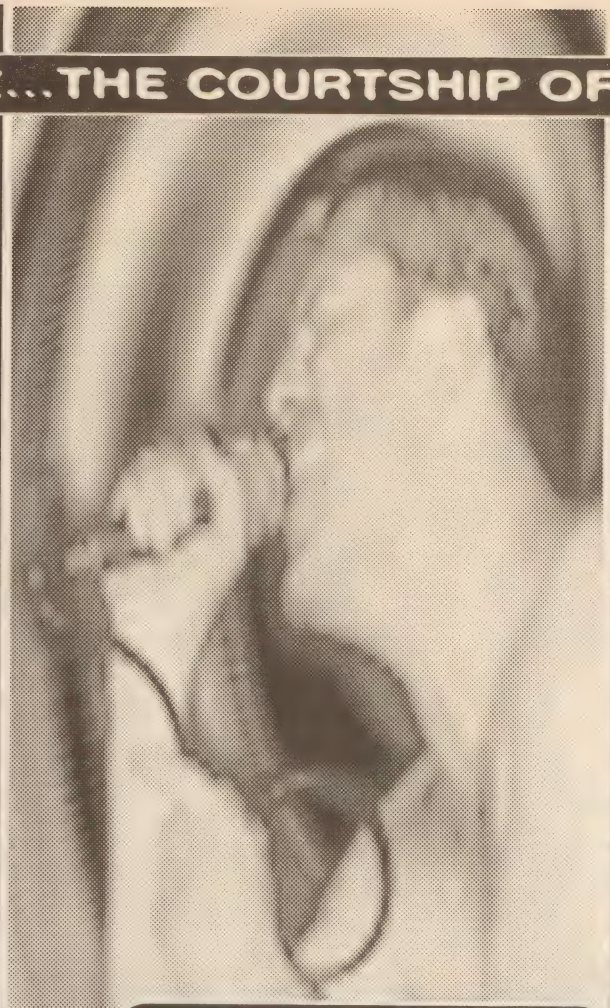
T-shirts & all other CDS/LPS available

Poison Idea
TAANG! 142

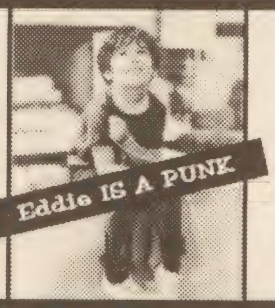
Taang! TV VIDEO

10 bands from our stable... Includes SSD, Neg FX, Buck O 9, Bosstones, SLF, Ganggreen, Poison Idea, & Spacemen 3

Taang! TV
TAANG! 120



BRANDON CRUZ
formerly of Dr. Know



The Courtship of Eddie
Recordings from 1970–1997

TAANG! 141

"The Courtship of Eddie's Father" starring Brandon Cruz as Eddie Corbett, & Bill Bixby as his dad, now comes to life with tracks from Harry Nilsson, Mickey Dolenz from the Monkees, & Greg Hetson from Bad Religion.

This CD has the history of Brandon Cruz, from child star to his punk days. Brandon's punk bio ranges from his infamous days with Dr. Know, to the Brandon Cruz Band, Twister Naked, Harmful If Swallowed, to the final days of Flipper.

This 12 song CD captures Brandon's duet with Bill Bixby, and an updated punk version of "Best Friend" with Nilsson (Harry's last recording ever), all in a unique packaging devised by Taang!, written by Brandon.

The entire works of DR. KNOW 3 CDS out September 1998

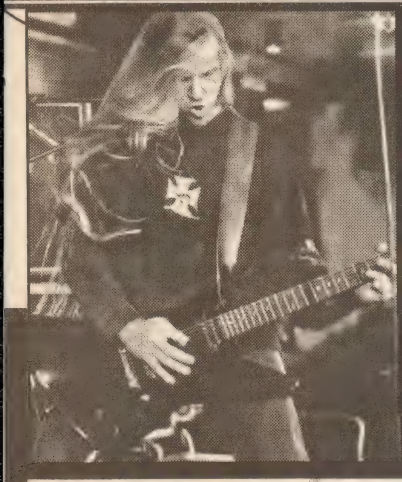
Check out our website for band t-shirts and merchandise info!

706 Pismo Court, San Diego, CA 92109 619.488.5950 FAX 619.488.5156 www.taang.com Email orders@taang.com

MACHINE

Meet Jack, Kirk and Robb of Machine. Their band is one of the thrashiest, balls to the wall, kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out bands in years. Machine are the antidote to what has happened to Metallica. Formed in Honolulu, Hawaii in 1993, Machine's current lineup includes Jack Patterson on vocals and guitar, Robb Carlyon on bass, and Kirk Powles on drums. For a threesome, they create an amazing, blazing wall of sound. Their CD, "White Knuckled Embryo" is as brutally, divinely metal as you'd want any metal to be; it stands up right next to the likes of Carcass, Entombed, and Sepultura. I can't wait 'til these guys go on tour, I'm gonnamake 'em take me to a transvestite titty bar!

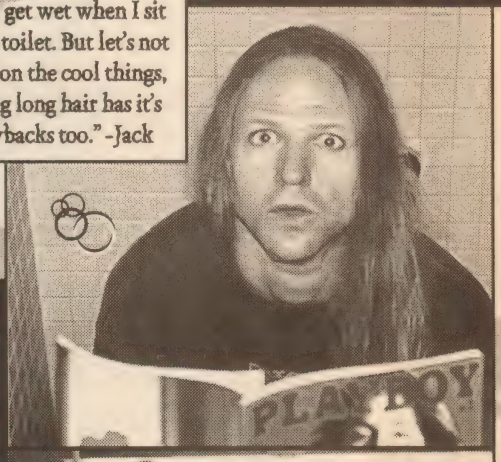
Interview by Kirin



Kirin: Why'd you name your band Machine?
Jack: I forget. It was either the result of voodoo chants during one of our sacrifice rituals... or it was derived using a very complicated mathematical formula developed by NASA scientists. Coincidentally, or maybe not, the two syllables "ma" and "chine" mean "evil gods" in Japanese.
Kirin: Does it bug you when girls only shave half of their legs? Does it bug you more if it's only the upper half they shave?
Jack: Never been in that situation, if I'm paying for her 99 cent Big Mac, I let them know they're shaving everything.
Robb: Very much. I've never seen that before.
Kirk: Girls shave?
Kirin: What's your favorite PopTart flavor?
Jack: No brainer, chocolate.
Kirk: Blueberry. Reminds me of my childhood.
Robb: Strawberry
Kirin: Do you know Elvis' birthday? Do you know the day and year he died? Have you ever been to Graceland?
Jack: Who? the only king we recognize is King Diamond. [*This is the single coolest answer I've ever had to this question! -Kirin*]
Kirin: What brand of condoms do you use most?
Robb: Trojan, ultra thin
Kirk: KIMONO! I get them free at the university health clinic.
Jack: You're of course assuming that someday I'll be able to trick some girl into sleeping with me!? Goldcoins... hands down. I freely endorse them in our CD.
Kirin: What's your favorite flavor of lube?
Jack: I usually keep my mouth closed when changing the oil in my car. Oh... that kind. No pain, no gain... lube is only good for practical jokes on door knobs, and "astro glide" is the best brand for that.
Kirin: What's the most distinguishing thing about your car?
Jack: Besides the "Slayer" license plate? The fact that I've never washed it.
Robb: The driver.
Jack: Yeah...that's what I meant.
Kirin: Do you have any stickers on your car? What are they?
Robb: "Machine," and Kenny from South Park.
Jack: "Machine," "Washington State University," and "So many men, so little time"...I'm not sure who stuck that one on there...I should probably take it off huh? *[Nah, just put an N.R.A. sticker beside it. -Kirin]*
Kirin: Is your stovetop clean?
Kirk: It actually is right now! Don't ask me how it got that way, I'll deny everything.

Robb: Alii Amber Ale from Hawaii
Kirin: What's your shoe size? Are you wearing shoes right now? If so, what are they? If not, do you have ugly feet?
Jack: Kirk is always asking me and Robb the same thing... this isn't that "you know what they say about a guy with big feet?" thing is it? Ummm... I forget what size I wear, but they're big... I'll tell you that much.
Robb: 9 1/2, Converse All Stars.
Kirk: Nike 11.5, Adidas 11, K-Mart Blue Light Special 9. I don't know how that came about.
Kirin: In the pictures, Jack, you have some hella long hair. Is it past your booty, Mr.Groovy?
Jack: Well... if I'm not careful, it will get wet when I sit on the toilet. But let's not dwell on the cool things - having long hair has its drawbacks, too.
Kirin: Yeah, I can imagine, like chicks hanging all over you!
Jack: Oh yeah, just for your info, this has not been a big problem for me! [Chicks, I mean...]
Kirin: You know, that's interesting, because I have no hair, and I can't keep them off of me. Women, you just never know, do you?
Kirin: Are you guys working on new material for another album right now?
Robb: Constantly.
Jack: Always working on that.
Kirin: Will you be touring the mainland soon?
Robb: We plan to soon, but are still working out the details.
Jack: It's difficult to do from out here in the middle of the Pacific.
Kirin: If you could open for any band, who would it be?
Jack: Gotta be Rick James... "Super Freak" was one hell of a song, and that man knows how to treat his women.<smiling>
Robb: Tool.
Kirin: If any band could open for you, who would it be?
Jack: Anybody crappy that would make us look good.
Robb: Tool.
Kirk: Metallica. So I could say, "Not only did I never go to any of your shows, but now you're opening up for me."
Kirin: What person, living, dead, or imaginary, would you like to meet?
Jack: Well if they were dead, they'd be kinda useless, so I'd have to say "Chuck," or the guy that keeps getting fired on the "Jack in the Box" commercials.
Kirk: That chick from Gen 13, the cartoon. [Riot Girrl on Machine's website update page.]
Robb: Spotless.
Jack: Kirk cleans mine too.
Kirin: How often do you do laundry?
Jack: When I run out of socks... or if I think I may score, I'll do the sheets.
Robb: Once a month.
Kirk: When it starts to move on its own.
[The band distastefully verifies Kirk's method]
Kirin: Jack, I know you said you don't drink alcohol, so... what's your favorite juice/soda/liquid? Kirk? Robb? [Kindly exclude bodily fluids from your answer.]
Jack: That's just me. I've been into milkshakes a lot lately, but you can't ever go wrong with the original flavor Gatorade.
Kirk: I'll take a beer if you got one.
Robb: Riot Girrl.
Jack: What am I thinking!? I meant what they said, she's such an obvious choice.
Kirin: What kinda shampoo do you use?
Kirk: Whatever is on sale.
Robb: Suave, Bio Basics.
Jack: What a glam question!... I'd be happy to answer that. Biolage and Joico mostly. I'm looking to get sponsored by them so I don't have to buy it anymore... they've yet to return my calls or letters though!
Kirin: If people wanna buy your very cool and buttkicking CD, whaddoo they gotta do?
Jack: Easy. There are many things they could do, however... if they want to use cash, the easiest and cheapest way to get any merchandise is to order it directly from us. We're always willing to mail stuff out. If they don't want to do that, our website has a list of some of the stores that carry our CD. Email is the easiest way to contact us with any questions or comments. No inquiry or request will go unanswered.
Kirin: Anything you'd like to add, subtract, or deny?
Robb: 2+2=4, 2-2=0, and I don't deny either one!
Jack: Yes, I have many things to deny. However, I will keep it short, and add a big thanks to all the people that have helped us out, come to our shows, bought CDs etc... We appreciate it!

> "Well... if I'm not careful, it will get wet when I sit on the toilet. But let's not dwell on the cool things, having long hair has it's drawbacks too." -Jack



(SO, THE WEBSITE MENTIONED ABOVE, [WHICH, I MIGHT ADD, IS FUNNIER THAN HELEN KELLER ANSWERING AN IRON,] IS LOCATED AT:
HTTP://WWW.HGEA. ORG/~EMBRYO.
TO EMAIL MACHINE, WRITE TO:
EMBRYO@HGEA.ORG.
FOR SNAIL-MAIL INFO & BOOKING, CONTACT:
WGN MANAGEMENT, 2121 ALA WAI BLVD. STE. 4105, HONOLULU HAWAII, 96815, 808-923-4820.
MANY THANKS TO JACK FOR THE LAUGHS AND THE GREAT CD, AND TO ROBB FOR PUTTING THE AD IN *PIT MAGAZINE* WHICH LEAD TO THIS INTERVIEW, AND MUCH LUCK AND SUCCESS TO ROBB, KIRK, AND JACK, WHO HAVE PUT THE KICK AND THE ASS BACK INTO KICKING ASS! -KIRIN)

"...THE FLOW IS GETTING STRONGER WITH SMALL INCRIMENTS OF TIME"

BAD RELIGION

GREG GRAFFIN

HEY FOLKS, AS PROMISED, HERE'S THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THE BAD RELIGION INTERVIEW, THIS TIME FEATURING LEAD VOCALIST GREG GRAFFIN. TODD GETS GRILLED ON THE MOON LANDING CONSPIRACY THEORY BUT GETS SMALL VINDICATION AS HE LOCATES A COMPLETELY MANUFACTURED WORD IN A BAD RELIGION SONG - (ANY GUESSES?) - AND HE NOW HAS HIS UNABRIDGED WEBSTERS DICTIONARY SIGNED BY THE ONE OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF HIGHER EDUCATION PUNK.

INTERVIEW BY TODD AND HOLLY
PICTURES BY TODD

[The tape starts in the midst of an internet discussion]
Greg: With the internet you can withdraw. You can hide in your own little cell and pretend you're actually part of what's happening. But all you're doing is separating yourself from society when what we need today more than ever is to bring people together. That's why people talk to me about what the Warped Tour means to me. It's so much more than just the fact that we're kind of like the grandparents at a family reunion which is very meaningful on an emotional level but it also is the new punk scene. That's where we've come with our punk scene. We have people who are active. I mean, literally, they get up off their ass and they come together for social reasons. That is so rare today. They're active, they come together with a common ideology and there's definitely room in that world for intellectual freedom and intellectual betterment.

Holly: Is the Warped Tour the largest tour you've played?
Greg: Well, we've played bigger ones in Europe but in America, yeah.
Holly: Jay told us that Bad Religion in German was Lake of Religion.
Greg: Yeah, Bath Religion. Bad means bath but they call little lakes baths.
Todd: So, just for the tape - Name, instrument and degree.
Greg: Instruments? I play a lot of instruments but in the band... You know who I am.
Holly: I know, we need to document this for the readers.
Greg: This is Greg Graffin. I'm the singer for Bad Religion and I have a bachelors degree in anthropology, a masters degree in geology and I'm three fourths of the way there on a PhD in zoology.
Holly: So you're still going to Cornell, right?
Greg: Well, I've taken the last couple of years off because of band crisis and family crisis and a lot of traveling.
Holly: Are you married?
Greg: Not anymore. I'm divorced.
Holly: Do you have children?
Greg: Yes, two little children that I have joint custody of. A six year old and a four year old.
Todd: Can you define Bad Religion in terms of an animal or an organism that has a long fossil history?
Greg: Yeah, Polypterus is the genus of a fish that still lives today that has a very ancient fossil record as well. But it still is a very viable, functioning organism in our modern biodus (sp?).
Todd: Is it in the family of the ichthyosaurus by any chance? Did it spawn from that?
Greg: No, that's a reptile. This is a true fish but it's a fish that's multi-purpose. It has lungs so it can breath air if it has to. It has gills so it can breath water if it has to. The idea that it's succeeded for so long is because it's so adaptable. It doesn't matter what environment is present. It can make out a very good living and in that respect, Bad Religion... It doesn't matter what music is popular. Bad Religion is able to succeed because of our versatility.
Todd: I have another biology question. Darwin, when he did the evolution of species, said that the main component that separated animals from humans was the use of tools - well, that's one of his beliefs - but he said this while watching a bird break open an oyster onto a rock. Wouldn't the rock be a tool?
Greg: Yeah, probably, but it becomes a matter of manufacturing a tool. A chimpanzee can take a twig and use it as a tool by dipping it down into an ant hole and then licking the ants off of the twig, but a chimpanzee takes a twig off a tree and breaks the little twigletts off and manufactures it into a long, straight stick, so in that respect there's manipulation. So that whole concept of manufacture/manipulation all depends on the Latin root. Man - M...A...N - which means hand. So, there's probably a series of stages of tool making and eventually you have to manipulate an object.
Holly: Do you still write your songs on a piano?
Greg: Uh huh.
Holly: Have you ever written a song on anything strange or obscure?
Greg: Just acoustic guitar or piano. In fact, I put out a solo record last year and that was all just piano and acoustic guitar.
Todd: Reflex just wrote a long, positive review of it.
Greg: Oh, he liked "American Lesion"?
Todd: Yeah.
Greg: Oh, great. That's great. Yeah, he's a friend of mine.
Holly: What's the worst piece of advice you've ever received?
Greg: That's a tough one. Advice has always gone in one ear and out the other for me. It really has.
Holly: What's the most disposable class you took at Cornell?
Greg: Well, I did a lot of teaching at Cornell but I took most of my classes at UCLA. That's where I got my masters and my undergraduate. The most disposable class? I hate to say it because I'm very liberal minded but I'd have to say it was black English.
Todd: [laughter] Why is that?
Greg: Because it was just stupid. We were learning ebonics.
Todd: So you weren't reading a lot of Bell Hooks or *The Invisible Man* or anything?
Greg: No.
Todd: [laughter] You were just learning black English?
Greg: Yeah, it was awful. I hope the class has gotten better over the years.
Greg: I took it 'cause it was an elective and it's like, "What the fuck. I need a little break." I'm not opposed to the study of ebonics, I just think that the class I took sucked.
Todd: I have a question and don't take it the wrong way, but why Atlantic? What was the thought process behind getting off of Epitaph and coming to Atlantic? And it's not even a major/minor type thing.
Greg: I think it's very similar to go... My first semester in school was at Cal State Northridge. The reason was because I didn't have good enough grades to get right into UCLA where I wanted to go so I went to Cal State wasn't satisfied with Cal State. I wanted to be on a flagship university and a real major research institution and that's why I transferred to UCLA. When we started Epitaph Records, we never meant it to be the DIY flagship that people turned it into. We did it because it was a place to... It was us guys who needed a label to stick on our record. That's all it was and we stuffed records in the sleeves and mailed 'em to people and brought 'em in our trunk to the record stores. It wasn't a functioning label. Atlantic is an institution. It's got history and more importantly it's got the distribution network in place that's been there for thirty years that we can take advantage of to get our records heard much better than we could on Epitaph at that time. I'm a fan of getting my music heard by as many people as possible and the misconception is that you have to cater to their style of marketing and I think that anyone that has listened to Bad Religion will see that we stayed true to our integrity from the past. We make music that makes people think. That didn't stop when we signed to Atlantic.
Todd: Didn't you remix "Twenty-First Century Digital Boy" though?
Greg: That was actually Brett's idea. He though it was a good idea since this record was going to be heard by more people than ever. To have a tie in with our past. I'm pretty much a go along with the flow guy, you know? If the band wants to do something, I'll do it.
Holly: If there was no Bad Religion, where would you like to be right now? More than likely it would be doing something with what you've studied I'm sure.
Greg: Yeah, I'd probably be an associate professor or something like that.
Holly: Do you think that you might get more into that after, or if, the band does end?
Greg: I don't know. It's hard for me to say. This isn't a hobby for me but academia isn't either so I think there's room in my life to do both and I think, eventually, I would like to not have to tour so much and maybe spend some more time doing academia. That's logical I think. I almost went to NAU in fact.
Todd: Oh really?
Greg: I got accepted to the PhD program there but I chose Cornell instead because D.K. Elliot is a professor there who works on fossil fishes and he accepted me as his student. And I visited it and everything.
Todd: It's a beautiful place. For literature it's really good, actually.
Holly: What band do you wish never existed not because they were a bad band but because of the imitators that they created?
Greg: I can't really think of any. Can you?
Todd: Yeah, Bad Religion. Bad Religion and NOFX. They're two bands that I really love...
Greg: Then we never should have existed?
Todd: No, not at all.
Greg: Well that's what the question was.
Todd: Well, the question goes... OK, I'll do it to a literary... People who really like Bukowski - I really don't like what they write but I really like Bukowski. It's the same thing with Hunter S. Thompson. People try to be like Hunter S. Thompson and only seem to get the style so far but, to me, don't get to the meat of what he was doing. You know, don't get into the pathos of the dynamics of it. And the people that try it - it just looks so bad to me. You know, why don't you try to find your own thing? And that's what I have a problem with.
Greg: In that context I can say Van Halen which is a band I loved but look at what it spawned. Holy Christ. I mean, that was just sickening. But only in that context. You have to be very careful in the phrasing of the question.

Todd: Yeah, it's not the band itself or the band's fault or anything but the tie-ins are very easy or people only see, "Oh, that's a hook. I'll use that hook." but they don't see the whole ...

Greg: So that means you don't care for Pennywise or Blink 182?

Todd: No, I really like Pennywise. I don't like Blink 182. I think Pennywise is taking things, if we wanna get real technical, I think they're taking "Suffer" and they're using that as like your Dead Sea scrolls and going from there. That's their taking off point. I think they've actually superceded in some ways.

Greg: Interesting.

Todd: Blink 182 I have no respect for whatsoever.

Greg: Luckily I don't know enough about either of those bands to comment. I was just going off of what other people have said.

Todd: Actually, we got to interview Fletcher by himself and then Pennywise and they seemed pretty straight up guys. I was really happy with them. If you could introduce people to two authors just for their vocabulary instinct, who would they be?

Greg: It wouldn't be based on vocabulary.

Todd: OK, who would you direct people to?

Greg: Carl Sagan without a doubt and maybe Don DeLillo.

Todd: Which Don DeLillo?

Greg: *White Noise*.

Todd: That's a good one.

Greg: He's a Bad Religion fan.

Todd: Really? I never would've guessed.

Greg: I didn't either until I got a copy of *Mau 2* that said, "To Greg Graffin - A real talent." That was nice.

Todd: Wow. What are your thoughts on Pynchon? Do you like Pynchon at all?

Greg: I should read more actually.

Todd: *Vineland* is a good way to get yourself into it.

Greg: Yeah, my dad's an English professor at Wisconsin.

Todd: Oh really.

Holly: That's where I'm from. Madison.

Greg: Right on. [the Dairylanders high five] I was born in Madison.

Holly: Really?

Todd: Holy shit.

Holly: Yeah, I moved here about a year and a half ago.

Greg: I knew there was something about you.

Holly: Where in Madison did you live?

Greg: On Hancock near the university. My parents were grad students when I was born and I grew up in Racine. My dad still lives in the same house that I grew up in but I moved out here when my mom, in her wisdom, decided to divorce and move three thousand miles away from my dad - which spawned the phenomenon known as Bad Religion. A lot of the people don't understand, "Where did the anger come from?" All I need to say is, "Well, my dad lives three thousand miles away."

Holly: Didn't or does Descendents' Milo work or attend the University of Wisconsin?

Greg: I'm not sure. I heard he does have some academic connection but I don't know where. I went there for my first... After Cal State Northridge, it was my dream to go to Madison.

Holly: [laughter] I've never heard of that.

Greg: Because all my friends growing up in Racine were all going there and I just wanted to be with my buddies and out here I never felt part of the society. Bad Religion was sort of my respite from... This is a pretty harsh society and to come out here as a teenager, it was rough. So I just wanted to be with my friends back in Madison. I went there after I got straight A's at Cal State. After I got straight A's I was accepted but they wouldn't give me instate tuition so I could only go there for one semester. I thought I could go there for a semester and they'd change their mind. So then I transferred from Madison to UCLA. Dejected. I was happy with UCLA but...

Holly: How often do you go back to Madison?

Greg: Never, unless we play it. My dad lives in Racine so I go back there a lot.

Todd: Has you dad ever seen you play?

Greg: Oh, he flies all over to see us. We're giving a talk next year if you ever go to the International Convention of Pop Culture.

Todd: Oh really?

Greg: Do you ever go to that?

Todd: I never got to but I know a lot of people who have.

Greg: Are you a member of the society?

Todd: No.

Greg: I think it's the Society for Pop Culture or something. We're giving a talk together. Graffin and Graffin. It'll be fun.

Todd: What do you think is the sneakiest thing that the government is doing right now? What have they learned and become most adept at in the last four or five years?

Greg: Well, see, I don't believe that the government is sneaky. I think the government gets away with what the people let them get away with. The government follows the course of least action, or least resistance, sorry. In that respect, deregulation really deteriorated our way of life in many things. I don't believe that the Reagan era deregulated everything because they were evil. I think it was because they had a warped sense of what was good for people and they had a warped sense of priorities. Profits were better than social welfare. And so today, the basic climate in government is one of deregulation. You talk to anyone and they say, "Government should stay the hell out of my business. Give me the freedom to make a profit." But then that's why we have the free market economy - runaway free market economy that we have all over the world where there's no more provision for social welfare. Dwindling resources for social welfare, dwindling resources for infrastructure and everything is about building up corporate profits. But do I think it's evil? I think it's a harsh and a horrible way to live but I don't think there's some evil element behind it all. It's going to take the people to say "Enough is enough." We need our government to intervene in corporate progress and I don't know when it's going to happen. One of the biggest industries that was deregulated was the airline industry so when we see a bunch of planes plummeting from the sky, I think people are gonna say to get the government back involved in regulation and maintain the service of the airplanes and create safety again. It's not only that, though. It's everything. There are no more standards anymore. The government has to lead the way in setting standards and in this era of government hands off, there are no more standards so you get companies... Media is a good example. Television, movies, records. You have these huge corporations that are only interested in making profits and so they don't care. They don't really have standards anymore. They just do little experiments with the public and see what sells and if it sells, they justify their actions by saying, "See, it's what the people want." But it's not what the people want. Today if you listen to the radio, there's nothing good on and they say that this is what the people want. It's not what the people want, it's what you're giving them. 'Cause if there were people having high standards of what they release to the public, then people would respond. If people are only given a choice of mediocre stuff, they're gonna take mediocre stuff over no stuff at all. So, someone's gonna have to change the course. Bad Religion has luckily maintained high standards of artistic integrity and I hope that we can bridge that gap between popularity and high standards.

Holly: What's one thing that you wish you could understand that you just can't?

Greg: Why people are so hostile when they encounter those with different opinions. It's just something that is so foreign to me. When I get turned on by someone it's when they don't see things the way that I do and we entertain the discourse of rational reasons for thinking the way we

do. I love that. That's what the entire enlightenment period of the sixteen and seventeen hundreds was all about. People being able to speak freely and openly but agree on some methodology so they could come to some idea of progress. Today that's not around. People just get hostile and angry at you if you ask questions.

Todd: I think it's kind of like people are used to having almost a freeway mentality talking to one another. If you cut me off, I honk at you. If you put your brakes on me, I'm gonna get in your face about things. I think it's the same thing with the internet. You have ten thousand pounds of metal and steel around you - you can kind of nudge somebody off. On the internet you can blast off and the worst thing they could do is leave something on a silicon chip in your commuter and all you have to do is go "Blip - I don't have to listen to you." The interface cards are so far removed from one another that hostility is what some people think is the only wire that they can travel in-between and that's really too bad.

Holly: What's the last thing that really got on your nerves and/or the last thing that appalled you?

Greg: Oh, God, appalling. And I knew I was going to be appalled by it but I still went and that is the movie "Krippendorf's Tribe." It shows how depraved we are as a society. This movie couldn't have even been shown in the seventies when people were a little more sensitive to cultural stereotypes.

Holly: What was the movie about?

Greg: This was a movie where a professor had spent all of his research funds without accomplishing his objective of making a documentary film of a New Guinean tribe so since he had no money, he fabricated evidence by dressing his family up like tribes people and filming them in his backyard complete with the big lips and the face paint and every stereotype I was taught you weren't supposed to entertain and these fuckers made a movie about it which just shows that we are really in an era of no standards. It's all in the same theme of what the album's about. "No Substance." We're a society that completely superficialized everything and standards are something that carry weight and we just gloss over them.

Holly: What's your view on pornography?

Greg: It's changing over the years.

Holly: How so?

Greg: I'm thirty-three now. When I was twenty-three I saw it differently. It's still remarkably exciting but I think the kind of people who turn to it... Like, I can think of when I turned to it, it's in times of need. I think if we were healthier people, I don't think we would watch it so much. And I think the fact that it's taking off is part of what I was saying earlier in that as a society we're withdrawing from each other. We're hiding from each other. We're not interacting anymore and the fact that there isn't real sex and real socially meaningful interaction is part of the reason that pornography is so popular.

Holly: Well, in LA it's magnified - put on billboards...

Greg: Yeah, I think it's offensive that the whole concept of lookism is something that needs to be addressed more often. 'Cause I'm not excited by people I look at. It's people I interact with. It's that simple.

Todd: On that vein, what is the most penetrating piece of hate mail for saying, "This guy or girl is really scathing," but at the same time they have unearthed truth that I didn't know about myself before. Can you remember any incidents?

Greg: I've never really... People that are usually emotional in their email, I don't take offence to because there's something going on with them. I can't control their anger. It's not really the fact that I sold out. They're pissed off at themselves for something. So I don't even entertain those kinds of notions. But people all the time ask me meaningful questions in email or regular mail.

Todd: What's one of the most meaningful questions you've encountered lately?

Greg: Once, somebody asked me if religion is necessary as a guide for our moral system. Is it necessary? To which I answered abruptly, "No." it's not necessary. I mean, you could just as easily establish a system of morals based on the study of nature. It doesn't matter who created nature. That's not really a relevant question to me. I don't care where it came from, but it's there and there is definitely a system that it operates under.

Holly: And it surely isn't Ron Hubbard.

Greg: L. Ron Hubbard?

Holly: Yeah.

Greg: I don't know much about L. Ron Hubbard. I understand he was a great science fiction writer.

Todd: What has been a marked change for you in the last ten to fifteen years, personality wise? Has anything fundamentally changed or have you just adapted?

Greg: Oh definitely. I used to think that everyone were idiots. Part of my upbringing I guess. And now I think everyone is valuable. That might have been in the last six years since I've had children and I think children are one of the greatest things in the world because they teach you so much about yourself. They teach you about heredity, about genes, about that which can't be changed. It gives you first hand knowledge of nature vs. nurture. My daughter's only four and there's things I know that I'll never have an effect on her 'cause she's a certain way and that allows you to realize that some people are just certain ways and that still is respectable. It has nothing to do with their environment, it has to do with the chemistry in their genes. I think it's important.

Holly: Do you do anything now that you swore you would never do ten or fifteen years ago?

Greg: I sit at a desk once in a while but I swore I would never have a desk job. Usually when I write I sit at a table or something. I'm a divorced parent now which is something I swore would never happen. And it wasn't my doing but coming to terms with that short-coming was something that's made me a better person.

Todd: What's the number one thing that you think people get wrong about Bad Religion from the lyrics? Does anybody take the microphone away and they just sing the wrong lyrics?

Greg: Well, remarkably it's not about lyrics. It's about perception. People perceive us to be the biggest assholes in the world - which isn't true - or to be the biggest sell-outs in the world - which isn't true - or the most unapproachable people in the world - which isn't true. Very few people actually spend the time to understand the lyrics I think. Because anyone who did spend time would realize that all three of those weren't true. And like-wise, it's easy to think, "Oh, they're Satan worshipers." But if you would spend time with the lyrics, you would notice.

Holly: What's another one lyric or phrase of a song that people get wrong? That people either interpret wrong or just have all the wrong words to?

Todd: Like, "Fuck Armageddon, it's the smell." or something.

Greg: Or, "Peter Pan walked away." [laughter] Jay told you that one? Isn't that funny as hell?

Todd: That's great.

Greg: I just saw him in the front row. [Greg mouths the words "Peter Pan walked away."] [laughter] That's as far as you can get. "These guys are writing about my favorite nursery rhyme." I don't really know. That's the one that comes to mind.

Holly: It's a good one.

Todd: Do you have any consumer tips or piracy tips? Any knowledge that you have that would be useful for...

Greg: Pirates?

Todd: No, no, piracy. Piracy, like computer piracy. Do you know any tricks of the trade or anything like that?

Greg: I know nothing like that. What did you say? Consumer?

Todd: Yeah. Consumer tips.

Greg: No, I don't know. I think that we need to be careful of our consumerism. I'm a huge consumer. I'm not one to lead by example but certainly buying cheap ass products is what everyone's obsessed with. I think you should buy once, buy right. There are so many cheap products out there and people just want to own a VCR so they go and buy the cheapest piece of shit they can find instead of maybe understanding how a VCR works and figuring out which one to buy. I've always respected people who do that. Even people who don't have that much money. My academic colleagues for instance. They understood the products they were buying. Today people are just so... It's a knee jerk reaction to buy things.

Todd: Ever thought of purchasing a Saturn?

Greg: No, just because I don't think it's a safe car. Now that I'm a parent I'm interested in buying the safest thing.

Holly: Mini vans?

Todd: Volvos?

Greg: Actually, mini vans aren't that safe.

Holly: A bus?

Greg: Yeah, I have a Suburban which is the safest.

Holly: You probably tie the kids up in the center of it with bungee chords.

Greg: Just because it's the heaviest vehicle on the road. Inertia is the most important factor in a collision, and also I live in a real snowy area.

Todd: Ithaca?

Greg: Yeah.

Todd: Have you ever hidden anything in a body cavity for a long time?

Greg: Nope, never. I've never smuggled drugs or nothing like that. I don't take drugs.

Holly: What's the strangest thing that's been thrown at you on stage?

Greg: Strangest? Jay's already told you this story.

Todd: No.

Greg: Squirrel parts. Someone threw a squirrel on stage, cut up in pieces. Luckily I'm a zoologist so I could identify it.

Todd: Any clarification?

Greg: There was never an understanding of why it was thrown up.

Todd: How long ago was that?

Greg: I think like three years ago.

Holly: Where at?

Greg: You'd have to ask Jay. I don't remember the show, I just remember identifying it. "Oh, this is skygirus." (sp?)

Todd: Who's the longest fan you've had that you either saw at a show and then kept in contact with or through fan mail?

Greg: It might be Jack Rabid.

Todd: Jack Rabid - right. The Big Takeover. How's that book coming?

Greg: Pretty good. Pushing along. It's a huge project. How do you cover eighteen years of events?

Todd: We gave him some stuff.

Greg: Oh, good.

Todd: We gave him as much as we had. I mean, we don't keep exclusive records of every place.

Holly: Todd has this theory that there was no landing on the moon...

Todd: Oh yeah, I just have this one question. If this moon landing did occur, why are there no stars from the astronauts' cameras? Why are there no stars visible in any of the film? That's the only question I have dealing with that. If you look at all the pictures that were taken by Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldron, there's no stars but I don't know enough about astrophysics to realize... I mean, there's very little atmosphere.

Greg: Well look outside right now. [It's partly cloudy, it's the middle of the day, there's no stars.]

Todd: For twenty-five hours? But it doesn't have a...

Greg: Well, what do you see right now? I don't see one star in the sky.

Todd: I see a lot of clouds but there are no clouds on the moon.

Greg: Yeah, but what if it was daytime? I don't remember but I think the moon is always daytime.

Todd: Yeah, I guess, Pink Floyd's "Dark Side of the Moon."

Greg: See, rock and roll does that.

Holly: You learn something new every day.

Greg: You should read Carl Sagan's new book because the evidence you just sited to bolster your conspiracy theory is actually pretty... On weak foundation.

Todd: Right, well, I'm just curious. I just want to figure it out.

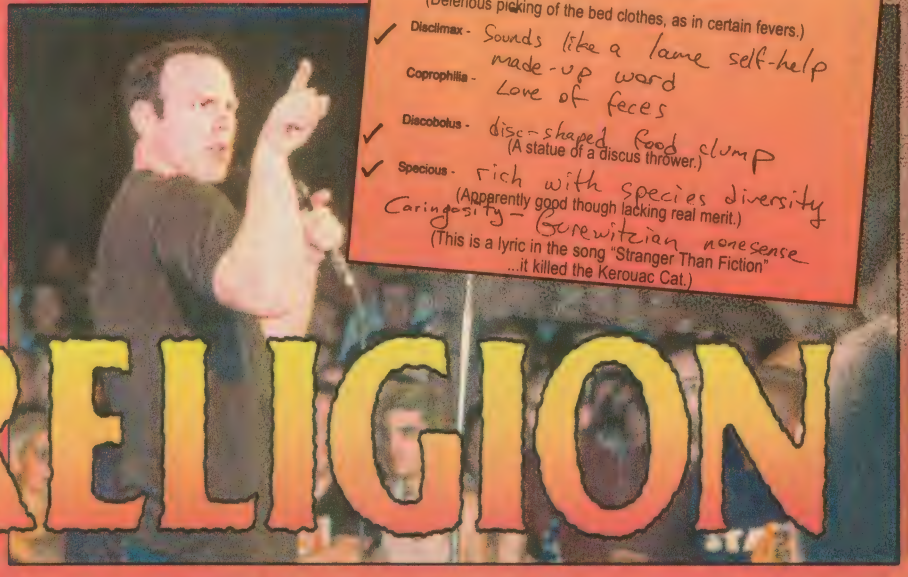
Greg: That's good that you're open to learning about it but some people propose entire elaborate theories of conspiracies and alien resurrections based on the most flimsy suppositions.

Todd: What are your feelings on Steven J. Gould?

Greg: He's good and bad. He should stick to science. Cut all of his hippy bullshit out. I'm serious. That's his biggest downfall.

Todd: What are you most angry about nowadays? You hear about it - it's your button.

Greg: Yeah, the fact that we live in a society with no substance is sickening to me. The fact that people are so unwilling to come together. The fact that people use religion as a crutch and the fact that people are so willing to use religion to persecute other people. The fact that we're intellectually similar to the state of affairs back in the Salem witch trials. The fact that we're ignoring the progress that science has made. The fact that scientists are pitted against people as evil and manipulative. I could go on. There's plenty today to be angry about.



Official Flipside Vocabulary Quiz

Catabolism - opposite of metabolism
(down hill) to tear down or reduce

✓ Grivet - ? (Answer: a small Abyssian Monkey with a greyish back, grey tail, black face + dark orthochic.)

Mucilaginous - full of mucous

SALT - Strategic Arms Limitation Talks

✓ Salicaceous - full of saliva
(Belonging to a family of trees and shrubs comprising willows and poplars.)

✓ Coprolalia - shit eating disorder
(Obsessive use of obscene language.)

✓ Floccillation - ?
(Delerious picking of the bed clothes, as in certain fevers.)

✓ Disclimax - Sounds like a lame self-help made-up word

Coprophilia - Love of feces

✓ Discobolus - disc-shaped food clump
(A statue of a discus thrower.)

✓ Specious - rich with species diversity
(Apperently good though lacking real merit.)

Caringesity - Gurewitzian nonesense
(This is a lyric in the song "Stranger Than Fiction"
...it killed the Kerouac Cat.)

BAD RELIGION

THE PLEASURE FUCKERS

Ah, The Pleasure Fuckers! What to say? They stormed through the States like a Rock And Fucking Roll Spanish Inquisition. They came, they rocked, they conquered. Listen to guitarist Mike tell the story after their U.S. tour with Nashville Pussy.

Interview by Martin McMartin

The Pleasure Fuckers are: Kike Turmix - lead vocals, Norah Finley - rhythm guitar, Barnaby Bowles - bass, Mike Sobinsky - lead guitar, Jorge Fuentes-drums

McMartin: The Pleasure Fuckers... the mere name conjures up thoughts of rock-'n'roll hedonism...

Mike: Yes!

McMartin: You're from LA, the band's based in Madrid - so what's the story?

Mike: Norah and I finished college in '86 and decided to go to Spain and have fun. I answered an ad for a guitar player, things went OK, and I showed up the next day to meet the other guitar player who sang for the band. He sucked, and I was so bummed out that I called the other guys and said in my very broken Spanish: "I quit group. Want to play guitar in own group. Goodbye." Twenty minutes later they called back and said the other guy was kicked out and I should get back down there. So I brought in Norah, who couldn't play guitar well at the time, and I was the guitar player and singer who couldn't sing well. We were out on the town and saw Kike [pronounced: "Kee-Kay"] singing with this really good garage band, Los Macana, doin' "The Crusher" as a cameo. He was dressed real mod, I mean really sharp, in about '87, and had the Prince Valiant haircut, the pointy boots... That's what was so great about Madrid - the first bar we go into they're playing The Lyres! The Nomads were around. There were like 1,500 people at a Fuzztones show there in '89.

McMartin: So what's the story on Kike? He seems to be sort of a local legend.

Mike: We knew he had to sing with us, so we asked him if he'd like to sing a few songs with us. He promptly said "No, I don't want to." Then some of his friends came to see one of our shows, and word got back to him, and he came up to us and said, "I will sing ALL of the songs with you."

McMartin: Yeah, Kike's obviously not shy...

Mike: Not at all. At that time he was deejaying in a bar called The Agapo, which I'll tell you was probably the greatest rock and roll bar that ever has existed on Earth. Ask anyone who went there. Kike was very well known as a deejay there. The first gig, man it was great! He was like rolling around on the ground and ripped off his shirt. We're doin' "Psychotic Reaction" and he's smashing tambourines and maracas. He's been in ever since. He really took a hand in forming the direction we needed to go in. He's got a massive record collection, probably 10,000 singles. Turned us on to lots of great covers. About a year later Jose, our bass player, who was really not into punk rock in his heart, got into a fight with us while were we're driving around after a rehearsal. So we said, "Fuck it! We're outta this band!" and Norah and I jumped out of the car. We thought we were quitting but Kike and the drummer came with us! So, needing a bass player, I thought of Barnaby, our current guy, who joined immediately.

McMartin: So we've covered you, and Kike... since the others aren't here to speak for themselves, what's Barnaby's story?

Mike: He's from London and used to be in a band called The Pleasure Splinters, coincidentally, and moved to Madrid to teach English and have fun. I doubt he expected to stay there ten years either. We met in The

Pleasure Fuckers Discography:
(If country isn't listed, it's Spain.)

"Loud Lubed & Live," Impossible Records, 1989, debut LP
"First Abortion," Romilar D, 1990, LP
"Simple Needs"/"Nile Song," Pleasure Discs, 1990, single
"Get Away" b/w "The Saint," SFTRI, USA, 1990, single
"The Saint," on the "R 'N' R Medicine Show," compilation, Romilar D, 1991
"Snakebite" b/w "Haven't Got the Time," Pleasure Discs/Romilar D, 1991, single
"Nos Van a Disenfectar," on the "El Chico Mas Blanco de la Playa de Gros," compilation, G.A.S.A., 1991
"Amanda 91," on the "Screamin' & Shoutin' Vol 1" double LP live compilation, Subterfuge, 1992
"Supperstar," Mondo Stereo, 1992, LP
"Simple Needs" b/w "Haven't Got the Time" on the Abus Dangereux #17 compilation, France, 1992, CD
"Just Like Your Mom," on the Les Bruits Defendus #2 compilation, France, 1993, EP
"Pink House Club," on the "Cheapo Crypt Sampler" compilation, Crypt, USA/Germany, 1993
"Snakebite" b/w "Haven't Got the Time," Crypt, USA/Germany, 1993, new release single
"Supperstar," Crypt, USA/Germany, 1993, new release CD
"Fried Cheese & Pivo," on the "Live In Praga" comp, AZYL, Czechoslovakia, 1993, CD
"Haven't Got the Time (Live)," on the "Electric Carnaval" compilation, Kinetic, France, 1993
"Fuera de Combate," on the "Roto Ruta 66" compilation EP, Roto, 1994
"Ripped to the Tits," Roto, 1994, LP/CD
"Ripped to the Tits," Vicious Circle, France, 1995, CD
"Ripped to the Tits," SFTRI, USA, 1995, CD
"Yeah!" b/w "Alcohol," on "La Via Lactea Live" live single compilation, Larceny/BOA, 1995
"Hard Morrow Coming," on the "Y' a de l'Abus" compilation, Vicious Circle, France, 1995
"Little Train," on "La Marraca" compilation EP, Roto, 1995
"Socio de Satan," on the B.S.O. compilation "El Dia de la Bestia," DRO East West, 1995
"Masacre en el Disco Bar," on the double CD compilation "Universo Sonoro Vol. 1," BOA, 1995
"Last Smoke Last Dime," on the "90's Surf Music" compilation Fluir #130," Paradox, Brasil, 1996
"For Your Pleasure," Roto, 1996, LP/CD
"For Your Pleasure," Grita!, USA, 1996, new release CD
"Exprimelo," Roto, 1996, split single
"Socio de Satan," Roto, 1996, single
"Watermouth" b/w "Happy," "Sexy French Motherfucker" b/w "Los Angeles," SFTRI, USA, 1996, double single
"Sexy French Motherfucker" b/w "Socio de Satan," on the "Gree-tah = Scream!" sampler, Grita!, USA, 1996
"Faster & Louder," on the "Dictators Forever, Forever Dictators" compilation tribute, Roto, 1996
"Schizophrenia," on the "RAFR Vol. 2" compilation, Flipside, USA, 1997
"Misdemeanour," on the "It Smells Like Spring" double LP compilation, Intensive Scare, USA, 1997
"That Magic Kiss (Guitar Power Mix)," on the Carbon 14 Zine #12 ,"EP Internacionale" compilation, 1998

Agapo, shooting pool, and had everything in common. He's starting a booking agent in Madrid called Mercury Wheels [see contacts].

McMartin: So this drummer, Jorge. What's the story on that puppy? How old is he, like 14? That night back in Jersey he couldn't hold his liquor worth a shit.

Mike: I dunno, he's like 18 or 19. I don't keep track. He's a high school student who should have been in school during our tour. We'd been through like five drummers. We were working on our studio album with a friend of ours, a drummer named El Nino (aka Jose Bruno). He's one of the top drummers in Madrid, does tons of studio work, and he recommended Jorge, who was one of his students.

McMartin: We mustn't forget Norah. So she came to Spain with you...

Mike: Yeah, she wrote most of the lyrics and a lot of the songs, originally. Now we kinda work 'em out with the whole band. Kike writes the lyrics for the Spanish songs we do. Norah and I played in a band in Santa Cruz, we did Mentors and AC/DC covers. In Spain she formed sort of a parallel girl group to the Pleasure Fuckers called The Vivoras.

McMartin: So there's the history. As for the future, are you content to stay in Spain?

Mike: We could probably do better if we lived in the States but the people in Spain just have a really easy going attitude toward life. First of all, the bars are open all night, the people love rock and roll and are way open-minded. It's what we are and where The Pleasure Fuckers are from. Our lives revolve around it.

McMartin: Some say rock and roll is going through tough times right now.

Mike: I'm sure it's tough times as far a records sales and all that, and as far as the masses are concerned, they probably want their techno, Prodigy, and all that, but when we hit some small town and do what we do, people go nuts and I'm optimistic that all these people in their late 20's and 30's are so into it. New kids are always discovering it for the first time.

McMartin: To tell the readers that you're "a rock and roll band" is just too broad to do it justice. Take Kike for instance, what would his biggest musical influence be?

Mike: Alcohol [laughs]. Well, The Stooges, MC5, of course, and Little Richard. For me tack on Link Wray. For Norah add AC/DC. Barnaby grew up in London in the late 70's so there's all that.

McMartin: And for Jorge, well he's just a kid, right? Couldn't he be Kike's kid in theory? [laughs]

Mike: Yeah, easy. [laughs] Could be his fucking grandkid! [howling laughter] He's just discovering this stuff for the first time.

McMartin: So you were pleased with the whole U.S. tour?

Mike: It was better than our wildest expectations. Nashville Pussy set the whole thing up. Kike had helped Blaine when 9 Pound Hammer came through Spain, who are one of our all-time favorite bands. Jorge borrowed a passport so he could get in bars here. It was great meeting fans in all these cities. People knew the "Ripped to the Tits" songs from the Sympathy record. Playing the Flipside parties in New York was a highlight. Seattle with The Humpers, LA was a homecoming for me, Texas, Pittsburgh, I'd have to list everywhere. We went straight back and did seven weeks in Europe. As for the States, we can't wait to come back.

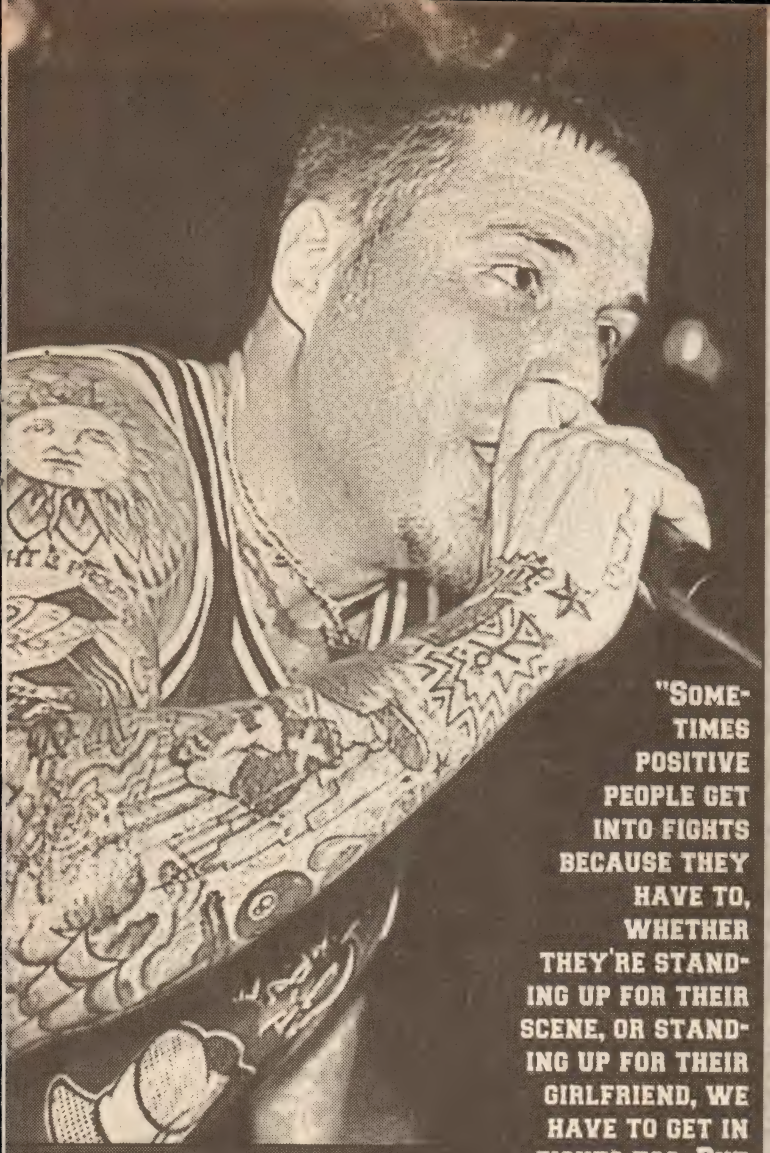
Contact: The Legion of the Fuckers, PO Box 5124128080 Madrid, Spain and/or Mercury Wheels booking: email: mercurywheels@abonados.cplus.es, tel:34 (9) 1 401 4923, fax: 34 (9) 1 402 3933

WHEN IS IT RIGHT TO FIGHT?

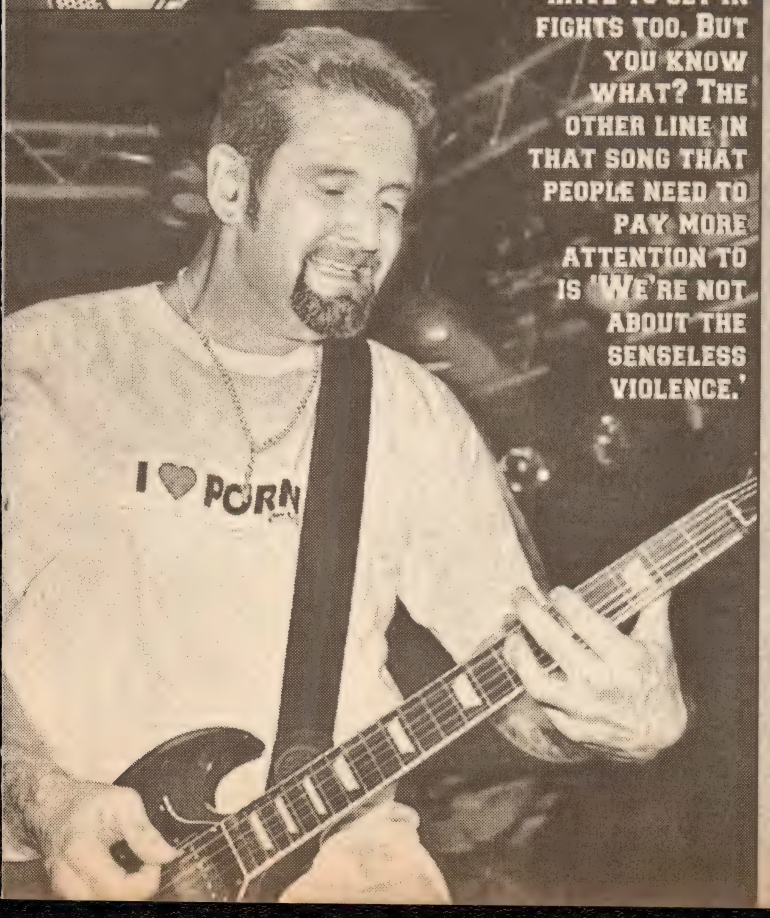
INTERVIEW BY MONEY
PHOTOS BY RETODD

MONEY AND TODD CAUGHT UP WITH THE NEW YORK HARCORE ACT H_2O IN THE MIDST OF THE KNICK PLAYOFF RUN. THE INTERVIEW TOOK PLACE BACK STAGE AT THE WHISKY, SHORTLY AFTER A FREE-FOR-ALL AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BETWEEN HEAT CENTER ALONZO MOURNING AND KNICKS POWER FORWARD LARRY JOHNSON HAMSTRUNG THE MIAMI HEAT'S CHANCES OF ADVANCING INTO THE SECOND ROUND OF THE PLAYOFFS. INDEED, THE QUESTION POSED IN THE H_2O SONG "THIS TIME" WHEN IS IT RIGHT TO FIGHT? WAS ON THE LIPS OF NEW YORKERS EVERYWHERE.

H_2O: TOBY MORSE, SINGER; RUSTY PISTACHIO, GUITAR; TODD FRIEND, DRUMS; ADAM X, BASS; TODD MORSE, GUITAR.



"SOMETIMES POSITIVE PEOPLE GET INTO FIGHTS BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO, WHETHER THEY'RE STANDING UP FOR THEIR SCENE, OR STANDING UP FOR THEIR GIRLFRIEND, WE HAVE TO GET IN FIGHTS TOO. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? THE OTHER LINE IN THAT SONG THAT PEOPLE NEED TO PAY MORE ATTENTION TO IS 'WE'RE NOT ABOUT THE SENSELESS VIOLENCE.'



$: Is Alonzo Mourning an H20 fan?
Todd Morse: Who?
$: Alonzo Mourning.
Todd Morse: Who's Alonzo Mourning?
$: You guys aren't Knicks fans?
Todd Friend: Yeah!
$: That donnybrook in the Garden. You guys hear about that?
Rusty: Oh, yeah and the Knicks coach was hanging on the guy's kneecap?
$: Yeah. LJ and Zo slugged it out as time expired.
Todd Morse: Are you associating H20 with fighting?
Rusty: When is it right to fight?
Todd Friend: He's the one who set it off, isn't he? He's the one started that whole shooting match.
$: Yeah, Zo threw the first punch.
Todd Morse: At who?
$: Larry Johnson.
Todd Morse: I'll tell you who somebody should punch, somebody oughta punch Michael Jordan. Why hasn't anyone thought of that?
Todd Friend: Xavier McDaniel did it.
Todd Morse: He's only a guy who travels like eight times a game and gets called once and pitches a fit. It's like in school when somebody gets too smart they move 'em up a grade. That's what they should do with Jordan. He should go play with Bugs Bunny or something.
$: There you go.
Todd Friend: I heard the new shit-talkin' thing with Jordan now is like: Yo, where's Bugs?
$: So I heard you on tour you guys play a U2 cover and on your latest album you thank U2 and call them "the ultimate inspiration." What's that all about? Is that tongue in cheek?
Todd Morse: No, it's for real. We live in a totally negative world. A lot of hardcore bands are very negative and angry and shit.
Toby: For the wrong reasons.
Todd Morse: Maybe it's because they're really pissed about their suburban homes in Connecticut. All of us have been through fucked-up shit in our lives and have negative sarcastic jaded aspects of our personality. So in order to play in a band that's constantly trying to throw out a positive vibe, the message we're trying to reach in our own personal lives, we listen to a lot of like...
Toby: Emo...
Todd Morse: Positive stuff.
Toby: Along with hardcore and punk.
Todd Morse: We'll be like driving through the middle of the country listening to "Joshua Tree" and then we'll pop in the new A.F. That's the exact combination that we're all about.
Adam: Plus we like the way they've conducted themselves throughout their careers. Same with the Bosstones.
Todd Morse: Not just for the music but for the way they present themselves.
Toby: We don't know, they could be dicks personally.
$: The Bosstones are dicks?
Todd Morse: Oh, no, no, don't misconstrue.
Toby: Bosstones are a great band.
Todd Friend: They took us out on our first U.S. tour and treated us like real people.
Toby: They took us under their wing. They really look out for new bands.
Rusty: Nothing pisses me off more than to hear some kid say the Bosstones are sell-outs. Dicky'll do interviews with *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* and when they ask him what are his favorite bands he'll name our records, or other indie bands in the scene, when their are so many bigger bands out there that he's with friends with or whatever. He just wants to help us out because he can.
Retodd: What was your first show?
Toby: Murphy's Law.
Todd Friend: We almost lost the drum set.
Toby: I was so fucking nervous. I remember falling off the stage. And the drummer kept falling off his chair. And someone had to hold his drums. All our friends were there. Then our next show was with the Cro Mags at the Limelight which is this huge club in New York. New York was very supportive when we were getting started. It started out as a joke.
$: What's the best place for a New York hardcore band to play outside of New York?
Adam: St. Louis rocks.
Toby: Philly is great.
Todd Morse: San Francisco
Rusty: D.C., Boston
Retodd: What place surprised you the most?
Toby: Japan.
Rusty: We'd get these magazines with the kids wearing H20 shirts as part of the fashion scene, before we even had a record out over there.
Todd Morse: Yeah, the kids over there must think we're a designer label.
Retodd: Like Diesel.
Todd Morse: Yeah, exactly.
$: What's the Marginal Man connection?
Toby: Great band from back in the day.
$: The song that you cover "Friend" is one of my favorites.
Toby: The first couple of times we did it...
Todd Morse: Because a lot of our fans are younger, the kids didn't really get it.
Toby: They didn't really know it was a Marginal Man song. All those D.C. bands are great. People forget about that. People think H20 and they think West Coast. They think we're inspired by a lot of West Coast bands and our sound is like West Coast hardcore. But we were influenced by a lot of D.C. bands like Marginal Man, Soul Side...
Todd Friend: Scream
Toby: Dag Nasty. You put 'em all together and you've got this amazing scene. This Washington D.C. scene. I lived in Maryland for a couple years and I'd go to all the shows.
Todd Morse: We're all kinda East Coast mutts.
$: I lived in Virginia.
Toby: 9:30 Club, Back Alley Cafe.
$: The Wax Museum.
Todd Friend: D.C. Space.
$: Do you rehearse any other Marginal Man covers?
Rusty: Sometimes. We know 'em all.
Todd Morse: We always do covers. But some kids are too young to know them and if we keep playing them and playing them, suddenly they think they're our songs. Or like sometimes we play "Salad Days" which was off one of the last 7" they put out and the kids are like: If you're gonna play Minor Threat, why do you play "Salad Days"? It's because we agree with those lyrics. That's the point. It's about old guys wishing for the fucking glory days.
Toby: That's what's so great about it. So many of these kids weren't in the pit when the song first came out. Then they hear a cover and they're like: that was so cool and go and check it out.
Todd Friend: And it's like a new band again.
$: That's natural. I didn't even get into the D.C. scene or the music that much until I left it.
Rusty: Yeah.
$: Only after I was away did I start to really seek it out, make it part of my identity.
Todd Morse: It's how the scene constantly renews itself.
$: Has any violence broken out during the song "This Time"?
Todd: Violence during it?
$: While you were playing it.
Toby: No, no. We always explain before we play it what the song is about. It's about how there comes a time when you can't walk away from violence.
Todd Morse: But never at shows. A show is like the last place you want any kind of violence. That's where you go to escape that. Escape from your parents, school, society. The show is where you go to fucking avoid that shit.
Todd: We try to set it up through the whole set, letting people know what we're all about. And most of the people that come out know we're not about fucking violence and shit so by the time it gets to "This Time" and the lyrics "When is it right to fight?/When is it right to walk away?" By then hopefully they know that at our shows we don't fuck around like that.
Rusty: It still happens though. We knew a kid from the San Diego show. A friend of ours from

the East Coast and his wife was standing right in front of the monitors and the kids would go off the stage and kick her in the head. So he grabbed one of them and said "Stop jumping on my wife." He wasn't gonna fight 'em or anything he just wanted to say "Have some respect." And the kid goes "Fuck you." Draws back. Punches him and six friends jump on him.

Todd Morse: You know how I feel about that? If you're gonna come to a hardcore show and stand in the front you have to expect to get some feet in the face.

Retodd: At least.

Rusty: Yeah, but kicking her in the back of the head once you already jumped over, mushing her face in the monitor...

$: That's what I'm talking about. Everybody knows H20, what you stand for, but shit still goes down. And that song, "This Time" lets people off the hook.

Todd Morse: You know what it is? Letting people off the hook. It's just that I don't want to front like I don't ever hit anybody. I don't wanna front like we don't ever have to get in a fight. You know what I'm saying? A lot of people ask that question because we're down with...

Toby: It doesn't matter who we're down with.

Todd Morse: Right. We have a lot of friends who get in fights or whatever. People come up to me and say "If you guys are so positive, why are you down with this?" Sometimes positive people get in fights because they have to, whether they're standing up for their scene, or standing up for their girlfriend, we have to get in fights too. But you know what? The other line in that song that people need to pay more attention to is "We're not about the senseless violence."

Adam: There's definite times when fighting is definitely the best thing to do.

Toby: But not because somebody stepped on your shoe or bumped into you on the dance floor. What is that? People dance all kinds of ways and you're gonna get bumped into.

Todd Morse: That song's more about like out in the everyday world. It's a whole different thing when you got a room full of people dancing and taking care of their scene.

$: Who's responsible for the "Boys Don't Cry" riff on "A+"?

Todd Morse: Him!

Adam: Him! Him!

[laughs]

Rusty: That's me. I didn't even know. And then I realized it we were like "Fuck it." Actually it goes hand in hand with the lyrics, but it was totally subconscious.

$: Bubbling around somewhere in the back brain. It comes after "Friends" on the album, right?

Rusty: Yeah.

$: Very cool progression.

Todd Morse: We got a few reviews in magazines that noticed it, but they all pretty much agreed that we may have taken it off of "Boys Don't Cry" but it still works. It's cool.

Rusty: If you listen it's different. Not the same. Fucking sue me.

Retodd: But be very careful if you cover a U2 song.

Toby: Oh yeah.

$: Negativland got in a lot of trouble.

Todd Morse: But they were pushing it.

Retodd: They couldn't record for like five years. They lost everything.

$: You're the first New York band signed to Epitaph. Is that because you believe Southern California punk and hardcore dusts the New York scene? [laughs]

Todd Morse: Dusts it?

Toby: Uh, no.

Todd Morse: You know what that says?

Toby: We can open doors for a lot of people.

Todd Morse: Southern California punk and hardcore labels dust New York hardcore labels.

Rusty: There's no label like Epitaph in New York.

Todd Morse: And if there was, it'd be filled with New York hardcore bands that dust us.

$: That's a very diplomatic response.

Toby: It might not be right for a lot of hardcore bands, but for us, it's a very nice spot.

$: Who's got the lamest tat?

Rusty: I have one on my back.

Toby: This one's a cover up.

Todd Morse: This one's horrible. It's supposed to be a star. None of us have any like demons butt-fucking pigs or anything like that.

Retodd: What do humming birds and blue birds on the neck mean?

Todd Morse: Swallows.

$: Do you get one for each time you help an old lady cross the street?

Todd Morse: It's old-school sailor style from when they used the swallow to deliver messages from the boat.

Toby: Who is this guy?

Todd Morse: I like the old-school sailor shit. Like the nautical star? That represents a guide.

$: Is that an anchor?

Todd Morse: Yeah. To me an anchor symbolizes a search for a home.

Toby: Jesus Christ.

Todd: All this stuff comes from sailors.

Todd Friend: Let me ask you guys a question. What so you think of Maximum RockNRoll?

Retodd: Well, you know Tim's dead.

Todd Friend: I think Flipside does what Maximum RockNRoll does but without the holier than thou attitude.

Retodd: I'd rather listen to good music and not have to worry about what people think about it. We get to cover so much more stuff that way.

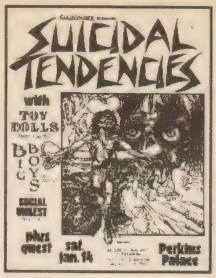
Toby: You can't come at it with this pre-judgmental shit.

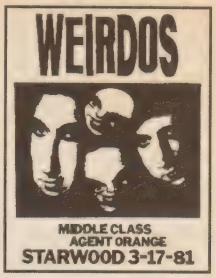
$: I mean when you came at it like: you can interview these bands, but not those bands, you're no different than *Rolling Stone* or *Spin*. At Flipside it's the other way around.

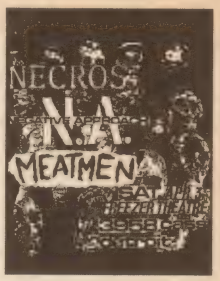
Todd Morse: I don't understand the philosophy of trying to convert people to being politically correct. People have to care first.

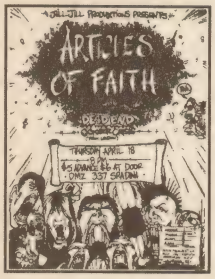
Rusty: When you look at a painting on a wall you say oh, that's Degas, you don't think about the political views of the artist. Same with music. You can't nit-pick the politics.

H20 put on a raucous performance that had the joint jumping. It was a great night. Arguably the best show I've seen at The Whisky. The sound was dialed-in, the kids sang along with the band, and - best of all - there weren't any fights. I've never been to a show where the performers made the idea of fighting so uncool. It's one thing to talk a lot of bop about "positivity," but enforcing it, as H20 do, is something else altogether. The answer to the question posed in the song "This Time": When is it right to fight? it would seem, is not at an H20 show. As promised, H20 played lots of covers, saving the best for last with a hardcore version of the Inner Circle song "Bad Boys" (of "COPS" fame) and punching up the lyrics with a Seven Seconds cover between choruses. Then they brought the house down by wrapping up their encore with Public Enemy's "Fuck The Police." After the show, Todd Friend came out from behind his kit and squatted on the edge of the stage to shake hands with the fans, thank them for their energy. With such a healthy mix of brash showmanship and humble camaraderie, H20 hardcore is clearly here to stay.☠









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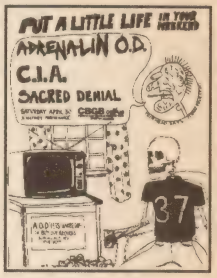

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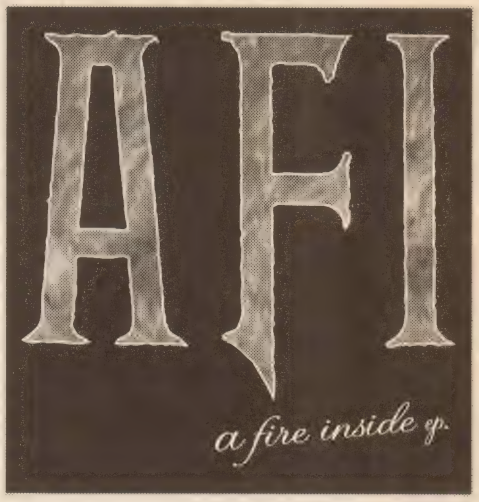

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STRATFORD MERCENARIES

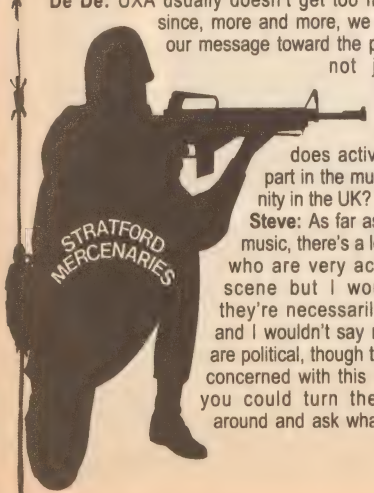
THANKS FOR GIVING ME WHAT I REALLY LIKE

DE DE TROIT OF UXA INTERVIEWS THE STRATFORD MERCENARIES

THIS INTERVIEW WAS VIDEO AND AUDIO TAPED A COUPLE DAYS AFTER UXA PLAYED THE WHISKY WITH STRATFORD MERCENARIES ON THANKSGIVING, 1997 IN LA ALONG WITH LITMUS GREEN, HEALTHY CHOICE, 46 SHORT, AND DAMNATION. IT WAS A GREAT SHOW DESPITE THAT EVEN THOUGH EZAAT OF THE SHOWCASE PUT THE SHOW ON, ONE OF THE PROMOTERS FROM THE WHISKY TOLD EVERYONE WHO CALLED FOR INFO ONE WEEK PRIOR THAT THE CONCERT WAS CANCELED. APPARENTLY, WHISKY PERSONNEL DID NOT WANT TO WORK ON A HOLIDAY AND WERE GIVING PRESSURE. THE SHOW WOULD HAVE BEEN A SELL-OUT IF THIS LAST MINUTE CRAP HADN'T FORMED BUT WE STILL HAD IT 2/3 RDS FULL. EVEN ONE BAND ALMOST DID NOT PLAY BECAUSE THEY HAD RECEIVED THIS TRIPE FIRST HAND. ALL IN ALL, I FELT MORE THAN SATISFIED THAT THE SHOW WENT ON BECAUSE WE NEED TO KEEP THE POSITIVE, CONSCIOUS SIDE OF PUNK ROCK ALIVE. ESPECIALLY WITH MARK BRUBACK'S EMPOWERING POETRY BEFORE STRATFORD'S UNIQUE-SOUNDING SET, HOW COULD YOU ASK FOR MORE? ALL THE BANDS PLAYED, DID GREAT SETS, AND KEPT THE MESSAGE AND ENERGY HIGH WITHOUT A SINGLE CASUALTY.

AS FOR THANKSGIVING, 1997, AS I SAID ON THE FLYER, AS A VEGETARIAN AND AN ANARCHIST ON THIS SHOW, "THANKS FOR GIVING ME WHAT I REALLY LIKE!" I APOLOGIZE FOR THE LONG DELAY IN THIS ARTICLE, BUT WITH OUR SELF-RELEASED, NEW UXA FULL LENGTH CD COMING OUT THIS PAST X-MAS, I WAS OVERWHELMED. JUST AS AL FLIPSIDE WHO SO GRACIOUSLY AIDED ME BEYOND BELIEF.

LASTLY, THIS SHOW WOULD HAVE NOT TAKEN PLACE WITHOUT RON OF FINAL CONFLICT WHO SO KINDLY BOOKED STRATFORD'S LAST TOUR AND MADE THE FALL, 1997 DATES POSSIBLE! STRATFORD MERCENARIES WILL BE BACK IN LA, I BELIEVE, BEFORE THIS ARTICLE COMES OUT.



De De: What were your favorite shows this tour and why?

Steve: In Boston we played the Rat Cellar - which has been a punk venue for years and years and years - was one of the great shows we played. It had a real party atmosphere.

De De: I've heard of that club before.

Gary: I was just trying to remember. It was an east coast place that was quite small, that was a little bit bloody - as it was... Pittsburgh. That was it. And CBGB's.

Ed: CBGB's.

Phil: CBGB's, Pittsburgh, Boston, Raleigh, N.C., and tonight's show as well (referring to The Foothill with Final Conflict) and the night before in Bakersfield despite the dickheads fighting.

De De: UXA usually doesn't get too many fights since, more and more, we try to keep our message toward the positive and not just drink beer type of thing. How much does activism play a part in the music community in the UK?

PHIL BARKER

Steve: As far as conscious music, there's a lot of people who are very active in the scene but I wouldn't say they're necessarily in bands and I wouldn't say most bands are political, though they may be concerned with this or that, but you could turn the question around and ask what part does music play in the role of activism. There's a hell of a lot of things going on in England that may or may not include punks but I would say that music does play a very large part in activism.

Gary: I would say that there are more people active here and in Europe than they are in England. Here, you've got Food Not Bombs and a lot of kids who are not legal age to drink but in England, it's so easy to live on the dole and anyone can go into a bar. Here you have to be 21, therefore the kids will go out and create something.

De De: Do you have a lot of squats like they do in Amsterdam? Do you think there's more homeless people here or in the UK?

Steve and Gary: It's hard for us to really compare the homelessness problem with being on the road because we don't have the chance to see anything much. As far as occupying a building, you'd be kicked out within 24 hours in London or anywhere in England if you're squatting.

De De: Recently some homeless people and activists occupied an empty hotel owned by Rand Corp. It wasn't the owner who called the police but they showed up in total riot gear to oust the squatters and arrested some of them and broke a video camera in the meantime because the raid was illegal and it was being taped. Apparently, the owner has to be the one that calls. It's being fought in court.

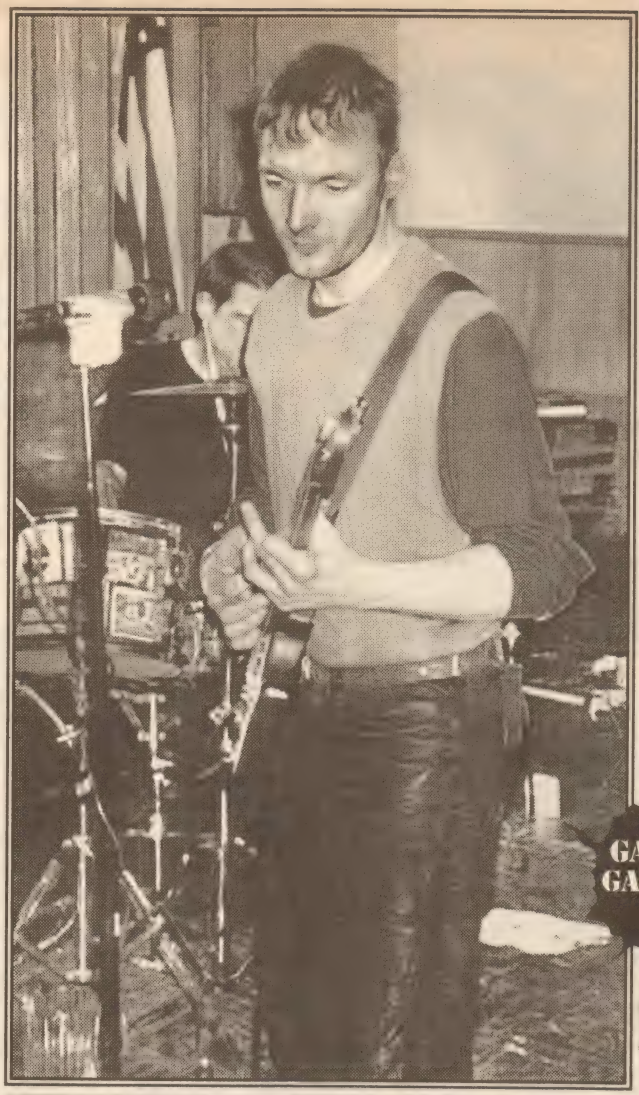
Phil: There's been squats in London that have been going on for ten years and are just now being evicted and since then it's been harder to hold squats in England. They're doing the same thing in Germany and other parts of Europe as well.

STEVE IGNORANT

De De: I see you have a single out. Are you working on a full length?
Steve: We'd like to work on it but it's expensive.
De De: So are you more into doing DIY or would you consider a label if the right one comes along?
[*At this point, it's getting hard to decipher who's talking so I'm putting in "Stratford" - De De*]
Stratford: Sure, if the right label comes along. We'll probably more likely go with an independent label. I don't think a major label is going to approach us right now anyway. If they did, we'd sit around and talk about it.
De De: Did you hear about Chumbawumba signing to a major label? They said it was necessary to be able to reach more people that way but I feel it didn't make much difference in the effect that their lyrics got censored - though only in the US. What do you think about this?
Stratford: Well, once you sign with a major label, you're stepping outside your own little ring. But the problem is that we can only afford to do so much with DIY, which is what we've been a part of so long that it's an area that we're familiar with that we utilize our friendship with people.

IDEOLOGICALLY IT [ANARCHY] SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE WHEN YOU SEE THE WAY PEOPLE TREAT EACH OTHER. IT SEEMS AS YOU GET OLDER YOU GET TO BE MORE CYNICAL AND IT GETS HARDER TO EXIST SO I'M A BIT TORN ON THE IDEA. I THINK WE'VE GOT ALL THESE WONDERFUL VIEWS ABOUT WHAT WE ARE BUT I DON'T CALL MYSELF AN ANARCHIST.
-STEVE IGNORANT

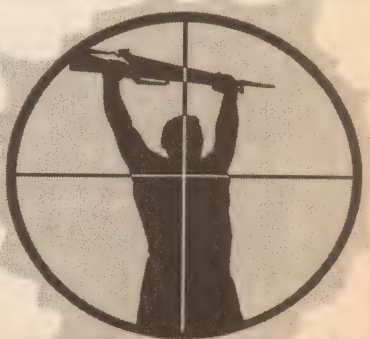
De De: How do you support yourselves? Can you with the music?
Stratford: No, we can't do it with the music. We have to find other means to do that. One of us has a regular job. I live off of music but it's not enough money. I did for five years, but for ten years prior, I lived off government money.
De De: I do movie extra work to help me get by and it's taken me two years to get our self-released CD out - partly, also because of getting the right mix. I really like DIY.
Stratford: The only thing about DIY is that not everyone within that world is as committed - and we are committed - they need to come up to our level as well. Many of the DIY shows we've had had crap PA's. It was unbelievable. At one show, I was singing out of one speaker and there was only one mike.
De De: Yeah, that is a problem and I did put up with some very incompetent engineers with my project and it was a rip off, but I lived and learned. There are worse things that can happen and similar incidents besides when working with record companies... Moving on, it's taken me many years to actually understand what anarchy is and come to know that it is the best way to describe myself because whenever you have a government you end up with elitism and exploitation. What do you think of anarchy?
Steve: I don't know. Ideologically it seems impossible when you see the way people treat each other. It seems as you get older you get to be more cynical and it gets harder to exist so I'm a bit torn on the idea. I think we've go all these wonderful views about what we are but I don't call myself an anarchist. I'm tired of all the "ists" in the anarchy movement.
De De: For many years I felt the same way about putting a label on myself but with more studying and meeting other activists, I came to the conclusion that it is very personal as well - because in terms of freedom - it's not about just doing what you want but being free without exploiting anyone's freedom; including animals and the environment as well. Anarchy touches on these ideas to me.
Gary: Yes, I would call myself an anarchist and that is it. But then as soon as you say that, someone can say, "Yeah, but..." I'd just say "Fuck off," 'cause there's no "Yeah, but..." I do what I want to do. I don't justify it. I'm probably the most anarchist person in the history of anarchy. When they invented anarchy, they came for me. [Jokingly]
De De: Is there anything you would like to talk about?
Stratford: Who's going to win the gold cup next year? [everyone laughs] Spandau Ballet wrote a song about that once. We met them in a clinic and that's where the colostomy bag went to his head and that's why we all wear baggy trousers. We all got colostomy bags. You know the condition with blood dysfunctions where you have to piss in a bag? That's where Ed met them. He was at the same clinic. There's a lot of people like that but Ed still gets a bit nervous about it. That is why he goes about 45 minutes before he starts sloshing around.
De De: How long have you all known each other?
Gary: I've known Steve for about 15 years. When I first met Steve, he put my first record out and I was 18 then. No one knows where Ed came from. [Someone says, "Who's Ed?"] Ed came from Spandau Ballet.
De De: Woh, Ed, you were in Spandau Ballet? I forgot what they sound like.
Ed: I forgot what they sound like, too.
De De: Is anyone in the band vegetarian or vegan?
Stratford: Every one in the band is vegetarian.☠



GARY GAGSY

ED THE FED

DE DE: WOH, ED, YOU WERE IN SPANDAU BALLET? I FORGOT WHAT THEY SOUND LIKE.
ED: I FORGOT WHAT THEY SOUND LIKE, TOO.



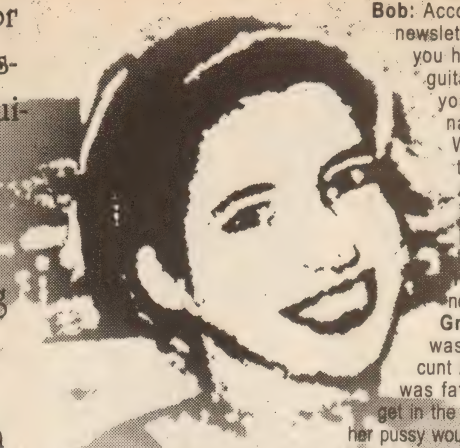
STRATFORD MERCENARIES
79 HAM PK. RD.,
LONDON, E15 4AD, UK

X-It

Suck my Dick!

Recently Sluts For Hire's incandescent singer/ guitarist Miss Koko Puff and I logged a few travel miles chasing our new favorite Long Beach punk trio all around L.A. With our friend (former Snatch singer) Christina in tow, we cornered the girls of X-It in the parking lot of Mr. T's Bowl in Highland Park. Somehow we managed to lure Grace, Anne and Nicole back to Miss Koko's Pleasure Palace deep in the trenches of Hipsterville, CA. (It's on the map, look it up!), where we settled down to a few vodka martinis and a little chit chat. Topics included old bands, old beaus and old brawls. We got it all on tape just to let the whole world know that the girls of X-It KICK ASS!

Interview by
Koko Puff & Bob Cantu
Photos by Bob Cantu



Bob: According to your newsletter, X-It Files, you had a different guitar player than you do now named Mary. What happened to that line up?

Anne: She was [illegible]. But don't put that in there...

Koko: Come on now!

Grace: She was a stupid cunt AND she was fat! She'd get in the car and her pussy would smell the whole thing up, so we had to kick her out of the band!

Nicole: We used to be nice to her and then she said bad stuff about us...

Anne: We used to not have a problem with her. We never wanted to say that she was fat or anything but then she wrote this song called "Little Skinny Whore" about...

Grace: Hey shut up!

Koko: "Little Skinny Whore," huh?

Grace: She's five times my weight and I had to fight her on stage! It was great!

Koko: And you won, of course?

Grace: Of course. So we kicked her out. She sucked anyway. Two days later we found Nicole.

Bob: How long ago did that happen?

Grace: That was a year into it and it's been two years. And we wrote a song about it called "Whatever Happened to Mary?" And you can find that on a seven inch called "Wife Sentence."

Koko: What label is that on?

Grace: Microcosm.

Bob: That's a Huntington Beach label?

Grace: Uh huh. Just some little kid working out of his bedroom.

Bob: Were you his first release?

Grace: We were his first release and I helped him put it together and now he's putting out a full length for a band called The Decapitones.

Bob: And you recorded at some place called The Fake Night Club. What is that?

Grace: It's a Long Beach practice studio. It's not a club, it's not a studio, it's just a practice room.

Bob: So you just got some recording equipment in there and went for it?

Grace: Yeah. They had recording equipment there. Miguel ran it for us... Anne's boyfriend... [laughter]

Grace: Anne fucked him so we could do this!

Anne: No I didn't! That's a lie!

Bob: Anne, weren't you in a Slayer kinda band with a bunch of guys and they were embarrassed about having a girl drummer?

Anne: Uh huh. It was a jock scene and they thought they wouldn't want to see a girl in the band.

Nicole: She went in drag, pretending to be a boy.

Anne: They made me not wear makeup. Stuff like that.

Bob: And whatever happened to those guys?

Anne: They kicked me out!

Grace: They're shacked up with Mary now! [laughter]

"...there was such a gap between the accordion and bass ...the only thing it helped me with was coordination."

Anne: It was really fun though. I learned a lot. It was good. That was my first band. There's a lot shit to go through, being a girl.

Grace: That made her what she is.

Bob: But before that, weren't you in a church band?

Anne: Yeah, that's how it started. My church was going to put together a band and they made a joke that I could play. They thought it was funny 'cause I was a girl! But I really wanted to play. I play a lot of other instruments and the drums are rad!

Grace: That's what keeps her a virgin! She gets off on her drums... [More laughter]

Koko: You're a virgin?

Anne: Of course...

Grace: ....that's the reason rich people buy their kids horses!

Bob: I always thought that was the connection between girls and horses.

Grace: That's why I bought a Mustang! I don't get none, that's why I have to get off on my car! [Even more laughter]

Anne: OK, that was really my first band then.

Koko: The church band?

Anne: Yeah.

Koko: And you played Christian rock?

Anne: Yeah.

Grace: And she got her drums stolen at the church!

Koko: Really? What religion was it?

Grace: Satanism! [laughter]

Anne: That was just a bumout. And then I got into a Slayer band.

Koko: You had to go completely in the opposite direction? [laughter]

Anne: And then girls let me play with them.

Grace: And I tried out for that band and that's the band where I got into a fight with that person. I tried to get this band together called Anal Retentive Cunt and we had trouble finding a drummer and our singer was really shitty but nobody wanted to tell her. So that never happened. And I had met Anne and I told her "Screw this band, that girl's a bitch! Come join me." But Anne couldn't do that 'cause she's too sweet. So I ended up stealing the guitar player from that band and Anne to start X-It.

Bob: And you actually got into a physical fight with that person on stage?

Grace: Yeah, and in fact it was a cheap shot. It was right before we played and I was checking out my equipment and suddenly I hear baboom, baboom! And then she was standing over me and my bass was on the floor and I was going "Oh, my bass, my bass!" So I grabbed my bass and I wasn't even standing when she was throwing blows at me. They weren't hitting me and I kept kicking her in the knees. I wasn't standing up all the way and my best angle was using my feet. The only punch she landed was on the top of my head and I know it hurt her more than me. And then we went and played a show after that 'cause we had two shows that night. So that was her last show with us. After the fight we got it together and played a second show!

Bob & Koko: Wow!

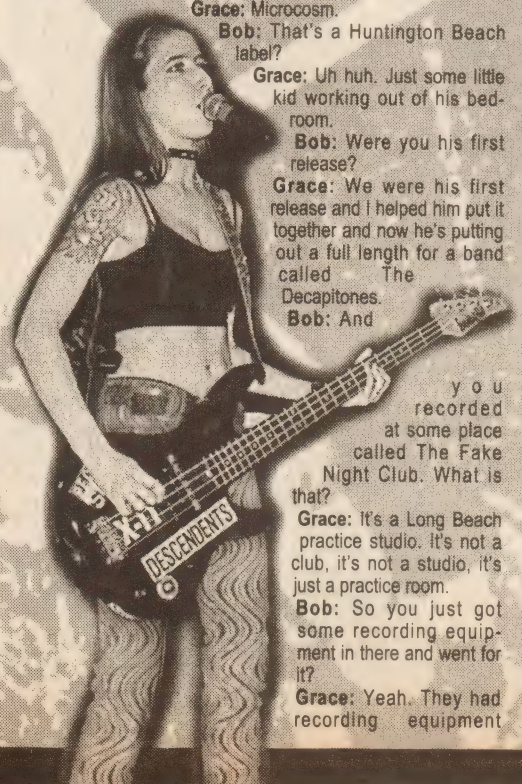
Bob: But you also deck guys?

Grace: I kick 'em.

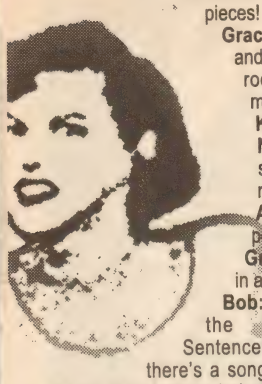
Bob: What guys have you clocked?

Koko: Give us the list.

Grace: I don't hit them with my hand because I need my hands to play and that would be a total bumout. If I broke my ankle or something I can just sit in a chair when I play. People I like to get my aggression out on are tweekers who fuck with my equipment.



Nicole: Oh my god! We lived with this tweeker head and this person took apart our equipment. I'd come home and my VCR would be in pieces!



Grace: We had this tranquil home and we were happy and we lost a roommate and we had this guy move in and it turned into hell!

Koko: Do you all live together?

Nicole: No. Now we live in seperate houses that are all in a row.

Anne: It's like the X-It compound.

Grace: We live in a ghetto.

Bob: Also on the "Wife Sentence" single there's a song called "Livin' It Up" about being a rock star wife. Is that based on any personal experiences?

Nicole: How many people do we know like that?

Grace: Yeah, exactly. It's a tongue in cheek type of joke about how girls react to the whole "I'm gonna be in a band so I can get chicks" syndrome. Chicks go for it and that's the funniest thing ever. It started because Nicole started making up words to "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

"And I came up with: My boyfrind gave me scabies from a Mexican whore..."

Nicole: And I came up with "My boyfriend gave me scabies from a Mexican whore..."

Grace: The song just happened right there.

Bob: The last song on your seven inch is a weird one called "Ras." What's that about?

Grace: When we recorded our seven inch the guy we were doing it with thought we were only doing one song. We ended up sneaking a few others in and so it was hey, we're doing a seven inch. So the whole seven inch wasn't planned and that song "Ras," which was untitled at the time, was unfinished. The only part we had was the first part. No lyrics, no other riffs... And we really liked it. It was just stuck in our minds and we just wanted to record a little bit of it. This guy who was there helping, Ras, cries like a baby at the end. It's hard to hear but that's why we called it "Ras."

Bob: I thought it was a baby.

Grace: And we thought it would go well with the sleeve photo of all the babies and the baby in the blender and the birth control pills.

Nicole: It's all about how girls should not have children.

Koko: Thank you for not breeding!

Grace: Later down the line we finished the music and then my friend Steve who's in jail now, wrote the lyrics. So we put it together and now it's called "Racist Against Stupidity."

Bob: Is your friend still in jail?

Grace: Yes.

Bob: He can get Flipside in jail...

Grace: It has to be sent direct...

Bob: We know about that.

Koko: We've got the "in" on that.

Nicole: He sends us lovely pictures of us drawn by inmates.

Grace: Half of Wayside are big X-It fans!

Nicole: I want to play in a jail!

Koko: You guys would go over very well.

Bob: Maybe somebody out there who's reading this can make that happen. If anyone out there has those connections...

Koko: Do you guys have any creepy stalker people?

Grace: Yeah, there's some freaks out there. That's why I put L'wanda as our contact name in that Meanstreet's band directory. So if it sounds like a freaky person calling on the phone I call them back and say "Yo, this is L'wanda! What you want with my girls?" That's our protection factor! People are freaks. I get weird messages all the time.

Nicole: It was worse when we lived at that old place all together because we would have parties all the time and play and people would know where we lived.

Grace: Yeah. I got into a fight with a guy at one of our parties, too. I hit him with a candle holder.

Bob: Why?

Nicole: He sucker punched me in the back of the head.

Bob: That sucks!

Grace: That does suck. I was protecting my friend. Actually I hit his girlfriend with the candle holder and he was going after Nicole so I grabbed this metal pole and I hit him with it like a baseball! [There is a round of applause]

Grace: But I'm not a mean person, really. I have enough trouble getting guys!

Bob: Also on your seven inch is a Beastie Boys cover of "Heart Attack Man." Was that recorded impromptu?

Grace: We've been doing that song for a while, we love The Beastie Boys. They're one of our inspirations. We get lots of reviews in east coast magazines and they always mention "Heart Attack Man." Maybe we'll get to play with the Beastie Boys some time!

Bob: I've seen you do kind of an odd cover of The Spice Girls' "If You Wanna Be My Lover" in your live set. Do you still do it?

Grace: Yeah, they're are idols. [sarcastically] We love them! The song is actually called "Blue Balls." We just added that extra spice. We were seriously trying to convince Anne to join quit X-It and join The Spice Girls.

Anne: They don't have drums in their songs though.

Nicole: You could be Co-dependent Spice! [laughter]

Grace: It's a joke. Let's just leave it at that.

Bob: Do you all still live in San Pedro?

Grace: We live in Long Beach. We migrated 'cause we didn't get a hell of a lot of support in San Pedro.

Bob: What was there to do in San Pedro?

Anne: Not a lot.

Grace: The scene is fucked there. There used to be a real good scene there but now all the bands turn their backs on each other.

Anne: It used to seem really close knit.

Grace: And we thought "Yes! X-It can be the first girl band out of San Pedro!" We wanted to break some ground but all the bands there seem to turn their backs on each other and there's this weird competition instead of helping each other. Then Nicole was living in Long Beach and I moved into her house and became a Long Beach person. Everyone in Long Beach has just been so cool and helpful. All the bands there are really good about supporting each other. But we still have our P.O. Box in San Pedro but that's just 'cause we can't really change that now.

Koko: So that's the confusion.

Bob: And Long Beach has embraced you?

Grace: Definitely. Even when we lived in San Pedro, Long Beach was helping us more than our own hometown.

Bob: You're appearing in a movie called "Citizen Punk." What's that about?

Grace: It's gonna be an underground punk type movie. I think they're going more for the "Suburbia" type of movie. I mean the old "Suburbia" because they came out with another movie called "Suburbia." This guy Jeff Richardson, he's totally cool, he took his own money for the budget and said I'm gonna do this movie. I haven't read much of the script but I think it's going to be a trippy movie with punk bands in it. The soundtrack should be really good too.

Bob: Your newsletter said that the movie would be out this summer, is that still true?

Grace: No, that's way off. They're behind because there's a couple of bands that are actually in the movie and they're working around tour schedules and stuff like that. We'll see what happens. I don't expect it to come out 'till early next year.

"I have no three inch clit! Let's just break this rumor right now!"

Bob: At indy film festivals, I imagine?

Grace: Maybe a couple but it's going to be distributed by the same distributor that distributes the punk records. That's the angle they're going for. We've already shot the live footage.

Bob: Do you get to act in any scenes?

Grace: No, but we're doing a cover of The Buzzcocks "Orgasm Addict" in our scene. "Orgasm Addict" with an X-It twist.

Bob: Aside from your single "Wife Sentence," you're also on a couple of compilations, right?

Grace: Yeah, but I don't know where they are! [laughter]

Grace: I'll clear this up once and for all. There's only one that's come out "Put Some Pussy In Your Punk" and the recording was given to them two years ago. It's a live recording and it doesn't reflect what we are now. Renee, who put it out, has been really good to us and I hope the X-It cut doesn't ruin it for them!

Bob: That's the song "Punk Rock Cop" that was recorded live at the Whisky or something?

Grace: That's it. It was two years ago with our old guitar player. The inside picture is us with our old guitar player. I don't like to listen to it.

Bob: Who is putting out your full length album?

Grace: Renee. On The Rag. Same person who put out "Put Some Pussy In Your Punk."

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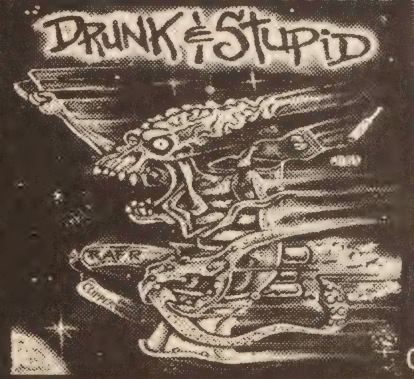

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Bob: How far along are you with it?
Grace: We're waiting for the go ahead from Renee. But we work quick so it should be ready by the fall. Maybe earlier. We want to tour but we're not going to until we have a full length.
Bob: You guys have played in Mexico, haven't you?
Koko: Woohoo!
Nicole: I love Mexico.
Grace: We want to go there again.
Koko: Where did you play in Mexico?
Nicole: That was my first show too, when we played in Mexico.
Grace: It was an outdoor show. Nicole has a story about Mexico.
Nicole: My story: I was playing and it was my first time, so I was really nervous and I was concentrating. You know, "one, two, three, four... change! Five, six, seven... change!" And I was just concentrating and looking down at my guitar and all of a sudden everybody started screaming and hollering and I thought "Oh, they really like us. One, two, three, four, change!" And then when we stopped playing I realized that Grace had stripped down to a G string bikini and that's why they were all screaming! [laughter]
Nicole: It was on the beach, so it was OK.
Bob: Did you plan that ahead of time?
Grace: Not really, no. I had my bathing suit under the dress I was wearing and it was a nervous show for all of us 'cause it was Nicole's first show with us.
Bob: Did you guys get an encore that night?
Anne: We got an encore that night but we never played because...
Grace: They asked us to come up and play but we had already made a trip to Ensenada and bought some Tequila! I actually went running to the stage with my bass strapped to my back but I couldn't get back up on the stage! [laughter]
Grace: Mexico, what a trip! Viva Mexico!
Bob: Nicole has a cool tattoo on her shoulder.
Nicole: It's a little girl holding her daddy's head in her hands.
Grace: Anne has a tattoo of a dick on her pussy!
Anne: Anne has no tattoos!
Grace: Don't let her lie to you!
Anne: I have no tattoos!
Grace: Anne has a three inch clit!
Anne: I have no three inch clit! Let's just break this rumor right now!
Koko: So, you're saying that's not true?
Anne: It's not true!
Grace: Anne's asexual!
Anne: Oh, my gosh! You guys are fuckin' with me!
Koko: Let's get into this, you're a virgin, you have a three inch clit....
Grace: And she has a dick tattooed to her pussy!
Koko: Set it straight.
Grace: She had a mouse on there too but her pussy ate it!
Anne: I'm going to kill you!
Koko: It's OK, she's a drummer! So let's get this straight: you're a virgin, you have a normal clit and you do not have a tattoo on your pussy.
Anne: That's right.
Grace: And she gives a good blow job!
Anne: Yes. Just kidding.
Grace: She's given me blow jobs before.
Koko: Band unity! The band that sleeps together stays together!
Grace: We're not lesbians but we share each others boyfriends! Actually, we never have boyfriends. If we had them we'd share them.
Anne: No guys like us. They're scared.
Koko: They're scared when they see you play?
Anne: I don't know but that's the excuse we use anyway!
Koko: That's a good one. I would stick to that one, actually. It's always the dorky guys that talk to you after the show, right?
Grace: Usually it's the total jock machismo type dude, you know "I can get this chick..."
Koko: Really?
Grace: Yeah.
Nicole: I get all the geeky, dorky guys. I have to talk to them about all the toys that I collect and all the comic books that I have and then Grace gets all the jock guys.
Grace: Or the ones that just stand there and go "Uhh!" with their mouths wide open.
Koko: I've noticed that it's always the super, super scary, dorky guys that actually have the nerve to talk to you.
Grace: Or it's the totally gross drunk guy who stands in the corner all night.
Koko: "You guys rock, man."
Grace: And you feel like you have to get your hepatitis shot afterward! We'll have to start wearing rubber gloves to shows for when we have to shake their gross hands!
Koko: That's the first thing that I do when I get home from a show is scrub my hands really well!

Grace: None of us has been single up until about a month ago...
Koko: So when you go on tour...?
Grace: We're working on getting an endorsement from Trojan! [laughter]
Koko: For a girl in a band it's not all it's cracked up to be. It doesn't work the same way for a guy that it does for a girl.
Bob: Unless you do a table dance at the show...
Koko: Shut up, Bob!
Grace: I try not to go out with guys in bands but it's hard to avoid that when that's all I ever do. I work in it and I play in it.
Koko: Why don't you go out with boys in bands?
Grace: Just lessons learned.
Koko: Really? You don't share a common ground?
Grace: My last boyfriend was totally cool. He was way good about the band thing and everything like that - it didn't work out for other reasons. I don't know, I haven't had great experiences with guys in bands.
Koko: Do you think it's a competitive thing?
Grace: Could be. You never know.
Nicole: I think it's just that guys in bands usually expect girls to be like groupies and they can't handle it that were not.
Koko: They can't handle the fact that you have your own thing going on? Your own rehearsal schedule and all that?
Grace: Also they become more like our friends, especially when you start playing with them. It becomes like this buddy buddy thing. And then you try and hook up with them and it never works anyway because "I know you too well..." Or, "You're one of the guys..."
Koko: Oh, yeah.
Grace: Our pathetic personal lives.
Koko: That's what Flipside's about!
Grace: I think what bothered me more than anything was the whole playing/touring schedule.
Koko: It always conflicts?
Grace: Our shows are always on the same nights and you never get to see each other. I don't know. Whatever happens. I don't care, I'll take a guy in a band!
Koko: Say that again!
Bob: Is anybody in the band musically trained?
Nicole: I studied opera for eight years and played piano since I was about eight, so I know a lot of musical theory and all that kind of stuff.
Grace: Anne teaches piano.
Anne: Grace used to play accordion.
Grace: I wanted to play guitar and my dad was a guitar player but he didn't want to teach me until I knew what was up. So he made me play accordion so I could pick if I wanted to play bass or guitar. And it teaches you like treble and bass at the same time. The whole music reading thing and all that... But there was such a gap between the accordion thing and playing bass that I think the only thing that it helped me with was coordination.
Koko: That's a good thing to have when you're a bass player.
Grace: And have to sing. It worked out well.
Koko: It is a lot harder to play bass and sing.
Grace: It's weird. But it's alright. It worked out fine. I was scared as first. I wasn't supposed to be the singer. We couldn't find a singer.
Koko: That's the best way.
Grace: All our friends who were in bands were like, screw getting a singer 'cause they're nothing but trouble. And I already had a lot of lyrics written and I was picky about the way people sing them so... I don't know. I'm trying, I'm working on it. I was blessed with a deep voice.
Nicole: People listen to our record and ask "Who's the guy in your band?" And I show them the picture of her and they're like "Whoa...!"
Grace: "That came out of her?" My mom thinks people are going to mistake me for a girl/guy and she's all embarrassed. "Oooh, you sound like a guy!"
Bob: Do your parents ever come to see you play? [laughter]
Grace: We've got to change our whole attitude!
Nicole: We have the "Parent's Censored Set."
Grace: Yeah, the sleeves come down to cover up the tattoos and all that kind of stuff.
Bob: They don't know?
Grace: They know about some of them. My dad's into it. He couldn't give a shit about that kind of stuff but my mom is a church going woman. X-It's a bit offensive, actually.
Koko: Are there any spiritual people in the band?
Nicole: I'm a total atheist.
Koko: Alright!
Grace: I have my own spiritual values. I made up my own religion. It's called The Religion Of Grace.
Koko: So none of you have held on to your christian beliefs?
Anne: I do.
Grace: We can't say "God" in a song 'cause she has a heart attack but we can say "suck my dick" or "cunt" or "stupid whore bitch."
Koko: But you can't say anything about God?
Grace: If it wasn't for Anne I'd be burning bibles on stage. Anne keeps me in line. She keeps me from turning into Marilyn Manson. But back to talking about parents, when my mom came to see us play she actually got up and got into the pit!
Koko: Your mom did? Alright! Way to go mom!
Nicole: My dad's a therapist and when he heard our record he said "Let's talk about some of the lyrics..."[laughter] He leaves leaflets for my friends like "How to Deal with Sex Addiction."☠

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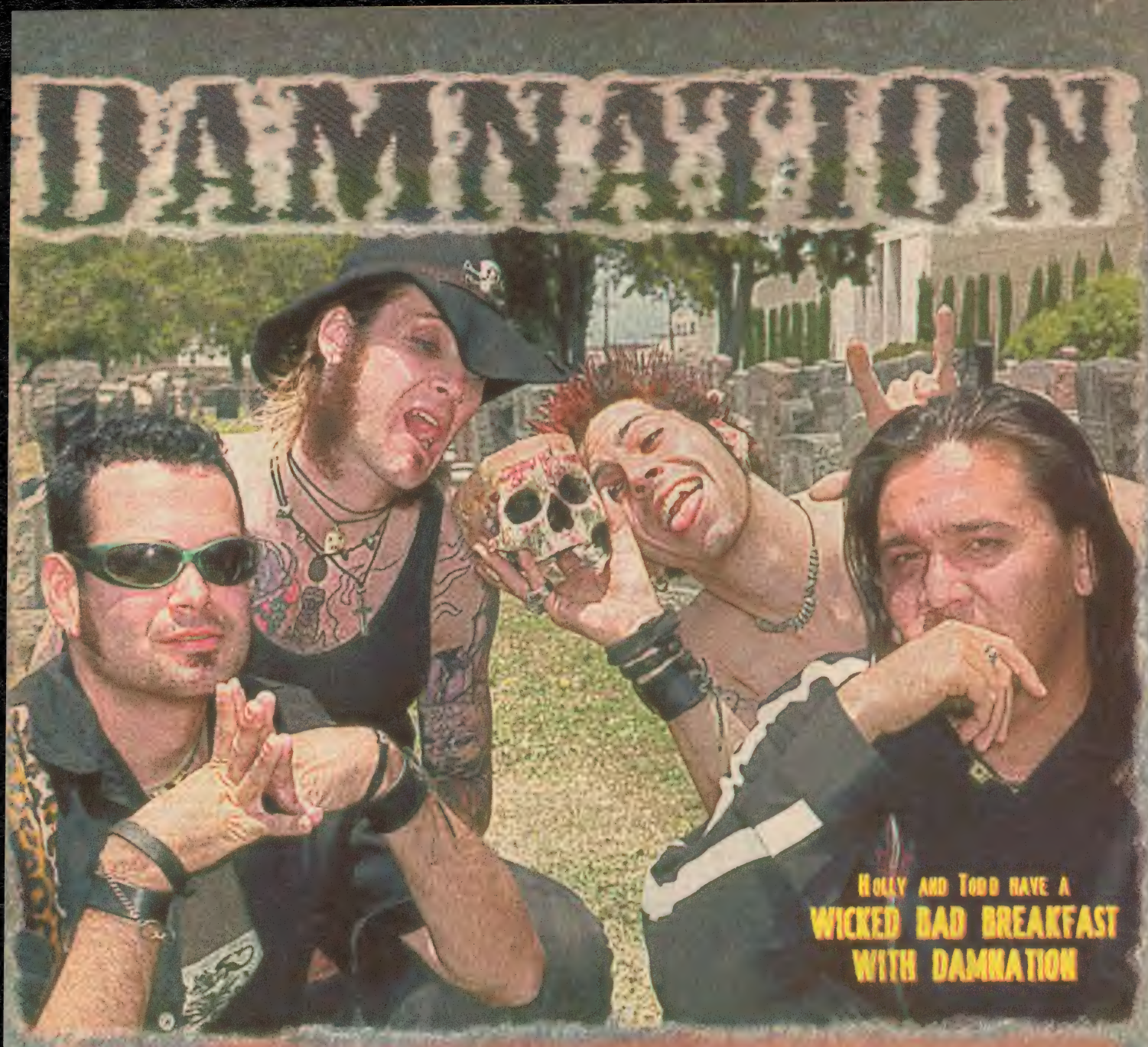
DAMNATION



HOLLY AND TODD HAVE A WICKED BAD BREAKFAST WITH DAMNATION

A mausoleum? At 11:00 in the morning? On a Sunday? You're bringing donuts? Not exactly the atmosphere I had envisioned doing an interview with the sultans of horror rock but hey, why the hell not? Despite it being a beautiful and exceptionally sunny day of the Lord, Damnation was still as scary as ever - as scary as four guys suffering from severe hangovers and sleep deprivation can be. We ate donuts and drank our coffee (and Shaun drank his beer) on the lawn of the Gower Cemetery in Hollywood somewhere between Mel Blanc, the most famous voice in cartoons, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., a swashbuckler pirate actor in the 40's. And let me tell you. Don't let their spooky ethics and their dark demeanor fool you. These guys are funny as hell and the hands-down nicest evil-doers I have ever had the opportunity to meet. Even if their music doesn't trip your tombstone, seeing Damnation play live is an event. I promise you, you'll not see more action and more fluid in motion anywhere else. I did this interview and my name is Holly. Retodd took all the pictures.

Holly: So is anyone else disturbed by this? [In reference to doing the interview in the resting place of the dead at 11:00 a.m. on a Sunday.]
Shaun: No comment.
Holly: Is 11:00 in the morning Damnation's witching hour?
Shaun: Far from it. My bitching hour maybe. [laughter] What do you guys think about breakfast with Damnation?
Retodd: I'm pretty up on it so far.
Shaun: I'm actually pretty happy with this too. This is unlike anything we've ever done before.
Retodd: Get up before 11:00?
Robert: On Saturday, yeah, but on Sunday it's 2:00. That's usually the only day of the week that I get to sleep in.
Holly: So why are we in a cemetery?
Rob: Tomb sweet tomb.
Shaun: We thought that it would be appropriate. We've done a few other things here that actually never reached Flipside. Like we've come here and shot [photographs] before. This is just a fun place to be. Don't you think so? We'd rather go here to say...
Holly: McDonalds?
Shaun: [laughter] Yeah, over fries and barbeque sauce. A McNugget sounds good right now. [laughter]
Holly: So what's the most historic graveyard or cemetery you've visited?
Al: Salem. All the people that came over on the Mayflower are buried in that cemetery. And from the witch trials.
Holly: Can you name the other two boats?
Al: Uh, the Santa Maria...
Holly: Damnation has been kicking around for fill in the blank years.
Shaun: Two. Yeah, it's been two. It's been since October of 199666.
Robert: We're scaring you.
Holly: [laughter] Yeah, I love the theme. Why not? You guys have put out a lot of records...
Shaun: It was a contest to see how many we could get out with no distribution [laughter] so we've got a lot of material that no one hears. [laughter]. We have boxes and boxes at home.
Robert: The same album, we just change the cover.
Shaun: I love to make records but I just hate to sell them. [laughter]
Todd: [laughter] Yeah, Flipside has a lot of record furniture.
Shaun: Yeah, I know. So does Marty [columnist Martin McMartin]. Marty's living room is like... He just puts different colors over it depending on whatever mood he's in. He makes forts

and stays there at night. [laughter]
Robert: "Check out the new room addition."
Shaun: As far as CDs go, we've got Buried Alive which is an EP that Black Jack put out that we did live in the studio and added Kiss Alive II soundtrack to it. And then we have Ghost of the Twenty-First Century which was an intended LP. We recorded it f or that purpose. Then we have Sick Phuckin' Shit which is the latest thing. It's a compilation of everything else that was never quit e released. B-sides.
Holly: The lost tapes with Martika.
Shaun: [laughter] Yeah, Martika. And stuff we did together on the Sick Phuckin' Shit album as well.
Holly: Limited edition.
Retodd: So did you guys have anything equivalent to a Martika phase?
Shaun: A Martika phase?
Holly: Not to keep talking about Martika, but...
Shaun: ...You just have to. [laughter] Let me ask you something. Why are you so obsessed with this lady?
Holly: My mom just found her tape in a drawer at home. What has carried over in your sound, ideals or anything else from the band The Living Dead.
Shaun: The Living End.
Holly: The Living... [laughter] End. Whatever. The Living Monkey.
Shaun: The Living Monkey. [laughter]
Holly: What do you think's carried over, if anything?
Al: Us three. [laughter] It's an entirely different kind of sound. As far as sound-wise or whatever, I think just because we're collaborating with somebody else [referring to the newest member, Todd]... Any time you take away or add someone to the band it's gonna make a difference and I think, with this band, I'm able to do a little more heavier kinds of stuff that we really wanted to do. A little more straight ahead. A little rock and roll oriented and just heavier in general. Like The Living End with just a little less...
Holly: The Living Monkeys.
Shaun: [laughter] Yeah, The Living Monkeys.
Holly: Know your own band.
Shaun: OK. Sorry. [laughter] Yeah, that's probably it.
Robert: That's great. [laughter]
Holly: Shaun, how do you get your hair to stay up straight even when you sweat?
Shaun: Bar soap. It keeps me scary. [laughter]
Al: It's natural. He's got porcupine hair.
Shaun: Let me just tell all the kids out there - all the crustcore kids out there - that soap is good. It makes my hair spike up. It works. You smell better. You don't even have to shower and you smell better. That's like Damnation's motto. If I could pass one message on to the kids today, that would be that soap is cool. Quote/unquote. Say yes to dope and yes to soap.
Holly: Tell me about each of your day jobs.
Shaun: What? We're rock stars. [laughter]
Al: I work at a screen printing company. I have my own screen printing business out of my garage.
Robert: I tattoo at Dusk To Dawn and work at a hair salon in Huntington Beach. I spin discs and sweep up shit. [laughter]
Shaun: I, Shaun, tattoo actually. That's really all I do. I tattoo for a living.
Robert: He's actually part time, no actually full time, one of the best fucking promoters that this city has ever had.
Holly: Shaun from Damnation everybody. [claps]
Shaun: [laughter] Small little golf claps. Something you can't even hear on this tape.
Retodd: How do you spell your name, Shaun?
Shaun: S..h..a..u..n.. with a capitol K..a..m..a...
Holly: Have you ever given anyone a beer logo tattoo?
Shaun: Yeah, I've done some Micky's hornets and PBR logo.
Retodd: Zima?
Shaun: [laughter] [sarcastically] Yeah, there was this one crazy homosexual that I remember. He was a nice guy but he wanted a Zima tattoo. But let me just say that I not only do I tattoo but I also smoke pot. [everyone laughs]
Holly: And you quote.
Shaun: And I quote. [laughter] Nobody famous, though.
Todd: What do I do? I do nothing now. I've been out here from Vegas for a month looking for work and now I'm going back to Vegas to get my old job back.
Robert: We tell it like it is to Flipside.
Shaun: Yeah, so he's gonna head back home. I was going to ask you guys if we could get a job at Flipside and work for free? [laughter]
Holly: Are girlfriends of men who have tattoos of naked women on their bodies generally OK with that?
Shaun: Oh God, I don't know. I guess it depends on how good of a relationship you have. If you had a secure relationship with someone, it wouldn't matter but if you're going out with someone that's totally insane and stupid then I guess it probably would.
Al: Do you do naked guys on women?
Shaun: Oh, all the time. [laughter]
Al: Do they want you to make it move?
Shaun: [laughter] I usually do them on their backs so they don't know what I'm doing. I was supposed to tattoo an arm but I tattooed a cock instead.
Holly: And the interview takes a twist.
Shaun: Oh man, this is becoming a comedy. [laughter]
Holly: Have you ever taken anybody out with your mic stand?
Shaun: Yes. [laughter]
Al: Oh my God. [laughter]
Shaun: We have this on video at Raji's. A friend of ours used to have one of those... I used to sing out of one of those reissue 55's. They look really cool but they sound like crap. We were jammin' or whatever and I threw it out into the audience and the video camera's high so it can see this guy right down in front, who's name we won't mention, and the mic stand went, "Whaamm, thump, thump." And then a few minutes later he gets up and there's blood running down his face.
Robert: And then at the after party he's sitting out on the porch and has the video camera on this big goose just smiling.
Shaun: So many times. I cut my mic chords in half, too. Just like, "Baamm." [laughter]
Holly: Were you electrocuted when singing on the mic at The Doll Hut with The Crowd?
Shaun: That thing always shocks me. I got beer on my mouth and on my face and it was like, "Ksshhsshh." [electrocuting static sounds]
Al: And his hair has never come down.
Shaun: That's why I need collagen. I keep shocking my lips and the skin's dehydrated.

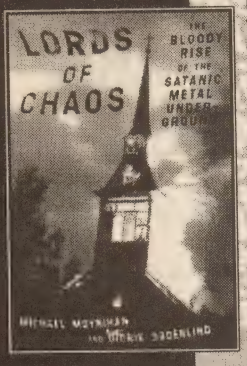
Holly: Have any of you been injured by Shaun?
Al: Just on the hand. I use my bass as a shield most of the time. Self defense. [laughter]
Shaun: You know what we're gonna start doing? We're gonna start smashing watermelons on stage like Galagar. Watermelons and mic stands.
Holly: If there's anyone that knows about fluids coming out of them on stage, it's you, Shaun. Have you ever slipped on your own spit?
Shaun: On my own fluids?
Robert: It's worse than spit that you've slipped in.
Shaun: I remember one show where our friend Carol was there and it was right at the end of the set and I was trying to make it outside of the side door because she was by the side door and projectile vomit shot out and got on her shoes and I stepped over her shoes and slipped and fell down the stairs and went outside for a while and then I had some tacos. [laughter]
Holly: What are your favorite fluids?
Shaun: Beer.
Holly: Zima? Red Dog?
Al: Watermelon Schnapps. [laughter]
Shaun: Is that your favorite fluid?
Robert: Orange Whip.
Shaun: Orange Whip - Mmmm.
Holly: I don't know Orange Whip.
Robert: I like Horchata. [Al Flipside: A rice drink and a favorite among Latin Americans.]
Shaun: Quick, I want to do a Snapple commercial. "I like lemon ice tea."
Todd: Coffee.
Shaun: Ah, coffee, hands down.
Holly: What do you guys read?
Robert: Hmm. Read?
Holly: Doo youu rreeaadd? [in a mentally challenged tone]
All: [laughter]
Shaun: Things with pictures. [mentally challenged once again]
Holly: Sam I Am.
Shaun: Curious George books.
Al: Clive Barker, Stephen King.
Robert: I read a lot of Steven King and also a lot of history books - anthropology books. Ancient societies kinds of things.
Robert: I read The Bible. [laughter]
All: [laughter]
Holly: Amen.
All: [laughter]
Robert: We got mentioned in The Bible. Horror. Anything that has to do with death. The history of death. The art of death.
Shaun: He's a pretty scary guy.
Holly: Sounds pretty scary. [laughter]
Shaun: I'd have to say that I'm a more picture oriented guy. I like pictures more than words. I mean, it sounds really goofy but...
Robert: "I'll wait 'til the movie comes out."
Shaun: For me, personally, I look at people's art more than anything. Like Bernie Wrightson and Boris Vallijo.
Al: Billboards.
Shaun: Yeah. I look at the way he draws and wish I could do that. But I've read all the Steven King books. Almost every time a new one comes out, I finish it. Whether it sucks or not...
Robert: It seems to be in.
Shaun: I'm scary no matter what, man. [laughter]
Holly: So what are some advantages to being dead?
Robert: Being dead?
Shaun: No bad breath.
Robert: No bills. No back ache.
Holly: No soap.
Robert: I just don't know yet. I'll get back to you on that one.
All: [laughter]
Shaun: Ask my grandparents. They'll tell you the advantages of being dead. They'll probably be arguing. [laughter]

Holly: What do you want written on your tombstone?
Robert: Oh no. "We Tried." [laughter]
Robert: I'd like them to spell my name correctly. That would be good.
Shaun: I'm sure that you'd just put, "Al."
Robert: "RIP it up."
Holly: What are the advantages of being a diabolically themed band?
Shaun: [belches three times]
Robert: The only advantage is that it comes natural to us. We don't have to try. We don't have to pick up the latest horror novel to write our next song. Everything is completely natural.
Shaun: I think that's the coolest thing. I'd have to admit that it's really hard to find four people that are essentially into the same kind of thing. When we found... [in sensual, reflective voice] When we found Todd, he was hitch hiking. He used to be a girl. [laughter] No, but it's really super cool. It's a great. It's a common interest and when we go on the road for our tour, it doesn't suck. [Todd is then somehow insulted.]
Holly: They build your self-esteem up, don't they?
Todd: Oh my God. They do. Every interview, it's the same thing.
Robert: We take it all back.
Shaun: There's one thing I want to ad and that's that in this day and age of really fuckin' happy, boring, stupid music, overall...
Robert: He's making general statements.
Shaun: Just doing what we're doing in the way that we're doing it helps us stand out from every other fuckin' punk band. It just doesn't mean anything, or it means very little, to be a punk band in this day and age, or a band in general. Any genre of music. There's just so much out there, good and bad. This certainly helps us be our own way.
Robert: The radio makes me sick. All those songs that are played every twenty minutes and you're not going to hear of that band again in a few months at all. There's so many bands falling by the wayside because of that and not a slight of mentality 'cause there's so many bands doing that same thing.
Holly: Todd's last column was all about Goldfinger...
Shaun: I'm tired of all that.
Al: Shaun doesn't read. We'll draw some pictures for ya.
Shaun: Thank you. I'm so tired of happy punk rock out there. There are the bands that are at the top of their class. Someone like NOFX that's responsible for all of this crap. They're fabulous. They're excellent. They were ahead of their time. They always have been. And then a band like The Cramps. They've always been ahead of their time. And those are the bands that are going to last. The ones that have been unique from the beginning. I remember when Jane's Addiction came out and people were like, "These guys fuckin' suck. We can't put our finger on this." So say you put your finger on some of this happy punk that's out now. And so it is accessible to anybody. I think that it's the stuff that's usually really hard to catch on that, as long as it's done well, is the stuff that sticks around. Like a rock band like Aerosmith - not to get into the rock genre or whatever, but the bottom line is that they are good at what they do and they were on top of their genre in that class of music. Every gay band that was around a couple of years ago wanted to be them. It was just horrible. It was like, no one would ever be them.
Holly: I haven't talked much with the rest of you guys, but from what I get of you, Shaun, when I talk to you, you're the most outgoing, cheerful, optimistic guy and from what I see of you on stage, you look pretty fucking insane.
Shaun: [laughter] Yeah.
Al: That's what the courts said. [laughter]
Shaun: I never touched it. [laughter] Yeah, that's true. Well, you can't... What do you want me to be? All fuckin' happy? People don't want to see smiley boy.
Al: We're havin' a good time.
Shaun: Yeah, we are.
Holly: You'd make a good asshole if you were one. [laughter]
Shaun: That's good.
Holly: It's a compliment.
Shaun: It intimidates people at least. One good thing that, to add to the scary thing, is that people are super cool usually don't have an intimidation factor approaching us. They have enough self-confidence. But a lot of the time it keeps people away from us because they think, "Wow, these guys are just totally crazy." Like, "I can't talk to that dude." When they see me on stage and they don't know me their like, "That guy must be out of his fucking mind." Or any of us for that matter. So it kind of keeps the asshole factor down.
Holly: You're not always being harassed.
Shaun: And I'll spit on 'em. [laughter]
Holly: Where's the most dangerous or awkward place you've ever started a fire?
Shaun: Ooh, that's a cool question.
Al: In my pants. [seductively] I started a fire behind my garage when I was a kid with a road flair on purpose. And then I had to piss on the fire to put it out. I then had to stick the road flair in some water. I tell you, those things don't go out. They do not go

out. I was sticking the flair in a bucket of water and there's this black smoke coming out and helicopters coming. My mom and dad were at work, I panicked.
Robert: I used to hang out in haunted houses every year and two weeks prior to Halloween and there were a couple of times when I would light stuff on fire. I'd be making all these little holes and shit. Camcorders and shit. Lots of fires. [Shaun, this story isn't very complete. Can you get the story?]
All: [laughter]
Todd: There was a reason I had to leave Hawaii.
Shaun: Burnt down half the island.
Al: Kilawea? It was Todd.
Todd: No fires. Fires bad.
Shaun: I made fires. After I made them I got yelled at and everything but I set a bush on fire in my housing project and then this kid - we set it on fire together - and then he tried to blame it on me and I was like, "It was you and me, right?" And he was like, "No, he threw this big brick at me and it hit me in the eye and cut my eye." and had got to go home. So we left the fire burning and my grandpa yelled at me.
Al: We could do a whole interview on this subject right here.
Holly: What would you put in a Damnation time capsule?
Shaun: Mmm, coffee. [laughter] I would put all of our music and all of our art since we're a cool art band. Wouldn't you say that we have the best graphics?
Retodd: You have good graphics, definitely.
Shaun: No, I said, "The best." [laughter]
Retodd: I like hearing you say that you're an art band. [laughter]
Shaun: [laugher] An art band.
Al: If I had the money to buy another one, I'd put my bass in there because it was in The Living End and now this...
Holly: The Living Dead.
Al: The Monkey. [laughter]
All: [laughter]
Holly: I tried to read up. I really did.
All: [laughter]
Shaun: Did you get our bio? Our 18 page one? With pictures?
Robert: What did you put in there?
Al: My bass. I'd put Robert in there too. [laugher]
Robert: I would actually chop off my hand and put it in there. [laughter]
Shaun: I'd put in weed of today. That way they could see if the chronic of today was as good as it is in the future.
Robert: Cyber-chronic.
Shaun: Cyber-chronic. Mmm. From Silicon Valley. [laughter] I like that stuff.
Holly: What's the last thing that you broke?
Al: A mic stand last night that the guy was yelling at me for.
Shaun: Oh my God, I broke myself. I do at every show. Oh my God, everything.
Robert: I think I broke my liver last night.
Holly: I could tell when I saw you this morning.
Robert: Oh man, I draggled. What did you break, Todd?
Todd: My wallet, being out here. [laughter]
Robert: I broke my 64 Cadillac Hurse so if anyone has an engine for it - a 429 - I'm looking.
Shaun: We want you to install it. We want you to keep your space open in your garage for the Hurse.
Grounds Keeper: [tells us to leave]
Robert: We're going to be done in a minute. We're not going to make a mess or anything.
Shaun: You know, the last time we were here the security guy was cool. With The Living End cassette cover we actually carved a pumpkin and set a fire on this grave out here - like burning out of this pumpkin. Tomb Sweet Tomb.
Al: We actually cleaned up better than it was. There was broken glass and leaves all over. The picture that we shot, in the flames there was, like, a baby's head.
Shaun: Swear to God. It's like a baby's head and its torso.
Al: And it's made out of flames. It could just be the flames themselves but they were round. I've never seen round flames.
Retodd: Do you find that little kids are drawn to you and they want to touch you but their parents won't let them?
Shaun: With parents it's 50/50. Kids are more into you if you're a little different. They'll be like, "Mom, his hair is green. Why?" And then the next question is, "Can I have some?" [laughter] And that really bums out the parents but, yeah, the kids are either that or horrified. They're holding on to their parent's legs. All my nieces are always like, "Oh aunt Carla [Shaun's wife obviously], oh uncle Shaun, you guys are so weird and cool." And that's kind of good for them in that respect because they think that other people who look a little stranger than average, or normal I should say, are cool. And not like everyone is totally wasted who has spiky red hair.
Robert: Those kids out in the auto parts store in West Des Moines, Iowa are like, "Where'd you get that necklace? That's wicked bad."
All: [laughter]
Shaun: Oh my God. They use "wicked bad" all of the time. Out of nowhere they'll point at anything. "That girl is wicked bad." They look like their parents were related before they married.
Todd: Right. [laughter]
Al: Sister mom.
Robert: It seems that more and more people are being less judgmental. They're willing to talk to you more especially because more things are thrown out there with the media now such as tattooing, so-called punk rock and MTV - bullshit like that. Channel 11 exposes aren't shocking anymore. People are used to it.
Shaun: It's not scary anymore.
Holly: Have you guys ever been to the Middle East before?
Shaun: No.
Robert: We've hear of it. [laughter]
Holly: Because at funerals in the Middle East, they wear white.
All: Yeah.
Holly: Oh, I thought I'd bring in a fun fact but I guess you already knew that.
Robert: They party and put food on the grave.
Shaun: Is white... What is that? Like they're going to a better place?
Holly: I'm just guessing it's a wicked bad color.
Shaun: [laughter] That's a wicked bad outfit you've got on there. What ever happened to trying to use "wicked bad" once in a while in our normal conversation?
Al: This is how it's gonna go. "We're gettin' wicked bad with Damnation."
Shaun: "We're having a wicked bad breakfast with Damnation." [laughter]
Holly: What band would be the anti-Damnation?
Shaun: Oh my God. Are we allowed to say? Would this be condescending?
Robert: No comment. There's too many bands out there that would be. [laughter]
Al: That's true. That's a good thing.
Shaun: It's fuckin', what, like 90% of the bands out there that could be the antithesis of Damnation. There are certain bands out there now that I like. That would be a little closer to what I'd pick.
Robert: We're not gonna make enemies.
Shaun: Yeah. [laughter]
Todd: And I drove all this way...
All: [laughter]
Holly: If you guys were to start bringing in revenue and had the chance to maybe up your show, what kinds of stuff would you add?
Shaun: I'd like to have a sound guy that's our own all the time. Somebody like our friend Trevor. He's the sound guy from the Dwarves. He samples our sound.
Robert: Not like musical sound but sound effects.
Shaun: Like segueways between songs and we'd add together a bunch of really cool stuff and instead of doing a musical segueway, we'd do some kind of tricky segueway. Some production value. Nothing gay.
Robert: A drumset. I killed mine last night at the Whisky.
Shaun: What we need is some free sponsored stuff. So send us free shit. [laughter]
Robert: And people to carry it for us. [laughter]
Shaun: Yeah, and some of those. [laughter] Todd picks up a guitar cab on his shoulder because he is the Hawaiian God. [laughter] He can carry all of his shit.
Al: We don't trust our roadies because they're *not there when we need them.*
Holly: What's the last thing that made you bust a nut? Or a colon? Or a liver?
Shaun: Last night's show.
Holly: Tell us, Shaun, about last night's show.
Shaun: Well, last night's show, I would say. That made me "bust a nut." [laughter]
Al: In a wicked, killer, nasty kind of way.
Robert: Shaun was at the top of the stairs puking and I was at the bottom.
Shaun: Oh my God, that's right. Check this out. [Shaun. I once again couldn't get the story clearly - could you fill it in?]
Robert: I do not recall any part of that.
Al: I didn't know anybody was down there, though. I didn't know what was going on. All I heard was an echoed, "Hhhuuuaaa."
Shaun: No, last night was rad. It was a good fucking show. We had a lot of people.
Robert: Playing was fun and then afterwards there were a lot of friends there - long time friends - and it was like a big party. Hang out, drink and watch your friend's bands play.
Shaun: The Whisky was great. They were really super cool. I'll continue doing stuff at the Whisky and The Troubadour. They've been taking care of us really, really well. It's great, last night didn't sell out but the last three shows we've done have.
Robert: It was great. It's been a really long time since the major clubs on the strip have all been punk rock. It was punk rock night on the strip last night. [ALL, Zeke and Hagfish played at The Roxy that night.] That was really fuckin' cool. I haven't seen that in a long time. Fuckin' Zeke up the street.
Holly: What's the most uncomfortable thing you're wearing right now?
Robert: Nothing. I'm so comfortable I could get shot. (?)
Shaun: I never wear things that are uncomfortable.
Holly: What's the worst kind of atmosphere or club setting for you to play in?
Todd: Gee, that happened last weekend, didn't it?
Robert: I fuckin' hate... Nazis suck. Let me just say that.
Shaun: He's not going out on a limb with that either. Everything else is WW2. We played fuckin' Fullerton at a place we won't mention. It wasn't a waste but...
Al: Yes it was.
Shaun: Yeah, it was a waste. And we were in Orange County which tends to be a narrow-minded place for the most part and there were some crazy 25-30 year old Nazis - the whole fuckin' trail wagon [laughter] - and some new fresh, young kids and it made for a really uncomfortable evening after we played so we all took off and shit. That was really uncomfortable. And what made it even more uncomfortable is that we all had on, like, ski outfits which made it really hot. [laughter] I was walkin' the stairs with those boots on.
Holly: Have you ever played Billboard Live?
Shaun: Fuckin' no, man. No.
Robert: It's not called that anymore. It's called The Key Club.
Shaun: The Pee Club.
Robert: Key, key.
Holly: I've never been there. I can't get in, but Retodd said they have TVs on the floor and...
Shaun: On the floor?
Retodd: Yeah, they lay them down in the floor and there's a clear, plastic so you can see through it.
Shaun: And why would you want...
Retodd: They're everywhere. On the floor...
Shaun: That's kind of distracting from the music going on *onstage.* [laughter]
Robert: What are they showing?
Retodd: The band.
Robert: It's not porno?
All: Ooohhh.
Shaun: It's all Sanford and Son re-runs. [laughter]
Holly: Who is it that could show up at a show and light your nerves on fire?
Shaun: I'd say Iggy Pop - if he came to watch. I don't know if it'd make me nervous. Nervous wouldn't be the right word. I'd just say that I'd be happy he was in the house and I would want to rip it up as much as I possibly... As much as I usually do but even more because he's there. "Make a man outta me (?). Come on Pop." You know what I mean? [laughter] Mine would be Iggy Pop. And Stiv Bators if he was still alive. If he showed up at a show he probably wouldn't even remember that we played.
Robert: I'd say Alice Cooper.
Shaun: Oh, hey, they're having House of Blues shows. Three nights with Alice Cooper. Rock and roll.
Al: Norm from Cheers showed up.
Shaun: He's like fully into Husker Du and stuff.
[We're kicked out by the gate keepers and we mosey on out to the graves to exploit the dead and use their headstones as backdrops to scary looking pictures. Shaun has some last words.]
Shaun: In conclusion to this excellent interview that you two did, Todd and Holly, I just wanted to say, "Thank you" actually, and I want to ask you guys if you had a fun time interviewing us at least?
Holly: I had a lot of fun. It was very comfortable.
Retodd: Definitely. Yeah, we were talking about that in the car. We're really stoked so far.
Shaun: Good, that's cool. And have fun transcribing it with all the echoes going on. [laughter]
Holly: Really. I'll just type in all the echoes. I..i..i..i.. am..am..am..am...
Shaun: It'll be a symphony. If I could just thank Jerome from Burning Tree and Joy for having the foresight and the actual balls to put this stuff out for us and before that Mike from Last Resort was always the one to step up and Giovanni who stepped up and is now MIA but he did step up so I totally have to give him...
Holly: Shout outs. [laughter]
Shaun: Yeah, shout outs. [laughter]
Retodd: Props.
Shaun: Prop. [laughter] Yeah, so I really want to thank everybody and I want to tell everybody to go pick up our Sick Fuckin' Shit LP and Ghosts of the Twenty-First Century. Grab it through Mean Street or Sounds of California or somethin'. BYO. Thank them. They just put a 7" out for us called Beelze Bubblegum. I think you'll love it. There's going to be a 7" coming out any day now called Touch Me Where I Pee and that's on Destroy All Records. Chuck down in Silver Lake. Go buy some records from that man. And the last thing is that we are gonna have a 7" coming out on Rockin' Fuckin' Roll Records (RAFR) and that one's called Drunk and Stupid and they're all limited edition colored vinyl and stuff. We're gonna hit the studio. We're gonna do 16 new live tracks and put 'em on DAT and then shop that and we'll see who our next album comes out on but we're down on putting the next LP out as quickly as possible. Also, a split orange vinyl 7" on Burning Tree with The Verman in a Texas Chainsaw/Halloween the movie theme due out in November.
Holly: And once you're big enough, you'll start putting out baby tees?
Shaun: [laughter] Yeah, no, not big. Small. No, we're gonna do baby tees and they're all for you and Todd. Anybody else we forgot to thank. Our families [laughter], our friends. Just, "Thank you everybody" and check out Damnation because we're evil fuckin' punk rock 'n' roll from hell. ☠

LORDS OF

KIRIN INTERVIEWS CO-AUTHOR MICHAEL MOYNIHAN ON *LORDS OF CHAOS*, a book which follows dark metal from its inceptions to its twisted roots and current world-wide flourishing (co-author Didrik Soderlind was not present). Moynihan begins at the black-and-blues roots of "devil music" in America, (which seems to have arisen from the steaming voodoo swamps of the South,) and traces the darkness in music on through to the black metal phenomenon in the U.S., Norway, and beyond; from bands like KISS and Black Sabbath, that were basically charades, to seriously philosophically centered bands and personas like King Diamond, and Varg Virkenes of Burzum, this book covers them all. Moynihan illuminates the progression from "act" to "action" in the realms of dark metal the world over.



Extensive interviews are included in the book, from Varg Virkenes to Anton LaVey & Blanch Barton to Thomas Thorn of the Electric Hellfire Club. (Granted, The Electric Hellfire Club are hardly "metal," but with their first album entitled "Burn Baby Burn," and a painting of a church burning on the cover, their influences and ideas are obviously similar to those of the church-burning metal hellions.)

It is interesting also, to watch through the interviews with Varg Virkenes, his transformation from Satanist to Odinist; and to observe the ongoing similar occurrences amongst black metal fans and musicians. (Oddly enough, Black Sabbath also underwent this "transformation," with albums like "Tyr," but again, it all seems to have been mostly a charade.) It's refreshing that Moynihan includes not only the sensationalistic, fiery, blood-and-guts side of the black metal story, but the elegant and passionate side as well; the life-and-death struggle by a few dedicated young people to rise above the mediocrity and complacence that surrounded them. Whether or not you agree with their methods or their motives, it is evident at least that Varg and his compatriots meant what they said and said what they meant, which is uniquely refreshing in any context.

"I HAVE TO STAND UP FOR WHAT I'VE DONE... THERE'S NO REMORSE."
-BARD "FAUST" EITHUN, AFTER HIS MURDER OF A COMPLETE STRANGER.

"EVERY PASSING SECOND A HUMAN DIES, SO THERE'S NO NEED TO MAKE A BIG FUSS OF THIS ONE KILL."
-HENDRIK MOBUS, AFTER HIS MURDER OF A FELLOW STUDENT.

Kirin: What was the first black metal band or album that you remember hearing? What was your reaction, be it emotional, spiritual, and/or physical?

Michael: The first song I heard was back in 1982 or '83, the Venom single "Die Hard." It was played as an import on the morning punk radio show (in Boston we had such things!) nearly every day. The first black metal album I ever heard was of course the Venom one of the same name, which I suppose really kicked off the genre. I was about 14 at the time, and I remember being shocked that a metal band which looked so absurd could sound so much faster and more violent than the hardcore bands. And despite the silliness of some of it, their blasphemy also made a real imprint. The only comparable thing might be some of the Crass records, although obviously the latter were too political to get excited about Satanism. But Venom was just the thing to stoke the blind anger and frustration of white kids fed up with school and old folks blathering about tolerance or Jesus. The other friend of mine in high school who was a Venom fan was a well-bred kid named Sean Hewett who looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy from the outside, but this was merely a facade for his perverse inner being. Alongside memorizing all the Venom lyrics he had the ability to surreptitiously urinate in public places without anyone realizing what he was doing, so it wasn't long before he'd expressed his disapproval of our school in nearly every corner and corridor, to the mystification of the janitorial staff.

Kirin: What kinds of music were you listening to 10 yrs ago? 20 years ago? If you listened to music today, what was it? What music do you find captivating at this time in your life?

Michael: Ten years ago I was listening to all of my dad's old Wagner and Bruckner albums, interspersed with Throbbing Gristle and Whitehouse. Twenty years ago I was only nine, so it must have been my mom's copies of "Rubber Soul" and "Sgt. Pepper's." Today I listened to Rammstein in the car, which despite being a corny Laibach rip-off still manages to entertain, and it's good to have on in the background since I study German. I find lots of music captivating, from classical composers like Nielsen and the eternally magnificent Beethoven to traditional folk music (not the 60's/70's whiny crap) to black metal and beyond. I've also been immersing myself in the soundtrack Bobby Beausoleil did for Kenneth Anger's "Lucifer Rising" film, which is an electrically charged piece of music.

Kirin: If someone had never heard black metal before, and you were going to recommend five albums to them, what would you suggest?

Michael: The first three Ulver albums, "Nordavind" by Storm, and Burzum's "Filosofem." I'm not a huge fan of the really primitive stuff, although I would be if I was still 14.

Kirin: What advice would you give to anyone caught defacing or vandalizing a church in America?

Michael: "I hope it was an ugly building to begin with."

Kirin: I once read an interview with Douglas P. of Death In June where he mentioned that he wished to someday work with the Pet Shop Boys. Do you happen to have any PSB vinyl in your collection?

Michael: Sorry to say I've barely ever heard of them. Personally I think a collaboration between Death in June and Ennio Morricone might yield more succulent fruit.

Kirin: Now that you've finished *Lords of Chaos*, will you be focusing on another writing project soon? At one time you

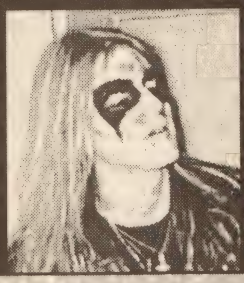
SWEDEN'S DISMEMBER

"BURN YOUR OWN CHURCH" KIT FROM OSLO MAGAZINE, "GATE AVISA."

CHAOS

"HELL IS FULL OF MUSICAL AMATEURS; MUSIC IS THE BRANDY OF THE DAMNED."
-GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *MAN AND SUPERMAN*

"I DON'T WANT TO SEE PEOPLE RESPECTING ME, I WANT THEM TO HATE AND FEAR."
- EURONYMOUS OF MAYHEM



"SOMETHING I STUDY IS HOW PEOPLE REACT WHEN MY BLOOD IS STREAMING EVERYWHERE..."
-MAYHEM VOCALIST "DEAD," A YEAR BEFORE BLOWING HIS BRAINS OUT.

"HE DIED FROM ONE STAB TO THE HEAD. I ACTUALLY HAD TO KNOCK THE KNIFE OUT."
- VARG VIKERNES, AFTER KILLING FORMER FRIEND EURONYMOUS.

had mentioned that you were working on some Wiligut translations. Where are you with that project right now?

Michael: I just got off the phone with Edred Thorsson, who's probably done as much to help the revival of pre-Christian Germanic religion in the latter part of this century as anyone. He has contributed his translation skills to the Wiligut project, and we're publishing it as a joint effort. It will be interesting to see what kind of response it gets, as it should dispel a lot of the rumor and mythos which surrounds a figure like Wiligut. Die Wahrheit Uber Alles!

Kirin: Also, I noticed at the Electric Hellfire Club website, that Blood Axis is planning a full-length release mid-1998 called "Ultimacy," as well as a double-LP box set. This is exciting news! Any idea how soon they'll be available? Are you considering any live shows stateside?

Michael: We have been working on the second album but who knows when it will be finished, or who will release it (although a strong possibility is Misanthropy in England). Everyone involved in the band leads multiple lives and thus it is only sporadically that we focus on a single thing like music. However, we have been rehearsing in order to play a live tour through Europe this fall, partially with Allerseelen, and we plan to do a few West Coast shows (Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, and maybe LA) before heading across the Atlantic.

Kirin: Anything you'd like to add?

Michael: Only that radio preacher Bob Larson urged every youth pastor in America to read *Lords of Chaos*, so you should too. ☠

To order *Lords of Chaos*, demand it from your local bookstore, (don't ask nicely; it would ruin your reputation;) or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Feral House, 2352 Lincoln Blvd., #358, Venice, CA 90291. (If you have internet access, visit Feralhouse.com or Amazon.com to purchase the book online.)

For further information on:

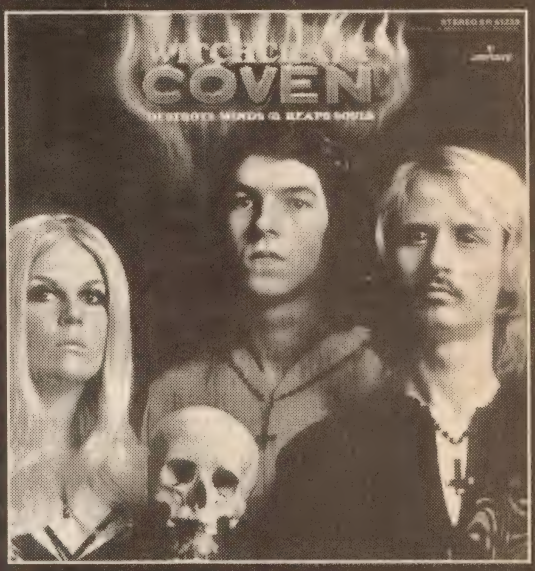
-The Church of Satan, send SASE to: C.O.S., PO Box 210666, San Francisco, CA 94121.

-Asatru (Odinism,) send SASE to: Asatru Folk Assembly, PO Box 445, Nevada City, CA 95959.

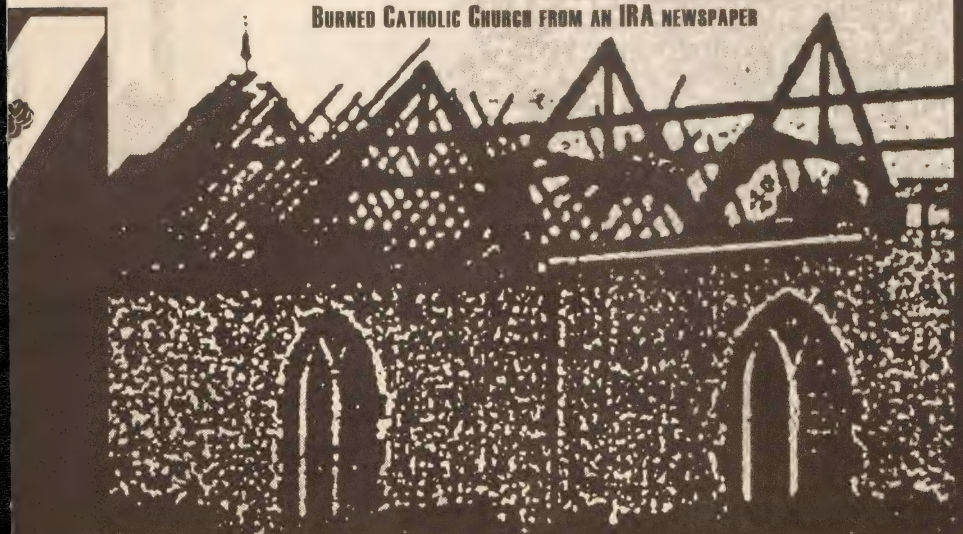
-Michael Moynihan and the musical project "Blood Axis," send SASE to: Storm Records, PO Box 3527, Portland, OR 97208.

-Hard-to-find black metal music: Cybertzara, PO Box 181211, San Francisco, CA 94118. (Or visit http://www.blackmetal.com)

Many thanks to Asatru folk and the Church of Satan, for addresses and information, and to Michael Moynihan for the interview, for putting up with lots of questions, and for supplying information above and beyond the call of duty. Let slip the dogs of war! -Kirin



WITCHCRAFT'S ALBUM "COVEN" RELEASED ON MERCURY
IN BUBBLE: MERCYFUL FATE'S KING DIAMOND
BELOW: VARG VIKERNES ON THE COVER OF KERRANG!



BURNED CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM AN IRA NEWSPAPER

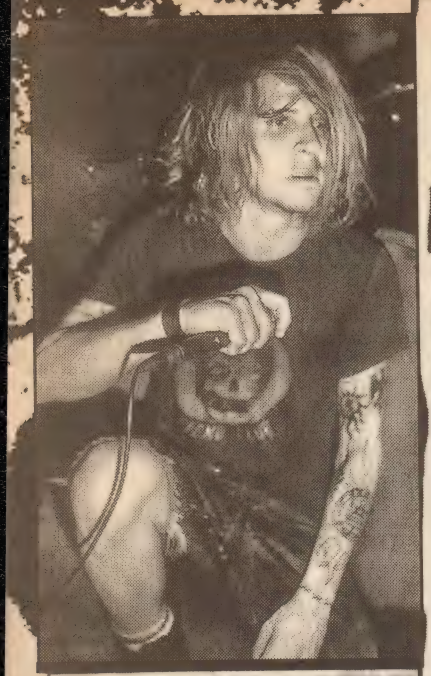
PARALELLING IRISH CHURCH BURNINGS IN NORWAY, VIKERNES BELIEVES IN THE FUNCTION OF TERRORISM AIMED TOWARD THE SPIRITUAL SANCTUARIES OF ONE'S ENEMY.

MAYHEM

TOUR DATES
RECORD RELEASES
METAL NEWS

BLACK METAL STAR FACES MURDER RAP!

Grishnacht accused of killing 'Godfather' Euronymous!



EYEHATEGOD

Two years and then some in the making, the mighty Mike Williams finally slows down enough to grind out some answers to his surnamesake's Q's. The way I met Mike is the way I like to meet people in bands. He saw my review of the Century Media re-release of their first CD, "In the Name of Suffering," and while I was only lukewarm in my appraisal, Mike still wrote me to acknowledge my words. Later, when he was writing for Metal Maniacs we began exchanging some correspondence, and I knew from what his influences were that I needed to hear their latest. I'd already figured out that my couple of listens prior to reviewing the first record had no doubt been insufficient. In those glorious days of being free the problem was I was listening to too much new stuff each and every day - greedily sucking the review material into my maw. Mike wanted to comp me, but procedures being what they are here, I had to buy "Dopesick," and having only a few dozen cassettes I had plenty of time to absorb it. The interview has been in the wind since even before that, but between the touring (in which one set of questions was misplaced) and the moving around - well it took a while. Read on and you will see it was worth the wait, since Mike shirks no questions and answers all from the heart and the guts. Believe me when I say, knowing the kind of scene they have down there, NOLA is one of the possibilities I fantasize about re-locating to when I finally raise up! Making the most negative music possible in the best sense of the word requires a positive coolness: Mike has it in spades. So kickback with the EHG int, and don't miss them when they burn down a club or arena near you!

Interview by Shane Williams

Shane: Do you guys still think of yourselves as a punk rock band? Let's say I call you an extreme "metal" band - of sorts - but one with punk roots. So which term is more offensive or inspirational, more disturbing or meaningless - especially when someone applies it to your music: punk or metal?

Mike: Honestly, I've never considered EHG any one "type" of band; that is, one to be labeled under a strict constrictive banner (hey paw, them big words don't mean a whole fuckin' lot!). Obviously our roots lie in the sleazier excesses of *both* above-mentioned extreme music forms. Each member brings with him personal taste influences, etc. It seems like both terms, "punk rock" and "metal" are such over-used descriptions that it is boring to stick with 'em. I like to call our sound "southern hardcore blues." Blues because it is akin to the blues in its relation with alcohol abuse and failing in life and society, leading to self-hatred and violence, and southern hardcore because that is what it is. We're proud to be from New Orleans; and this is the sound of the new south: raw, doomed out, depressive and threatening. Both punk and metal are *equally* meaningless and inspirational to us, other folks can call us what they like. It always interests me when people label us. We've been called everything in the book. While I just got finished giving us a tag, I still think it is funny how bands go way out of their way to put a tag on themselves; like speed-thrash-metal-core or grunge-thrash -crust-death-metal. I'd have to take the hip, easy way out and say, "we're just rock and roll, man," before I strung out the qualifiers like that. More insightful on where we stand would be mentioning the bands that have reached out and touched us, and this is just a basic scratch on the surface. Each member goes their own way in individual categories, but these are ones I can pretty safely say we all agree on: Lynyrd Skynyrd, Celtic Frost, Melvins, Black Sabbath, Corrosion of Conformity, Pentagram, DRI, Slayer, GBH, Agnostic Front, Obsessed, Blast!, Witchfinder General. Oh fuck it! I could go on and on and still not really touch on the heart of where we go musically as a band. I'm inspired by all of the above and more, like: Discharge, Dead Boys, Laughing Hyenas, Dark Throne, GG Allin, Germs, Infest, Disrupt... So I guess in the overall scheme of things we fit conveniently in-between the "p" and "m" words of descriptions - for a rock band - as long as we stay extreme, which leads to your next question.

Shane: Where can extreme music go now that pure unadulterated noise and ultra-minimal ambient forms are widely disseminated on CD and written about in newsstand mags? And does the word extreme even have a resonance for your band in the way that a band like Cannibal Corpse uses the word brutal. [*Hey - speaking of Brutal, Brutal Truth are certainly a band somewhere on the same playing field as you guys, as well as ones you know personally etc. they focused in on that word extreme in an interview they did for - I think* Under the Volcano *- Shane*]

Mike: I believe extremities in music will return to their roots, i.e. Eyehategod. You can't get more out there and obscure than noise and ambient, so on the other end, raw violent mixes of Black Flag and Black Sabbath is the down to earth route we choose to take on the musical tip. In this day and age the true feelings in rock and roll must be extreme and dangerous for the real underground subculture that wants to express how pissed off they are at everything. That to me means playing music with a tension. I hope we give off intensity with every show; I know we have our weak nights where there is nothing to feed off of or on, but fuck that, those are few and far between. With the proper drugs and drink and a good violent crowd EHG goes beyond words like extreme and brutal. Good noise and ambient stuff has tension, and I can love that, extreme doesn't always mean what it seems.

Shane: So how did you hook up with Century Media - and can you compare them to other labels doing heavy extreme rock like Relapse, Roadrunner, Metal Blade, Earache, etc. The whole shebang - business arrangements, and in general how they treat their artists.

Mike: Century Media heard our first CD on the French label, Intellectual Convulsion, and approached us to do a second, re-release the first, and send us to Europe. So being uneducated and inbred as we are, we signed on the dotted line and fucked ourselves over, having been too poor, which we still are, for a good lawyer. We just wanted a free trip to Europe, we never thought we would take the band as far as we have, so in the long run that was a mistake. It is a shame when people take advantage of music. It is ought to be free anyways; freedom of expression, not a business. Sure it is great to make money off of my band. I'd love to not have to work and just be self-sufficient with EHG. Relapse is one of the best bigger labels doing this type of music, and Earache is still decent I guess. The other two are pure crap. About Century Media: I won't/can't go into all the details here. Let's just say they've had their good moments. There've been some nice people thru the years we've worked with there. They were really cool with some of our outrageous demands and always gave us tour support. We're currently trying to re-negotiate our contracts or get bought off, meanwhile we'll just release 7 inchers on our own. A new LP on Century Media Red [A sub-label used to differentiate it from CM black, which is all black metal and the darkwave offshoots of those bands - Shane] is coming soon though most likely, then we shall have exhausted our agreement with them. Better sooner than later.

Shane: So are you all living in New Orleans now? Give a little geographic history of the members of the band along with the line-up changes since inception kinda thing. Then if you feel like it and want to demonstrate a little blatant localism, give a history of punk and heavy music out of NOLA. I seem to remember in the early 80's the one punk band that got press were The Red Rockers. Then in terms of extreme shit, Exhorder made a name for themselves. Were those guys an influence?

Mike: Yeah, we are all living around here now. I was traveling around for a while, from SF to NYC, where I ended up living for about three years - Brooklyn to be exact. I would Greyhound it about once or twice a year for recording and tours and the like. That was never really a problem for the band. They did end up playing a couple of shows without me. One was a benefit for a friend that died, and Phil from Pantera sang; and once at Mardi Gras with Seth of Anal Cunt screaming and vomiting. I'm back in New Orleans for good now and everybody else is stable in their living arrangements I think. EHG has been through mucho line-up changes since day one. Jimmy is technically the only original member. The idea was to start a Black Sabbath crossed with Black Flag ("My War" period) group that would open for popular speed metal bands all the time and play slow and as irritating as possible with tons of feedback to piss everyone off. Well it worked good, almost too good. People started to like us and shows would turn to chaos. Lots of bottles flying, fights, threats... we just got as drunk and stoned as we could and had fun. So the original band was Jimmy Bower, this guy Chris on vocals, Joey D. on drums, and a mix and match of 2nd guitarists and bassists. That incarnation never made it out of the practice room, but did some cool rehearsal tapes (long lost I'm sure, unfortunately). Chris thought up the name and freaked out and became a born-again Christian. No joke! He moved back to San Diego with his mommy and paw-paw. I was always hanging out drinking with Jimmy listening to The Melvins and Confessor (NC band) and playing in a band called Suffocation by Filth. We (SBF) played heavy hardcore influenced by Sodom, Bad Brains, Discharge, DOA. Bathory, etc. Jim was also in Shell Shock, who were at the time the biggest punk/metal band around until the guitarist killed himself. They mutated more down the metal road and are still around now as Crowbar, not all the same members (or sound) as Shell Shock. Jimmy is still drumming for them though. Anyways, I started screaming for Eyehategod and we got this dude Steve on bass and played our first shows opening for Exhorder. (I was also in another band at the time called Crawlspace, not the LA band of that same name though). EHG grew in popularity, to our amazement. We were just joking and boozing and pranking with the goal of free drugs and getting in free to gigs. OK. A shitload of changes then happened. Marc joined on 2nd guitar, Joey L. came in on drums, and we recorded our first LP "In the Name of Suffering." Later we went to Europe in early '93, then Steve got the boot, Marc moved to bass and we acquired Brian on guitar At this point I feel like "blah blah blah... this is boring info," but I know you just got to have it Shane, and hopefully someone somewhere else will care. So we did 5 shows with White Zombie in Texas only 2 days after Brian joined. That was just about the current line-up but Marc was out after about 8 tours in the USA (with the likes of Buzz-oven, Chaos UK, Corrosion of Conformity), and Vinnie came aboard for the Pantera and Neurosis tours. Then, alas, still yet another change and we culminated in our hopefully final and permanent perfect line-up with Danny N. as the bass player. He came out with us on the Today Is The Day tour and here he remains. We are all happy for the time being. We're settled in, and ready to destroy the earth and tour forever. This whole episode began in 1988 so, goddamn, it has been 10 fucking years! You mentioned Red Rockers: That was the good ol' early days. I started going to shows in '79-'80 when The Normals were big, I was too young

though and would sneak in with my brother, who worked at Jed's, the local punk bar. Contenders, Hostages, Rat Finks (who were the early Red Rockers) were all good punk rock. Then the second wave came and bands started looking and sounding hardcore like the LA bands we all loved (Germs, Black Flag, Adolescents, Dils, Wasted Youth, China White). Red Rockers were like the local Clash type band. We loved them. I was in a band in '82 or so - called Teenage Waste, and along with The Sluts, Goners, Disappointed Parents and Shell Shock, we *were* New Orleans hardcore. Later metal got more interesting than punk [*I'll clarify this for the sake of young'uns to explain that from '82 on the accusations of genericism against hardcore thrash bands tainted things within the scene, and in the eyes of the media punk was dead and so... -Shane*], and as Slayer were the new fresh sound, Exhorder and a load of thrash (aka speed metal) bands emerged. That is an inconclusive history, leaving out tons of details, but you get the basic picture.

Shane: OK, now the biggie. Tell us about touring with high profile celebrity bands like Pantera and White Zombie. In fact the way to do this since you've been touring almost constantly since that tour is to enumerate just which acts you guys have been on the road with from the most recent on back over the past couple years, and then go on to shit like: How did they treat you and what was it like backstage? How much time did you have for your set and was it enough or would you really rather headline and play long ass sets? Did sales of your music increase appreciably by touring so much and being willing to open? Did you sell more merch than if you'd been doing the van tour and hawking your own stuff club to club, coast to coast? And what were the politics of getting hooked up like that in the first place?

Mike: Well I mentioned already the main bands we've toured with, all of which were incredibly fun and drunken experiences, some of course running smoother than others, meaning not as much smashed equipment or blood-letting. Touring in arenas with Pantera and White Zombie was an experience. I don't know if will ever happen again, but it was cool while it lasted. It actually got extended beyond the original commitment which had some of the production staff shaking their heads, since they thought we were horrible troublemakers. It got extended 3 weeks with The Deftones added so we had to cut our set to 20 minutes, which is about 5 or 6 songs. For the most parts we were treated really good. We are friends with a few of the main guys in those bands, and obviously that worked to our advantage. The food was the best (!), especially since I'd been eating ramen noodles for 5 months before we left on that one! Free alcohol as well. These tours are definitely weird, some times we would be playing our set as the doors opened at 7:30 PM. Whatever the case, we had a blast. We'd set up in a half-circle scheme real tight to offset the huge stages. Outdoors arenas do suck, but hell, I was getting paid to play em! Some nights we totally got shit thrown at us, got cursed at, the whole nine yards; other times people actually knew who we were and yelled song titles and shit, which amazed us to say the least. We did sell quite a few t-shirts. We'd also did club dates on our days off. Overall, Pantera and a few select members of White Zombie and the road crew treated us right and hung out. The experience was priceless, and hopefully we will get the chance again. After that we did a shitload of gigs with Neurosis and Today Is The Day. Then we had our own tour headlining clubs, which are the best to play any day! The politics were merely having the hook-up with friends who cared enough about underground music to give some New Orleans boys a break and throw caution to the wind!

Shane: So talk about dope a little. Which drugs are appropriate for your band trying to keep its shit together? What can you play on? write on? And what about the law - have you had any specific busts or close calls that have influenced your lifestyle? In my review of your release "Dopesick," I hypothesized that you guys understand dopesickness as an integral part of being a junk user - like the Buddhist dichotomy of samsara and nirvana - can't have one without the other, and that enlightened living requires some kind of coming to terms with that. What do you think? Do you agree with me that it is possible to be a noble dope fiend and no matter how sick you get not pull sleaze moves on friends and family, etc.

Mike: Well it ain't no secret I've been known to indulge a bit in certain illicit substances, but I try, god knows, I try, to keep it in check. I prefer downers for the numbing effect: Valium, Xanax Hydrocodone (the active ingredient in Vicodin), Dilaudid, and of course your friend and mine the queen, poppy products. I don't think any misuse of a drug is appropriate. You will lose control and get dragged in. That's the yin of the yang. In all honesty we are pretty clean right now. I don't want to go into detail about the personal habits of other members, but is it mainly just a few pills, liquor (I *loves* me some whiskey!) and the herb. Your review of "Dopesick" was cool, you understood the idea behind the title, and I agree 100% on ecstasy and misery. Life is like that anyway. You know, give a little, to take a little. Pain and pleasure. Not that that is the extremely ultimate way to live your life or anything. Some folks are happy with one steady feeling of neither highs nor lows, like what Prozac does for some folks. I personally, being of a depressive nature to begin with, started to self-medicate. I try to cure the problems of the moment, which of course turns to a worse case with the problems building up for a crash down - but hey, you can always get high again and forget, and maybe get some positive stuff done in that time period. You can't tour on heroin! You can't keep enough around because of the cops. You can't find it in every city, so you'll ultimately get sick and not feel like playing, or even being awake. I've been on speed binges on tour also, and that wears you down to a shell of uselessness. I broke a rib or two after about a week of methamphetamines. Powder crystal on the west coast kills me; I don't advocate doing this, and I don't condemn it. Make the right choice, try if you must, but always know that the bottom of the hill comes fast with no brakes. I've seen people keep semi-normal lives on junk until they run out of money, still it is possible to not steal from friends and family, it depends on your heart and how much you care for those people. I steal from stores - uhh - past tense let's say I've been arrested enough for shoplifting to say I don't like jail very much. You must respect some one who serves times and braves it through till the very end. Shane, you are a man of the people! *[Thanks for the kind words, though I don't know if I would have phrased it quite the same, being the elitist that I am. And I sure hope I don't have to see this out to the extremely bitter end of dying in one of these places. But whatever - Shane]*

Shane: Tell our readers the story of your stint writing for *Metal Maniacs* magazine. Any particular heavy music publication you recommend Flipside readers supplement their musical reading with at this stage of the game?

Mike: That was a job I knew wasn't going to last, so we milked it to the bloody end. They hated us. They didn't like the idea of underground bands in a major music publication. These are the same people who put out *Teen Beat* and *Black Romance*, mind you. They just didn't get it. The sales picked up and the mail was phenomenal. People *wanted* to read about those bands playing grind/death/black/noise etc. metals - as well as punk that was related or equally heavy. But the bosses wanted us to write about bands whose labels paid for full-page ads, and be bullshitting kissassing businessmen like them. They knew nothing about hardcore! They had cut our budget and eventually locked us out. Well we threw the wrench in the works and then said, "Later!" A bunch of pussies, some who *were* our friends, stuck it out, sucking up to them. They even steal our ideas to this day. Personal vendettas are a shame. They didn't like the way I smelled or my rotten teeth and filthy clothes. Some excellent reading for the present are *Monkeybite* (self-hate core & planet of the apes), *Pessimiser* (good negative hardcore zine) [I must interject my contact with the associated label Theologian informed me that they had discontinued the zine, but no doubt back issues would still be worth acquiring - Shane], *Descent* (black metal & noise-ambient stuff), *Esotena* (experimental & Viking and satanic lore). There are more good ones but I haven't heard from them in awhile. Read the press of the real people, not some corporation's idea of metal. Of course Flipside rules! I've been reading it for 15 years and then some. I even did a scene report on New Orleans back in '82 or so.

Shane: Plans for the immediate future recording and touring wise?

Mike: I told you about our new bass player (our fourth) Danny. He hates us and wished he never joined. Just kidding, Danny Boy is working out cool and we are writing lots of new material for the next LP, tentatively titled "99 Miles of Bad Road," and of course we'll continue to contribute tracks to split records. Planned already is a live 12" split with Dystopia, and a 7" with Corrupted (from Japan) and hopefully something soon with Buzz-oven, Sour Vein, Today Is the Day, Murder Junkies and more. I'm even trying out people for a side band along the lines of Disrupt, Dead Boys, Discharge, Righteous Pigs. Anyone interested can write me at the PO Box. Marvin from Varukers/Chaos UK/Concrete Sox and a couple guys in Iron Monkey have shown interest. EHG will tour to the ends of the earth: hopefully Japan, South America, Mexico, and Australia are all in our near future. The one actually now in the works is a tour with Buzzoven and Shine (Wino from The Obsessed's new band!). We can always use correspondents from abroad that want to help us set shit up so anyone with that in mind is encouraged - even admonished to write us. [address below]

Shane: Final question - any shoutouts or fuckoffs you want to broadcast via the last interview answer op I'm giving you now? And if I've left anything out you wanted to talk about, here is the time and place!

Mike: Nine questions. Good luck number for me. Hold on while I smash this cockroach. OK, anyway - RIP El Duce and Wendy O. These people must go down in history, Hail! Shout outs to all my friends on the road, the Eyehategod terrorists. Thank you Shane, much love, and sorry this took so long to get done and in your hands! Fuck those Grimoire mags fools, hope they get raped in jail like you know they would, not that I don't like bad publicity - they're definitely not the first people who hate or us or who we've pissed off. New Orleans bands rule: so shout outs to and for The Dirtys, Clear Light, Soilent Green, Down, Flesh Parade, Christ Inversion, Hang Jaw, Crowbar, Culac Swade, Suplecs, Transaxis, The Pallbearers, Body & Blood, Superjoint, Ritual Abuse, Goatwhore... Eyehategod is sponsored by the Southern Nihilism Front in affiliation with the Negative Action Group. ☠

Available right now from EHG/Filthy Habits, PO Box 19412, NOLA, 70179-0412 are a new pressing of the Eyehategod/13 split on white vinyl (Axction) or t-shirts. Not to mention besides selling those items the band accepts food stamps, love and hate letters and all the pics you can kick 'em. Sase helps.

GARY NUMAN

FLIPSIDE NEARLY INTERVIEWS A HUMAN.

A long-overdue chat with Gary Numan at the Palace, May 19, 1998. Interview by Metranil Vavin and Money.

Just ask yourself. How much do you really know about the man *Alternative Press*, *Spin* and *Rolling Stone* are calling "the godfather of electronica?" If your cursory knowledge of Gary Numan stalls at "Cars," then perhaps it's time you took another look at pop music's original Paranoid Android.

It was 1978, when Gary Numan (then Gary Webb) first combined Bowie's looks, Bolan's starry-eyed enthusiasm and Ultravox's synthesizers to create something truly original - electronic pop with offbeat, sci-fi lyrics. After the release of three near-perfect singles ("Everyday I Die," "Down in the Park" and "Are Friends Electric?"), Numan became a superstar in every sense of the word. Playing before thousands. Shagging hundreds. Even making the obligatory appearance on Top of the Pops. Still, in spite of all this initial success, Numan was unable to silence his critics.

You see, the press (particularly in the U.K.) always thought Numan enjoyed the rock'n'roll lifestyle a little too much. So to make him pay, they put him atop their shit-list for the next sixteen years. The critical backlash was initially harmless. But it eventually took its toll, and by the time 1983's "Warriors" came around, Numan's music was nearly incidental compared to tales of his out-of-whack politics, hair transplants and pilot lessons.

It's only now, thanks to the support of critical darlings like Billy Corgan and Trent Reznor, that we're finally caving in, and giving Numan his due. Recognizing him not only for his songwriting ability - but for his major influence on music today. But please, listen for yourself. Go back and play "Replicas," "Telekon" or the "Pleasure Principle." It's like re-discovering some lost, sonic treasure. Good thing we have Corgan and Reznor around to tell us these things, or we'd have probably never figured it out.

Now as more and more fans emerge from the electronic(a) closet, it's becoming clear that 1998 is finally Numan's year. Perhaps not financially (he'll attest to that), but certainly critically. Powerful major label acts are coming out of the woodwork to pay their respects - whether it's Trent Reznor covering "Metal" during his live act, or Marilyn Manson and the Foo Fighters recording dueling versions of "Down in the Park." And even *Q* magazine had something nice to say about his new album, "Exile." What's next? With friends like Damon Albarn, Beck, Corgan, Grohl, Manson and Reznor, the possibilities are endless. It's officially cool to like to Gary Numan again. Funny, I never felt otherwise.

Metranil: So how does it feel to be back in the United states. It's been like fifteen years...

Numan: Nearly sixteen years, actually. Yeah, it's been awhile. It's something I've wanted so badly, for so long. When I left here last time [after the Touring Principle tour], I didn't think it was going to be sixteen years before I could come back. I thought I'd return next year. But by then my career was already beginning to slide.

Metranil: Around the time of "Warriors?"

Numan: Yeah. Then, after "Warriors" it really began to slide [laughs]. So what happened was I just began to focus on England, because I know that best. I started my own label, Numa, which I thought was a good idea at the time, because I was having a lot of trouble with WEA - saying one thing and doing another. With several albums they kept promising this and promising that. They had five management directors in six months, so no one could make a decision. The final straw for me at WEA was when Mike Heath, a manager there, came up to me and said "Look, I know you've had a rough time, I know it hasn't been fair." And this was like music to my ears... He said "Next album: unlimited budget. You're going to be a priority act." I was delighted. And then he got sacked two weeks later.

Metranil: I guess that took care of that.

Numan: Yeah, someone new came in. And he said, "I don't like you." He didn't like me. He didn't know me as a person. I didn't get dropped from the label, but they reduced my budget - no promotion, nothing. What they finally said to me was "we know you can sell so many records and we're happy with that." And for me, if I know I can only go this far, then why train anymore? It was like giving up. And when your record company gives up on your behalf, you've got to go. So I decided to set up Numa records and concentrate on England. And it took about a year for me to reestablish myself. And it just never happened. I spent the last fifteen years trying to stop this downward slide.

Metranil: All the press you've been getting on your current tour has been very positive. And "Exile" seems to be getting good reviews. Even from *Q* magazine.

Numan: [Laughs] Yeah, who would have thought that?

Metranil: You've certainly had you share of problems with the press, British especially.

Numan: I think a lot of the problems I had with them was due to the fact that I was the first proper big pop star in England after the punk thing happened. A time when there still weren't supposed to be any stars. And here I

...anytime you're doing music that is relatively unusual, you've got to get the look right. If you look like you belong in the song, which is something I've always tried to do, then you have a complete performance.

come along, saying things like "yeah, I want to be pop star. I love the money." You know, just the absolute wrong things to say. Every time I opened my mouth, my foot went further in it. So I don't blame them at all.

Metranil: Well, weren't you only 22?

Numan: 21. Just 21. And it all kind of happened overnight. From never doing an interview to being number one in four weeks. That's an enormous thing to take in. Everything in life changes. There isn't one tiny part of living that isn't affected in some way or another. And even silly little things like a knock at the door. Going to answer the door now is a completely different ball game than what it was before. Because you have no fucking idea who's gonna be there and what they're there for. I had 12 death threats in my first year. Blackmail. Fucking petrol bombs planted under cars. Weird shit, weird shit. It's a lot to take in.

Money: That must have been especially difficult for an artist who embraces paranoia.

Numan: (Laughs) Yeah, absolutely. I was nine tenths of the way there anyway. Becoming famous just gave justifiable reason to act that way. I was already there. It took me far too long to adapt to it. When my career started to slide, I was still struggling to understand what happened. It always seemed like I was one step behind reality. I would see my career sliding, make adjustments, and by the time those things were finally put into operation, the sales actually get worse and I would fall into deeper debt.

Metranil: So what do you attribute to your recent comeback?

Numan: You know, in some ways, comeback is almost flattery. Because I've been so far down. It's more like starting over again. Comeback sort of implies that I haven't been that far away. Or I haven't been trying and only now I've just decided to have another go at it. I've been trying like fucking crazy for fifteen years. And I just now have something to show for it. I actually did have a brief record deal with I.R.S. in 1998, but it went nowhere. The reason I signed with them was that they were an American based label, and I wanted to come back here more than anything. For me, the U.S. has always been the most important market. But I.R.S. just wouldn't come up with tour support. I even chopped down my eight-piece band to just five people and lights. As cheap as you can possibly do it. But I.R.S. still wouldn't go for it. It was so demoralizing. I mean, you can't break American unless you tour it. So I went back to Numa records, which, at that point, was becoming almost like a salvation. But by '92, I was completely fucked. I completely lost my way. I lost my style. I didn't know what to sing about. I had just ground to a halt. My "Machine & Soul" album that came out mainly with the help of one of my ex-friends, who is no longer with us, ended up sounding more like his album than mine. The music was good - but it had nothing to do with me. And it was at this point I started thinking, do I really want to be in the business? Did I want to write songs? I had private problems, relationship problems as well. And I got those sorted out when I met Gemma [his wife]. If you work on your own a lot, you don't really have people around to give you confidence when you're feeling little bit unsure of yourself. And it's very easy to become overly self-critical. You become your own worst enemy. When Gemma came along, she was that one voice of confidence I needed. She's not a musical expert by any means. But for me, to have that one person to say "that's good" makes a huge difference. So I was able to re-evaluate what I was doing and why. And I went to work on "Exile." I also had a bit of luck when "Cars" was used as music for an advert. It didn't make me a wealthy man, but it got me out of debt. So getting around to the long answer to your question, I think getting my music sorted out was a very important part of what's happening now. But the biggest reason for this upsurge are the other people who have been covering my songs, saying cool things about me, citing me as an influence. Now fans of those artists are beginning to check me out, wondering why their favorites would mention me, or cover my songs. I'm even seeing younger people in the audience. People who weren't embryos when Cars came out. And I think that's so cool.

That's exactly what I need. I understand that there are fans who are turning up to hear the old songs. But what really excites is that half of the audiences are so young. That they're coming to see the new album.

Metranil: So do you have a multi-album deal now with Cleopatra?

Numan: Yes.

Metranil: Are you working on anything at the moment?

Numan: I will when I get back from touring. I've got some sketchpad songs. There's three or four songs on the way. But the real works starts when I get back. They want it delivered by about January.

Metranil: Will there be another single off "Exile?"

Numan: I'm not sure. "Dominion Day" [the first single] was a complete cock-up [laughs]. I spent five months getting that ready, doing the artwork, recording new b-sides. Everything was great. Then the record company mixed up the shipments to H.M.V. and Virgin [two of the biggest record store chains in England]. So it was like, "do you have in it yet?" "No." What? "No it's coming in next week." And then next week, "No we haven't got it." So it got trashed. If you fuck up in the first week, the single is trashed. I'm kind of taking the piss when I say this... but look, I do everything on the record. I write it, I engineer it, I do the artwork. I even design the t-shirts for the tours. About the only thing I don't do is drive the fans to the shops. And fuck me if that's the one thing they can't get right. All they had to do was get the record to the shops. [laughs] But essentially, I am very, very happy with my record deal. Cleopatra here is great. They don't have the power or the money that a major label has. But they let me record the music I want to record. At I.R.S., when you give them an album, and they say "great, but we need to make a few changes. We need some cover versions." It's really frustrating.

Money: Looking back, do you wish you had started with a smaller label and just stayed with it?

Numan: Well, I started on Beggars Banquet, which was small at the time. They only had three bands, that was their limit. But when I became successful, I was just kind of swallowed up by the parent company, WEA.

Money: So Beggars Banquet was kind of masquerading as an independent?

Numan: No, they were a genuine independent. They really were. But I became so big that WEA just took over my career. Beggars went on. Unfortunately, I ended up working for WEA.

Metranil: Who were some of your musical influences early on?

Numan: Well, T Rex was a big one, but not so much for his music, although I loved that too. Where Bolan really inspired me was just his way going out and making music. His enthusiasm, his look and attitude made me want to be a rock star.

Metranil: How about Kraftwerk?

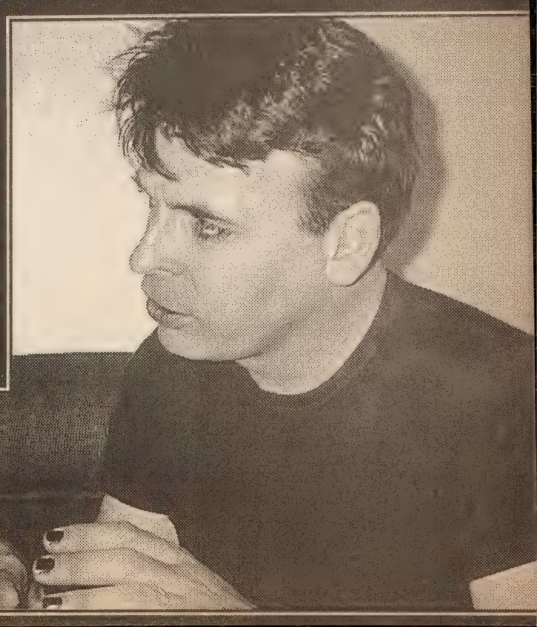
Numan: Not really. I listened to them a little bit. At the time, I said they were a big influence on me, because I was expected to. You know, the whole robot/android thing. But it had no real impact on me. I think the people that were closest to doing what I wanted to do were Ultravox when John Foxx was the lead singer. When I first started, both of us were doing very similar things - I actually thought they were better musically. The difference was the visual element. In music, anytime you're doing music that is relatively unusual, you've got to get the look right. If you look like you belong in the song, which is something I've always tried to do, then you have a complete performance. I think that's one of the reasons why, even though they had great songs, Ultravox didn't make more of an impression. I mean, I just saw a John Foxx solo show in England. And there he was, bless him, the man who wrote "Hiroshima Mon Amour," onstage wearing a loud, Hawaiian shirt. It just doesn't work.

Metranil: You've certainly explored many different types of sounds - from electro-pop to a fretless bass, ambient kind of sound. Your "Dance" album was a real diversion from your previous work.

Numan: Yeah. Beggars Banquet were pretty unhappy with that record. But I was very, very aware that I had young audience - one that could drop me like a ton of shit at any time. So with every album, I tried to experiment musically - to try something a little more diverse. To get away from the "Cars" and pop music. "Telekon" was really quite a heavy album, it was really paranoid. But it still had catchy songs. But "Dance," was my first attempt to really step outside the pop mainstream.

Metranil: You worked with Mick Karn of Japan on that album. Did he contribute at all to the writing?

Numan: No. He just came in and performed the parts I wrote for them.



ON INSTANT FAME:

...And even silly little things like a knock at the door.

Going to answer the door now is a completely different ball game than what it was before. Because you have no fucking idea who's gonna be there and what they're there for.

I had 12 death threats in my first year. Blackmail. Fucking petrol bombs planted under cars.

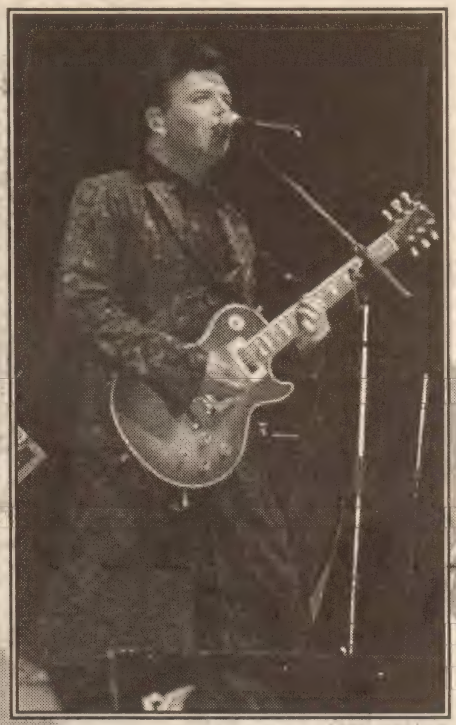
It's a lot to take in.

Metranil: Did you two get along?

Numan: I thought we did at the time. He turned out to be back-stabbing shitbag. Japan had they're heads so far up their own arses... [laughs]. Complete primadonnas.

Metranil: You've got a reputation for being blunt in interviews. You don't seem to pull many punches.

Numan: I'm trying to calm down a bit. [laughs] But with Mick Karn, and Midge Ure [shakes his head]. You just can't help it. I remember back when I had a number one single and album twice in one year. I was really big. But in interviews all I'm talking about is Ultravox. How I was influenced by them, and that Ultravox should get back together - that sort of thing. I was really trying to be helpful. And Midge Ure, John Foxx's replacement, comes along and says the only reason Mick Karn mentions Ultravox, is because he nicked all their albums in the first place. The little fucker wasn't even in Ultravox when I listened to them! And then he says: The only reason Gary Numan has a big light show is because he has to hide behind the lights. It was just nasty, unnecessary small-man crap. I just don't understand it. That's why I get so angry about that sort of thing. Because it's unnecessary. There's no need for bands to slag each other off. We're all trying to do the same thing. We're all trying to do the songs we love and earn a living. If you don't like someone, the don't talk about it. Just leave it. The Mick Karn thing again... Mick Karn was my friend. I was hanging out with him a lot. Then I went away for a bit and when I returned, I discovered this Karn interview where he just slagged "Dance" into the ground. Really, really bad. He made up a whole load of stuff about me. Absolute fucking lies. It didn't hurt my career, but it really hurt me personally. I never was a big part of the music business. But after that, I just pulled out. It was awful. I found out later that Karn was offered a Japan cover story by the magazine if he agreed to slag "Dance." What a thing to propose to someone! It's completely unethical. Then, a year later Karn had the cheek to ask me for backstage passes to one of my shows. I was like, "Sure, I'd fucking love to see you again. Just come backstage."



Metranil: What were some of your literary influences? A lot of your lyrics seem like they could have come of J.G. Ballard, William Burroughs or Philip K. Dick...

Numan: Some of J.G. Ballard. William Burroughs, particularly. Philip K. Dick, also. Personally I don't see a lot of Philip K. Dick in the lyrics I wrote, but I was definitely reading him, so I'm sure it's in there somewhere. With Burroughs, it was more direct. Whenever I felt uninspired, I'd just pick up a Burroughs book and start reading randomly - cause he really doesn't tell a story anyhow. It was more for inspiration. He was so brilliant. You could read a page which would tell no coherent story whatsoever - but it had an atmosphere, you'd find all these great lines and phrases. In the early days, I would just write a few of those lines down, and work from there. Not his actual lines, of course, but I'd write words that were in a similar vein. J.G. Ballard, the same thing. Although I've only read one book of his, the *Atrocity Exhibition*.

Metranil: I'm sure most people would expect you to have read *Crash*.

Numan: I've never read it. But I think it's along the same lines as the *Atrocity Exhibition*.

Metranil: How do you compose your songs?

Numan: Actually now, I start with the drum loops. I get the groove going first. Then I add a dark, string pad layer - and get the chord arrangement worked out. The vocal comes last. Sometimes when you start with the vocals, you get a problem with the syllables, it becomes, "I was going down Oxford Str-e-et."

Metranil: Kind of like Mark E. Smith.

Numan: You know, I just met him a little bit ago. He is so cool. But don't ever be in the same room with him [laughs]. He's completely out to lunch. While we were waiting around, and he found this man doing some repair work on a mechanical crane. And he just took over the controls and starting moving him higher and higher in the air. The worker was saying "fuck-off, fuck-off!" He could have killed him. It was really funny.

Metranil: What about Prodigy? Is it true you and Liam Howlett are going to collaborate?

Numan: Boy, that story is sure getting around fast. What happened was Liam just rung me up and asked if I wanted to do something, sometime. And that's as far as it's got. He only lives up the road from me, so when I get back to England, I'm going to go talk to him and see what happens.

Metranil: Are you a fan of the techno music that's coming out now?

Numan: I like Prodigy, but I don't really see them as techno. They're onto something completely different. They've gone beyond the limitations of that genre - the beats per minute, the four on the floor sort of thing. Conventional "techno" is just a bit too limiting for my tastes. It's difficult to be menacing when you're stuck at 140 bpm - you just come out sounding frazzled.

Metranil: It's just that people are now labeling you as the godfather of techno.

Numan: Yeah, I think that comes more from all the analog equipment that I've used. Incidentally, I heard somewhere that the drum beat to "Films" was the most sampled drum loop in hip-hop. I've even found it on a loop CD now. Didn't get a penny for it [laughs], but it's definitely being kicked around. So I can see why people might say I've been influential on the genre.

Metranil: Have other artists' interpretations on the Random tribute album opened up anything new for you?

Numan: Some of them are really good. Pop Will Eat Itself, Gravity Kills, Dubstar. Damon Albarn. Actually, the first song we do live now, is a song called "Friends." It's a really old song from 1978. Pop Will Eat Itself covered it on Random, and they just transformed it into something much, much better than what I did. So we do their version live now. It's a cover version of a cover version. So I did learn a lot. Every old song I'm doing live now has been looked at, revamped a bit, so it fits the style of music that I'm currently doing. I've kept the arrangements and the melodies the same, but they all sound much darker, which is really where I'm at.

Did you know Gary Numan was once accused of espionage? Well, file this tale of political intrigue under just one of the many things you didn't know.

"In 1982 I was flying over India, trying to fly around the world. And we were forced to land due to stormy weather. So, we landed at this airport, which was more like a shack, or shanty-town really, not what you'd normally expect an airport to look like, and waited for the airport manager to come along. Finally, he showed up said we could clean up and relax while we wait out the storm. So we go and sit back and next thing we know, Customs and Immigrations men are kicking down the doors, with guns drawn. Really heavy.

"Why are you here? Were you taking pictures of the submarine base?"

I asked, "What submarine base?" because I didn't know what fuck he was talking about.

"You know, the Russian submarine base three miles North of there..."

This guy actually started to tell me where this top secret base was. I couldn't believe it. I was like, "Stop! Don't tell me any fucking more. I don't want anything to do with this!"

Then one of the officers found some cameras I had on board and asked, "Why have you got two cameras?"

"Well, you see I'm doing a documentary because I'm flying around the world."

"Why are you flying around the world?"

"Because it's an adventure. I'm a musician, so hopefully it well help me sell records."

"Are your famous, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, then where are your press clippings?"

"Well, you don't carry them with you. Ring up England, someone will tell you. Most people there know me there. Ring the Embassy!"

It was fucking bizarre!" -Gary Numan

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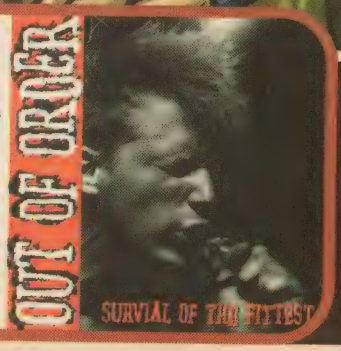

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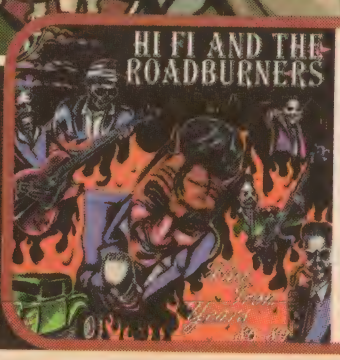

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ON THE TRIALS OF TRAVELING WITH A VIRUS PICKED UP IN MEXICO...

He [Mouse] said he was just sitting there, man taking a shit. He got up and puked all over the toilet, the walls and everything, fuckin' wiped his face and walked out. He's walking towards the van and these old people are staring at him. Everybody gets in the van and I tell them we're going. I didn't even get the van out of park and Steve tells me to pull over. Steve opens the door and sprays everywhere and these old people are looking at Steve going, "Oh my Gad!" These old people got up and paid their bill and left. They were disgusted.

GIZZ ON HIS CANCEROUS TESTICLE... My nut was so huge, man I just... ShitEd: How huge was it? Gizz: It was as big as a sixteen ounce tall can, And I go, "Oh yeah, dude, yeah no problem, man." He goes, "Well I mean like, really big?" and I go, "How big?" and he goes,

DEAD LAZLO'S

They're the only punk band in my Sunland-Tujunga neighborhood. Containing members and ex-members of such bands as Glue Gun, Bad Samaritans, BadTown Boys, Electric Ferrets and For Sale (among others), they aren't much for rules or being polite to people who diss them - as some fellow Flipside writers have discovered. Thom Bone even had the honor of getting a 7" named after him: "Who The Fuck Is Thom?", the sticker for which still adheres to a filing cabinet in the Flipside office. What I discovered once I got to know them is that Dead Lazlo's Place is a good-time party band, and that even when they're raging on someone it's really all in fun. Uh... mostly.

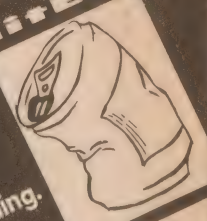
INTERVIEW DONE AT: O DESIGN STUDIO, SUNLAND, CA.

PLACE

Interview by ShitEd

Chris: We're drinking one night and he says to me, "Dude, is it normal for like one of your testides to be bigger than the other?"

Jeff: Drums
Ike: Guitar, sings a little.
Chris: Guitar.
Gizz: The lead singer, vocalist type thing.
Steve\Rory: Bass



"like the size of a rather large grapefruit"... Gizz: I remember that.

ShitEd: Why are you tired, Chris?
Chris: I'm not tired, I'm stoned.
ShitEd: OK.
Jeff: Also stoned.
Gizz: Rory?
Steve: Also.
ShitEd: So, I wanted to get into that. OK, now's a good time. What's with the Rory bit? Who the hell are you?
Steve: Do you want to know the truth?
ShitEd: Yeah.
Jeff: You couldn't handle the truth.
Gizz: Do you want me to explain it?
Steve: No! I was signing something and I had a buzz on. Must've been a pretty good one 'cause um... I was doing my name... no I wasn't doing my name... I was trying to do Larry Flint 'cause I just saw that movie. And someone looked at it, I think it was Ike, and said, "Rory Flink?" So I used it.
ShitEd: So what's your real name?
Steve: My real name? Rory Flink. [laughter]
ShitEd: Well what's the other name you use?
Steve: St...St...Steve. I don't get much of an opportunity to use the Rory name.
ShitEd: When did this band start?
Gizz: 1990. We started with me, Chris, Steve and Luis of Buford and he does Noise Patch Records. We started out...
ShitEd: Everybody say, "Hi Luis."
Gizz: Hi Luis.
Steve: Hey.
Ike: Louie.
Jeff: Hey.
Chris: Sucker.
Gizz: We started out back then. I was on drums doing some vocals, Chris was playing guitar doing vocals, and a Steve was doing the same thing he was doing and Luis played guitar. And then about '92 I got sick and had to quit playing drums. So I quit playing drums and started another band with Steve and Luis called For Sale which was really pop. After I fuckin' got better, I started playing drums again and these guys [Jeff, Chris, Steve and Jeff Y.] got back together with one of the guys from For Sale, Jeff Yearsley. They started jamming and one day Steve asked me to come down and check them out. I went down, took some lyrics, and kinda went, "Hey man, let me sing a song."
Chris: We never asked him to be our singer.
Gizz: I just kinda showed up...
Jeff: He kinda moved in like a relative.
ShitEd: So you pulled a Henry Rollins then?
Gizz: Basically...Who else were they gonna get? Come on.
ShitEd: So let's go into that sick.
Gizz: I had a cold. [laughter]
ShitEd: No, no. Come on. Why did you have to quit playing drums?
Gizz: Well, I was diagnosed with testicular cancer in 1992 in April, no more like March. They said if I wanted to get my treatments for free and everything, that I should just fuckin' have to do all my operations and shit before I was twenty-one. So I...
ShitEd: So how old were you when you were diagnosed with cancer?
Gizz: I was twenty.
ShitEd: Twenty... wow!
Gizz: And a... they said if you want it for free, you know, you have to do it before you turn twenty-one, 'cause after you're twenty-one, you're gonna have to pay for it. I knew I had cancer for two years but I never did anything about it 'cause I didn't want my parents paying for it and everything. I was just pretty stupid about the whole thing. Finally I started... my nut was so huge. Man, I just...
ShitEd: How huge was it?
Gizz: It was as big as a tall can, sixteen ounce tall can.
Everyone in the room: Ouch!
Steve: I didn't want to see it, but he showed it.
Chris: We're drinking one night and he says to me, "Dude, is it normal for like one of your testicles to be bigger than the other?" and I go, "Oh yeah, dude, yeah, no problem, man." He goes, "Well I mean, like, really big?" and I go, "How big?" and he goes, "Like the size of a rather large grapefruit"...
Gizz: I remember that.
Chris: And I said, "Dude, there's something... wrong!"
Gizz: One night at a party, we were partyin', and I was taking a leak at this party, and I fuckin' you know, I kinda hid my little penis and stuck out my nuts and everybody was like... "DUDE! That's not normal, man." [laughter] One of my friends actually told my mom and said, "Your son had better get his balls checked out, there's something totally wrong down there."
Steve: Is that what happened?
Gizz: Scotty was the one that told my mom. Then she started freakin' out about it. We went to two different doctors and then the second doctor said "Yeah, it is cancer. You should go to the City of Hope. I'm sure you could probably get free treatment." That's when I finally heard about the free treatment. I went there, they diagnosed me, and they said if you get everything done by your twenty-first birthday, you'll have it for free. So I said, "Fuck, right on." So on April Fool's Day 1992 they cut my nut out. I woke up that...
Jeff: Joke's on you.
Gizz: That day I was just like, oh my God, man!
ShitEd: Only they weren't foolin'.
Gizz: No, it was no joke man. It was gone.
Steve: Though he looks thirty-six, he got carded under the knife. [laughter] You're trying to get a free cut. [laughing still]
Gizz: That's good... so anyway, I got my fuckin' rib taken out.
ShitEd: You're missing a rib?
Gizz: Yeah.
ShitEd: Did they make a girl out of it?
Gizz: Hehehehe... probably. They had to cut my lymph nodes 'cause the cancer was starting to spread still and I got sixty-four staples down my belly and what a big belly that is. On a normal person it would've probably been thirty staples.
ShitEd: Yeah. [laughter]
Chris: Speaking of operations, 'cause when he got his testicle out, like a week later, we played a show.
Gizz: As a matter of fact, it was seven days later.
Chris: Yeah, we played with Ill Repute.
Gizz: And I fuckin' busted three stitches while I was playing.
Chris: He was bleeding all over his drum set.
Gizz: On the seventh song of ten song set Luis said, "Dude, let's stop the show." And I said, "I wanna finish the set because I don't know if this is my last show or not. I wanna finish it." And I did the last three songs. I got up and I had blood all over me. They took my drums down. I just sat down. I was all pasty white. The first time in my life I was white. I just sat there going ugh! "I'm dying"... [morbid laughter]
Chris: ...Tony from Ill Repute looking at all this going, "Fuck, your drummer just got out of the hospital after getting his nut cut out and you guys are playing. Fuck, man."
Gizz: So I had to go back to the hospital. My mom everyday had to push gauze in that wound 'cause they couldn't re-sow it. They just had to let it heal.
Steve: They couldn't re-sow it?
Gizz: No, because it was already starting to heal.
ShitEd: You should've butterflied it at least.
Gizz: I didn't know... it's not everyday you get a nut cut out man, sorry... Anyway, after that, I thought I was cured. Actually, I didn't even want the surgery until after my birthday because I wanted to party. Then they said, "Well, do you want to fuckin' live until you're fuckin' thirty or do fuckin' wanna live another year? It's your decision. Do you wanna just have fun on your twenty-first birthday or do you wanna have fun on your twenty-second and live the rest of your life?" And that's what finally made me decide to go under the knife before my 21st birthday. I was in the hospital on my birthday and then two days later I got out. It was the day of the riots. When I got home I was so pissed. I was all, "I want mine." And here I am, they took mine. When I started going through chemotherapy is when I lost

the sensation in my hands and feet.

Chris: He lost all his hair and looked like Uncle Fester.

Gizz: I lost all feeling in the nerve endings in my hands and feet, they were just dead, from the chemotherapy and I couldn't hold on to sticks. My feet just fuckin'... I could walk barefooted, no problem, on rocks and asphalt and stuff 'cause I couldn't feel anything. I played drums and I couldn't feel my hands opening. I kept losing sticks and I couldn't hold on to sticks and I finally just got depressed and said "I can't do this anymore, I gotta quit." Then I started singing...

ShitEd: So I understand you gained a little weight during your chemotherapy treatment?

Gizz: I gained forty pounds on chemotherapy just from smoking pot the whole time. I had to go in for chemotherapy sessions for a week at a time - go in for 5 or 6 days, I can't remember anymore. And then out for two weeks. Go back in for 5 or 6 days and out for two weeks. I did that for 6 months.

Ike: Tell him what your doctor said last week, man.

Gizz: [chuckling] I went for my check up, my 6 year anniversary or something like that. And they were looking at my lungs and my liver and they said they're doing better than they were three years ago.

ShitEd: Cool.

Gizz: Christ, I can't breathe and I piss all day. Fuck, I'm still doing better than three years ago. But I gained forty pounds because I smoked pot the whole time. I was taking food from my roommates. They'd be in the bathroom fuckin' puking. I'd say, "Hey man, gonna eat your burger?" "No!" they'd say. "Cool." [eating sounds] I got caught once by security, smokin' a joint. I threw the joint down and smashed it up with my foot. He grabbed me by the arm, I had my tree with me with my IV and everything. [laughter] Hauled me to the security office: "I just caught him smoking pot in the rose garden. What are we gonna do?" The head of security, who knew me, looked at me and then told the officer, "Can't you see the man is dying, leave him alone, let him do whatever the fuck he wants, don't ever bug him again." The guy left and I said, "Thanks, man." I pushed my tree back to my room high as shit. Everyday... everyday, except one day, on the Forth of July 'cause my mom asked me not to. She said, "Don't smoke pot today." So I said, "Fine, I won't." My dad said, "Do you want something to eat." I said, "Yeah." I said that I was in the mood for chicken.

Ike: Hash brownies...

Gizz: I wanted some chicken for some reason. He says, "Kentucky Fried?" I said, "sure." So I drove there, I parked the car, went inside. They had just started selling the BBQ chicken and the BBQ just did not agree with me. Walked out and went to the car, sat down, opened the door [puke sounds] and just started throwing up, like chemo throw up, you know. Then these two guys pulled up and go "Right on dude, party!" I'm all, "Fuck you, man."

Steve: You don't like BBQ anyway.

Gizz: Naw, not ever since then.

ShitEd: Ike, what's your background? You know what? I look at you and you remind me of me and my background. You look to me, and please don't take this wrong, you look to me like a 70's hippie era guy that got into punk rock...

Ike: That's basically it. I grew up in Pennsylvania and I moved out here about almost 11 years ago and I used to do the cover band scene thing back in Pennsylvania - you know, make money at the fuckin' bars. Butta... I came out here to try to do something with the music and ended up listening to a bunch of punk rock and going to a lot of punk rock shows at the time. I used to hang out at Raji's quite a bit, seeing a lot of the local punk bands there so I ended up playing in one for awhile called the Electric Ferrets...

ShitEd: Oh yeah?

Ike: That's where the guys from the Bad Town Boys saw me. Played with them for awhile and that's where I met Gizz and then we started sharing a rehearsal space, the two of us, the two bands and eventually I ended moving into this band. It was pretty cool.

Gizz: We asked our other guitar player to leave. The other guy was fucking up real bad anyway.

Ike: Yeah, I used to listen to a lot of hippie-drippie music when I was in school. I still haven't cut the hair yet.

ShitEd: Yeah, I can see that.

Gizz: He doesn't have to cut it. [laughter]

Ike: Yep, it's falling out as fast as it's growing. [laughter]

ShitEd: Would you be the oldest member in the band?

Ike: Yeah. Thirty-five.

Gizz: I'm the baby.

ShitEd: Baby Fester. So now, backgrounds as far as bands? You were in Bad Samaritans and Glue Gun weren't you, Chris?

Chris: When we weren't jammin' together I joined Glue Gun and that's where I met Jeff.

ShitEd: Jeff was in Glue Gun?

Jeff: Yeah, we were both in Glue Gun, Squad 51 before that.

ShitEd: OK, what about you Steve?

Steve: What about me? My background is probably similar as yours. Not quite as back.

GIZZ ON SMOKING POT: Everyday... everyday, except one day, on the Forth of July 'cause my mom asked me not to.
DEAD LAZLO'S PLACE
I said, "Yeah." I said that I was in the mood for chicken...

ShitEd: Are you telling me I'm older than you are? You're right. Now what bands have you been in?

Steve: What bands? Started out, first I was jammin' with Gizz right off the bat, did a little thing called Separate Peace then I went off - went our own ways for some reason or another. I did a speed metal thing for a little bit...

Gizz: Ritalin?

Steve: Called Ritalin, never took the drug though. I always tried to. I couldn't get my hand on it, everybody else did. I never did so I had to quit that band. [laughter] Then I went back with these guys. Then we ended up the seasoned alcoholics you see.

ShitEd: Cool. Now that's a good, good place to go. Seasoned alcoholics? Gee, does anyone in this band drink?

Gizz: Yeah, except for Jeff now. Jeff drinks O'Douls.

ShitEd: Jeff, what's with the liver?

Jeff: Hahahaha...

Gizz: What liver?

Chris: He found God.

Jeff: It's not there anymore, I had it removed. I had it replaced by a baboon heart. [laughter]

ShitEd: Excellent, oh shit. [laughing]... Gizz how did you get that nickname? Does it mean sperm, like in jism?

Gizz: In some countries. My real name is Ishmael. In junior high school, my teachers couldn't pronounce that and I didn't want to be called Ishmael. So one of my teachers started calling me Izzy so I went with that: Izzy. Then Guns N Roses came out and that whole Izzy thing started. I was like ah man, whatever. Then I got to high school and I would hang out with some bangers. I was a punk but would sometimes hang out with bangers that would call me Gordo Izzy. There was this one guy, he was a tagger, said "that's too long, you can't tag that. Short it down to Gizz." I kinda like that and started to use that. It stuck with me. The name Ishmael is my dad's name, too. Nobody can pronounce it right so I don't like using it. [chuckle into laughter]

Jeff: And if you believe any of that, I've got a bridge for you.

ShitEd: Is it in Brooklyn?

Jeff: Yes, as a matter of fact. One of those 21st century things...

ShitEd: So what's going on with you guys and Fearless Records?

Ike: We're not on Fearless Records anymore.

Gizz: I don't wanna go there, man.

Chris: Bob broke up with us.

Gizz: He doesn't like us. We don't like him. Well, I don't like him... or he doesn't like me... I can't remember...

Steve: We didn't sound like all those other bands.

ShitEd: So he wanted you guys to sound like what?

Gizz: No-Eh-Fex...

ShitEd: No-eh-fex, I love the accent. I don't know how the hell to transcribe that. [laughter]

Gizz: No-Eh-Fex...

ShitEd: So you guys have a new album coming out?

Gizz: Yeah, finally. On New Red Archives. Good Ol' Nicky Garratt [of the UK Subs]...

Ike: We thought Bob [Becker] was going to do it, but...

Chris: Bob told us he was going to do it while we recorded it, then...

Gizz: Then he heard it and for some reason, didn't like it. I have no idea why. We put a lot of time and effort into that

record. We paid for it, not like he paid for it. We produced it [with Michael Rozon].

ShitEd: It doesn't sound like NOFX...

Gizz: I think he was turned off by the way that I seem to speak out - to know exactly what's going on and I guess I was a little too pushy. I told him we wanted to record our own records, you know, we'll record it, you release it. We'll even take care of merchandise. You take care of tours. We'll pay for our own things, you know, worry about promotion, getting us shows and selling the record. We'll make money selling merch. And I think he didn't dig it. I don't know.

Chris: I think it was the fact that we fuckin' didn't look like Green Day.

ShitEd: Do you think he had a problem with the two people in the band that have long hair?

Chris: Oh definitely.

Jeff: I just think he didn't like the vocals.

Gizz: Probably... he told me he didn't like the effects, too. He said I used a little too much effects. Hey, my fuckin' voice,

She said, "Don't smoke pot today." So I said, "Fine, I won't." My dad said, "Do you want something to eat."
... I gained forty pounds on chemotherapy just from smoking pot the whole time.
SHITED'S PUNK ROCK SEAL OF APPROVAL

as soon as it's on tape, it's an instrument as far as Micheal's concerned. He can do whatever the fuck he wants with them. If I like it, let's do it. Effects? Hey, it's an instrument now. Fuck it!

ShitEd: So where did you get recorded at?

Gizz: SpeedSemenCloveFactory... Michael Rozon!!

Chris: The Man.

Gizz: The Man. I love that guy!

Chris: He's a sick motherfucker and he's done us up. So... we'd break legs for him, we've offered. He's never taken us up on it.

ShitEd: Maybe he doesn't need any legs broken.

Chris: Probably not, he'd just cast a voodoo spell or something.

Gizz: He's an evil guy. I love that guy. He's a great guy.

ShitEd: Tell me about your tour last summer.

Jeff: Funny you should bring that up.

Chris: It's a set up! We bailed. It was like the tour from hell, anything that can and could go wrong did go wrong. Half the shows got canceled, the entire last half. The first two shows into it got canceled... 'cause a... one was... that chick got us hooked up at that hippie bar.

Gizz: This chick wanted to be our manager, so I said "OK, I'll give you a shot. Here's some numbers. Set 'em up."

Chris: Then she booked us with a bunch of Grateful Dead cover bands the first night and they didn't want to play with us. The club kindly asked us not to play 'cause they thought they were gonna get beat up or something 'cause they were about to play with a punk band. The second night was supposed to be at the Velvet in San Diego. Andy's a crazy motherfucker and apparently they had a birthday party for him and he drove his car through the front of the club...is that the story?

Steve: That's what happened.

Gizz: That's what they told me.

Chris: That's what we heard.

ShitEd: So that one didn't happen. What else happened?

Chris: The day we were supposed to leave for that, Gizz got sick while we were loading up. I mean... They were fixing the trailer and everything and Ike just got home and... [sick noise]

Steve: Which Ike brought it from Mexico, right?

Ike: Yeah.

Chris: So you got it from him?

Ike: I gave it to everybody.

Gizz: Literally...

Jeff: Ike was the carrier...

Ike: I told two friends...

Gizz: ...he was the host.

Steve: ...and it chained from there.

Ike & Chris: ...and they told two friends and so on and so on and so on...

Steve: It was a time released thing.

ShitEd: So was it spewing out of one end or both ends?

Gizz: Both ends.

Chris: I shit my pants.

ShitEd: Chris, you shit your pants?

Jeff: In the van.

Chris: Gizz shit his pants at a later date and wasn't sick.

Gizz: I was on acid.

Steve: When Chris shit his pants. He's calling for...mommmmy! [laughter]

Gizz: We went to Yuma, we played, everything was fine. I got better by the time we got to Yuma. I slept it off. These guys picked me up at six in the morning. Got in the van, just slept the whole way to Yuma...

Chris: We saw an emu.

Gizz: ...go to Yuma, everything's fine, lots of kids there. Left Yuma got to Tucson. Ate, went back to the club and as soon as we got to the club Jeff started feeling sick... started pukin' and shittin'...

Jeff: I didn't start shittin' 'till after the show.

Gizz: Really?

Jeff: Yeah, then I couldn't stop. We had to hang out for an extra two hours while I was puking and fuckin' peeing out my butt.

Gizz: The club was closed and there was a little bench in front of the club. He was just fuckin' balls hangin'...

Jeff: Balls hangin' off the edge of the bench.

ShitEd: Wow!

Chris: While he was sick, I got it, then Mouse got it. Mouse got it walking back from the record store...

Gizz: Mouse is our video/merch guy.

Chris: We got sick before the show. I was at the bar. I was fine... I couldn't drink a beer. I mean I could not fuckin' put it down...

Gizz: Could've fooled me.

Chris: I downed it as hard as I could and I walked back the thirty feet back to the van. It's about twenty minutes before we were supposed to play, and I hurled. "Fuck man, this sucks. OK, I'm fine." We played the show and we played like...

Chris & Gizz: Seven songs...

Gizz: Every two songs Jeff would run out and puke.

Chris: We had to get to get to Vegas 'cause we had a radio interview at KUNV Radio 91.5 with Tiger and a bunch of shit to take care of in Vegas, like two days worth of stuff. So we had to get there by the next night. Gizz and Ike were fine and Steve was fine to start with.

Gizz: Steve was gonna drive.

Steve: Shortly after you... I was saying, "Gizz, all these guys are tore up if you're tired, I'll drive, I'm cool"... twenty minutes later... rrrrraaaaccccckkkkk... mommmmy! Same deal. [laughter]

Chris: So we had Hefty bags, Gizz went and had the bright idea of getting Hefty bags...

Steve: Tom Bosley brought them himself... by the truck load... we filled them all.

Gizz: Jeff was the worst one so he got shotgun, 'cause he needed the air. I'd drive thirty, forty miles or something like that and I had to pull over. I had to pull over sometimes so that Jeff could sit on the trailer hitch and shit on the highways of Arizona. Mouse had to take a shit too and he couldn't. He started crying, "Sorry, sorry I can't do it man! I can't do it!" Couldn't take a shit on the trailer hitch... pussy. What a puss!

Chris: The best part was when tour buses would drive by and see you sitting there with your ass hanging off the end on the side of the highway. [laughter]

Gizz: Then we stopped at a waffle place. Mouse had a big ol' bag of puke. He could throw it anywhere. He didn't feel like just throwing it on the ground, so he walks into this restaurant to throw it in a trash can. He passed these old people up. He went and took a shit. He said he was just sitting there, man taking a shit. He got up and puked all over the toilet, the walls and everything, fuckin' wiped his face and walked out. He's walking towards the van and these old people are staring at him. Everybody gets in the van and I tell them we're going. I didn't even get the van out of park and Steve tells me to pull over. Steve opens the door and sprays everywhere and these old people are looking at Steve going, "Oh my Gad!" These old people got up and paid their bill and left. They were disgusted.

Steve: Everyone else ordered their waffles dry that night. [laughter]

ShitEd: That's fuckin great!

Chris: By the time we got to Vegas we were ready to drink.

Gizz: Yup.

Chris: And we've been drinking since.

ShitEd: Any closing comments? Anything you'd like to tell to the world or any part of the world?

Chris: No matter how you slice, it's still pork. ☠

RECORD REVIEWS

'68 COMEBACK
"A Bridge Too Fuckin' Far" CD
For those nostalgia sound nuts who outright refuse to shi tcan their AM radios, and have a loving ear for lo-fi, seltzer-fuzzy guitar beautiful noise, then the '68 Comeback release "A Bridge Too Fuckin' Far" has got you + yer ma's name all over it. Dedicated to their musician bro Jack Taylor, "Bridge" has some bitchen, bluesy soul-rattle with a mondo-size helping of covers by such greats like Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash, and a smokey, dark barroom full of other legends. Fuck the next band-down-the 50's block buncha morons - '68 Comeback has got it in the bag, baby. -Designated Dale (Sympathy)

10-96
"Catastrophe" 7"
The guys at Beer City must make a lot of money from skateboards because they put out a ton of stuff. Well this is one of the better releases from Beer City. 80's style punk that varies in style and speed which are important if you want me to listen to the whole thing more than once. A worthwhile release that is worth buying. -Don (Beer City)

46 SHORT / MOTHER FUCKING TITTY SUCKERS
Split EP
This is pretty damn good! Both bands play basic hardcore punk, each varying in style. 46 Short sound like a mixture of Circle Jerks and Agression. The music is charged with a lethal dose of energy, the vocals have a belligerent tone, the guitars are sharp... Fuck yeah! Mother Fucking Titty Suckers are spiritually guided by the ghost of Nig-Heist, with the attitude of being a joke, and could care less if you're offended. The music has the sound of a few people fucking around in their garage. More punk than hardcore. The end of "Hard of Hearing" borrows heavily from the Circle Jerks. Be smart for a change and get this. -M.Avrg (Last Dollar, PO Box 93980, Long Beach, CA 90803)

5 DRIVER
"Self-Proclaimed Rock Stars" CD
A young, hard-trying, melodic band that covers the same ground as thousands before and thousands to come. A private in the infantry of a band: undistinguished, uniform, and using the repetitive drills laid down by the generals. Example 1: "Son, tune, tone, and occasionally play your guitar like skinny Eric NOFX's on 'White Trash, Two Heebs, and a Bean,' and you'll go far in this man's army." Example 2: Cover the following hot topics: high school hall alienation, "scene politics," a girlfriend song, and backstabbing. Example 3 out of the Face to Face dial-a-lyric code book: "Promises are broken, You said you'd never lie, but lies are what was spoken" and multiple variations thereof. Don 't be fooled by the Motorhead shot on the cover. Above all else, this more is bland than watching Martha Stewart paint a chair on mute. -Todd (Negative Progression, PO Box 15507, Boston, MA 02215)

5,6,7,8'S, THE
Self-titled 7"
Well, let's go now! I haven't heard a bad record yet by this raspy, Japanese, birth of rock and roll style combo. The gals are in rare form which means the music is jumpin', the accent is as thick as banana pudding and they put you in a better mood. The A-side has a "Woolly Bully" feel and some how this song about a boy with a perpetual grin has become "Smilly Willy" instead of smiley Willy. The other side is a tribute (unintentional perhaps) to Dionysus mogul Lee Joseph. Of course, I'm talking about the Bobettes' classic, "Mr. Lee." -P.Edwin Letcher (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

7000 DYING RATS
"Fanning the Flames of Fire" CD
Okay, granted that Guns'n'Roses, Twisted Sister, Slayer, etc, all the 80's metal bands with few exceptions are outcasts and socially deader than dodos. So what do we see? Metal is resurfacing, sneaking in again from the "hardcore" scene. Victory Records is pushing it. Dutch East is pushing it. So are several other labels. I don't mind really that they make money from metal. What I do mind is when it gets sent to punk zines and/or classified as "hardcore." Then I get pissed. This band mixes pretty metal guitar wanking, slow dreamy ballads, Amebix style insanity, speed metal, thrash, new metal "hardcore," and chaos together. But the intention here is metal. This is the new wanking, coming at you courtesy of major label Caroline Records. I smell several layers of deception here, check out the origin: -ShitEd (Double Barrel, a division of ASR, PO Box 361, Clawson, MI 48017/ Invisible, PO Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616 - manufactured and distributed by Caroline)

97A
"Abandoned Future"
12" EP
Raging new release from New Jersey's 97A. Keeping in line with their first killer release (here, remixed, in its entirety). They punch out some rocking thrash. Classic straight edge hardcore here, minus the metal. It's nice to see this band continuing to put out the power thrash. Great social and political lyrics as usual. 97A is the number for brutality. -Thrashead(Teamwork, PO Box 4473, Wayne, NJ, 07474)

ABALIENATION / CHRISTIAN SCIENCE A.D. Split EP
Abalienation kind of remind me of Violent Society. They play hardcore punk similar to what was going on in the early to mid 80's. Raw, no frills, fast and tuneful. The first song has an oi influence, and the last two are a couple of in your face type songs. "To Your Health" is a call for socialized medicine, something I'm all for. This is also the most powerful song of the three. The music is tighter with more drive, and the vocals are blistering. Christian Science A.D. are along the same lines musically, but the singer for this band talks really fast instead of singing or screaming out the lyrics. Kind of like those Micro-Machine commercials. -M.Avrg (Obese, PO Box 532, Apalachin, NY 13732 - 0532)

ACTION LEAGUE
"Interrupt This Program" CD
A straight forward pop release from this Long Beach, California 5-piece. I found them to sound like a rawer version of XTC meets Squeeze. If that's your cup of tea, this is for you. -Don (Vegas, PO Box 2175, Newport Beach, CA 92659)

ADJUSTERS, THE
"Before the Revolution" CD
The Adjusters play slower rock steady that remains as intense as any of the faster ska bands out there, and ends up as a cross between the first Slackers LP and the Insteps album. A great improvement over their debut on Jump Up Records... which, if I'm not mistaken, makes The Adjusters the first band to leave Jump Up for Moon...? -Josh (Moon Ska, Box 1412, NYC, NY 10276)

AGATHOCLES/BAD ACID TRIP
Split 7"
Like a children's book gone horribly wrong and prone to cause epilepsy in tykes, you've got B.A.T. Dirk's screaming like a bunny hopped up on bad juju, his voice taking on the sound of a total swarm of irate insects investigating the guts of a long dead wildebeest or some such shit. The drumming is the rare caliber of having fully automatic weaponry with each round hooked with a lazer sight - blurrspeed, and able to decapitate little rodents at will. It's fun listening to others go insane and having that insanity sound like a semi truck smacking a Yugo. The Yugo; your skull. The Agathocles tracks were recorded live in '93 and slated for an EP that never came out. Belgian. The vocalist sounds like he's shouting through a freshly diahrehaed Depends undergarment with the elastic enclosures. The rest of the band is sparse and brutal. Not terribly fast, but like a battlefield where the only survivors are seriously maimed, stumbling, and broken beyond normal repair yet still playing a musical instrument while breathing mustard gas. Tough stuff that'd make the Melvins shit their pants in glee. (Limited to 610) -Todd (Agathocles, Matt Dupont, Thibautstraat 36, 3545 Zelem, Belgium: B.A.T., Keith, 5528 Willowcrest, N. Hollywood, CA 91601)

AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED/ CATTLEPRESS
Split 7"
ANB rip shit up through 18 tunes of thrashy grind. Speed is the operative word here. Drum machine, dual vocals, and Scott Hull's rapid fire guitar riffs grace this side of the vinyl. Aaron from Ulcer(R.I.P.) sings on this too! Cattlepress from NY do six tracks of hateful sludge. This shit is so fucking heavy. The bass on this is distorted - it's almost like noise. Kinda like Floor, Eyehategod, and Thug. If you like that kind of thing, and I do, this is for you. -Richard (Bovine, PO Box 2134, Madison, WI, 53701)

ALGEBRA ONE
"The Keep Tryst" CD EP
Early Soul Asylum meets the Goo Goo Dolls at a tailgate party before a local high school football game. -Don (Delmar, PO Box 5461, Richmond, VA 23220)

ALL SYSTEMS GO!
Advance CS
Good god alfucking-mighty, I think I'm gonna shit myself! Frank Daly(ex-BDC/voc.), Mark Arnold(ex-BDC/lead guitar), and John Kastner (ex-Doughboys) have got one hell of an outfit goin' here for those of us who missed their WAY influential bands years back (Big Drill Car is still a top ten all-time great, fuck ya very much!). In All Systems Go!, you got Mr. Kastner on rhythm guitar/vox., Mark Arnold blazing lead guitar duties, Frank Daly on bass and sharing vocal duties, and a drummer at this time unknown (sorry...). Songs that absolutely, positively without a frickin' doubt, RULE on this are "Vodka Sonic," "No Just Us," "Starin' at the Stars," and a Daniel Rey/Dee Dee Ramone tune "Sub Zero." For the folks who knew what was up with the Doughboys and were over the edge fanfucks of Big Drill Car, like yours truly, I need say no more... Simply wait (however long) out for this. Rock is back, you shitbirds; better watch yourself. -Designated Dale (No address. Stay tuned, freak.)

ALL OUT WAR
"Truth in the Age of Lies" CD
Boy, oh boy did Dutch East ever make a mistake by sending this for review with my name on it! I guess they're just taking their chances, but I absolutely loath this sort of music. This is the kind of vomit one finds on Victory Records: dark metal that calls itself "hardcore." Hardcore my goddamned ass! Because hardcore has such a tough reputation, every jackass music style that wants a rep is calling itself hardcore. I've even seen techno calling itself hardcore! Fuck all you wannabe tough guys. I hate metal. I despise metal. I loath metal. This is metal. Fucking go away and peddle this NY jock puke somewhere else. Yo, Dutch East! I'm a punk rocker. I hated Slayer. I hated Guns & Roses. I hated Ratt. I hate them all (creatures!). I spent the entire fucking 80's hating metal and wishing it would fucking go die, and you're gonna send me some to review? Yuck. -ShitEd (Dutch East - pay the money you owe us.)

AMERICAN FUSE, THE
"One Fell Swoop" CD
With the humongous dustbowl of rock-diven vein of punk lately, it's cool to see bands like The American Fuse here kicking up some of that dust with their disc, "One Fell Swoop." Kinda along the same lines as the Rev. and the stomping power of Zeke. Do I dare hear the smite bit of Stevie Ray Vaughn meets Kiss as well? Yikes, folks, there's, a1ittle here fer everyone, and that's A-O-mutha-fuckin'-K with me. There's even a sonic version of "Psycho Killer" here that's a sure bet to make Mr. David Byrne blush. Don't care what YOU think... I'll listen to this for a while. -Designated Dale (Idol, PO Box 720043, Dallas, TX 75372)

ANDROMEDA
Self-titled EP
Metal with poetic lyrics. Zzzzz.... -M.Avrg (Toybox, PO Box 14401, Chicago, IL 60614)

ANTISEEN
"Jailhouse" b/w "People Like You" 7"
Still waging the war against northern aggression, one foot on Lynrd Skynrd, one in a barbed wire trench of punk with a fist holding both Confederate flag and a bottle of whiskey, the other just a fist, it's AntiSeen. What I don't get is why more people don't hand it to them as ferocious, talented musicians. Fuck, how many times will you hear a furious organ in the mix and not want to punch the fucker tapping the keys? Snuff's the only band I can immediately think of. This time out, these "Confederacy of Scum"sters pull out a live track from what, I think, was from the CoS supershow - at least it's in the same location. Both cuts are the best cross pollination of 90's damage vintage Hank Williams Sr. and a fresh clip just slid into the handle. You know what would impress me? If Nashville Pussy picked these guys to tour with 'em. Turn up the WCW, pray for blood, and hail the shrapnel that is the AntiSeen. -Todd (Ruff Nite, 3249 Rorer St., Philadelphia, PA 19134)

AS DARKNESS FALLS
"Hook Horror" EP
Cheesy. I really thought bands like this no longer existed, but there's been a nasty rash of them springing up lately. Metal that wants to be heavy, vocals that range from growls to whiny spoken word parts, and the lyrics... All you can do is laugh. Hey, the artwork is good though. -M.Avrg (Bush League, PO Box 10165, New Brunswick, NJ 08906)

ASSERT
"Thumb and Four Fingers Fold to a Fist" 7"
Basic hardcore in the Born Against vein. Nothing special, nothing new. Thanks for playing, anyway. -Juan Bastos (Household Name, PO Box 12286, London, SW9 6FE)

ASSMEN
"Burgerbreath" 7"
Reminded me of Oi Polloi at first because of the heavy use of reverb on the vocals on the first track. Lyrically it's no where near Oi Polloi. Where Oi Polloi are social/political, these guys write songs titled "Beer is Good Food" and "Adjusting My Nuts." Mid tempo 3 chord sitting at the bar type of punk that fills the air and you are grateful that they know how to play their instruments. -Don (Intensive Scare, PO Box 142, NY, NY 10002-0142)

ASTROLLOYD
"KXLU 11.17.97" D CS
Another of those wack No Cal bands whose senses of humor and the bizarre have outstripped common sense, decency and federal banking regulations (ha ha). And if that last sentence didn't make any sense to you, then that's the point, eh? Like a proscribed crossbreeding of Beck, Nuclear Rabbit and Stikky (i.e. taking being "quirky" to the point of madness), Astrolloyd comes across like a Silverlake band that didn't forget how to thrash, that is so damned high on acid that they'll never come down for the duration of the Kali Yuga. Like electrons tunneling across a gap in quantum mechanical impossibility, they begin at "flail" and end up at "twitch" without having physically traversed the distance between. Recorded live at Loyola Marymount University's radio station. -ShitEd (PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA 94820-1588; for a good time call Eddie baby at (510) 466-9934)

AT THE DRIVE IN
"In/Casino/Out" CD
Wow. Just wow. To call it emo-core strips it of its fullest range and capabilities. Huge punk. Huge rock. Huge music. To say it just rocks doesn't do it justice and robs it of its poetry. This is perhaps the best album of the year. Let me try to pin it for you. Speed that blisters your ears followed by cooling blows - and the middle speed of transition that snaps and buzzes a range where few bands can even tread, let alone leap through and rivet down. It's also distinctive - the power and force is not only its uniqueness but it's like someone whispering in your ear a secret that you've long waited for - it'll have you screaming along with new conviction back at them. The guitars play at angles that poke their form and double-reinforce the lyrics - all mood, all thought out, all power. The vocalist makes up words and it's fun because they don't sound made up. Picture a band of small and scrawny kids pulling out the toughest musical knives and with the precision and inherent understanding of artistry, carving new designs on how songs can be made on your skin as they pass through your ears. The songs stay long after the notes bleed away - and you stare down at what they've carved - just staring, bewildered how good it sounds, how good it feels. This CD is the closest recording to their live performance. I didn't think it could be done. Nothing could come recommended higher from me. -Todd (Fearless, 13722 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminister, CA 92683)

AT THE DRIVE-IN
"In/Casino/Out" CD
A wild sense of urgency; frantic flailing; extreme emotional expressions; sudden shifts and changes in style, in rhythm, in dynamics (sound volume) and in tempo; spare, minimalist arrangements; sweet/piercing interwoven guitars to make you fucking cry all over your brand new store-bought Descendents t-shirt; boundless energy; in-your-face sincerity and honesty; and last-but-not-least a subtly infectious sense of melody weavy through all the feedback, screaming and pounding. Have you perhaps picked up that I like this band? Like 'em hell, I think they are the best emo band on this whole planet. They are the best because they have all the fury, energy, intensity and assault of punk and hardcore fused to the angst of emo without anything being lost from either. These guys are the masters of leading you by the hand into a closet, whispering a secret softly into your ear, then jumping all over you while raving about the consequences of it all. I've only heard two emo bands worth listening to: Fugazi and At The Drive-In (oh okay, Ian MacKaye's one-off project Embrace also). If you don't go buy this album then you are missing out. You should give up and stop listening to punk at all if you don't get this. This band is important. This band rules. While you're at it get their other two CDs: "El Gran Orgo" on Offtime Records and "Acrobatic Tenement" on Flipside Records. Am I raving? So? So what's your problem? Fuck you if you don't buy everything you can find by this band. -ShitEd (Fearless)

What the icons mean: 7" = LP, CD = CD, CS = Cassette, 7" = 7", D = Demo, EP = EP, X2 = Double, 10 = 10"

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BAD RELIGION
"No Substance" ✠
Welcome, my fellow infected digital boys and blender-headed modern man, to the next generation of the church of Bad Religion. Put your thinking caps on and take notes as the professors of punk rock take to the podium. If you're one posing no concern for lessons on history and politics, you best be on your way to mediocrity. This is by no means a mediocre album and by far shouldn't be played at keg or tupperware parties. It's one of those profound albums - something like what Stevie Wonder would write, or better yet, the final touches on the album that the song We Are the World would have appeared on. Brotherhood/ sisterhood, peace, hand-holding, unity - hippy shit if you really think about it. They just wear different looking threads and like better music. Ironically, one song on this album is entitled "The Hippy Killers" (Hands down the cheesiest, most over produced song on the album, complete with voice echoes and letter stuttering. Example: "K-k-k-killers.") which is a remembrance of them being the antithesis if the beaded bastards back in the early eighties. With "No Substance" there's a definite progression in the way Bad Religion sounds - partially, in my opinion, due to the fact that its production involves a major industry. The fact was even pointed out by Greg Graffin that the song "21 st Century (Digital Boy)" that appeared on "Against the Grain" was a much speedier rendition (then on Epitaph label) than the revised version that appeared on the Atlantic-released "Stranger Than Fiction." That idea was credited to Brett Gurewitz (That's Mr. Brett to you.) assumably with the notion that the kids out there in musical television land can't handle any beat faster than that of their heart rates. What can you do? At any rate, I found many of the songs to be fundamentally rock oriented. Pint-size guitar solos. Less freelance and more plotted out. Staged, I guess you could say. Like war chants or gospel numbers. "Raise Your Voice" most definitely could have been an 1860's slave song that the imprisoned black folk cried out in the fields, praying for freedom from whitey. The song could also do without the chorus. The body of the song is excellent but the "Fa fa fa's" just scream Steve Martin in the movie "Higher Faith." The next song, "Sowing the Seeds of Utopia," is a song with superbly done changes. It's almost beautiful. Oh, moment. I also believe that Greg's had some major changes occurring in his life since their last album, creating an underlying theme of relationship severance, heartache and life reflection. But then again, hasn't he always? Overall, this is an extremely thought out album and, although few of the songs stand out from one another, as far as singles go, most of the songs are solid enough to stand on their own. Respectable, sing-alongable, quotable and collectable. A solid B+. -Holly (Atlantic)

BAD RELIGION
"No Substance" ⊙
I have been a fan of BR since the first record. I loved the "Into the Unknown" LP and I've grown to like the all-acoustic "American Lesion" effort put out by Greg Graffin. I'm truly not the total collectionist since I missed out on getting their first 7". I really didn't think of 7"'s as a good value back in high school on my minimum wage job. With this record, I put this with "Recipe of Hate" of where I like it. It has that classic, modern BR formula throughout but there just isn't that one to five songs that I find "classic." Some of the songs, I guess, were too formula rock for me and not their style of thought-provoking music. I kind of felt a little cheated on this one. Nothing really stood out. I know people reading this are thinking that because they are on a major, their music should suck. But their last release, "Grey Race" was one of their best and most mature efforts that they have put out. Maybe I have been listening to them too long and the new generation of kids will love this. After all, this is only my opinion. -Don (Atlantic)

BASTARD BRIGADE, THE
"200 Proof Bastards" ⊙ EP
As the band name suggests, this is snotty punk with tongue planted firmly in cheek. They sound like they had a blast recording this and the feeling's catchy. Six songs with funny/stupid lyrics, lame sing-alongs and a couple of piss takes on country western and ska. Destined to be a classic. -Jimmy Alvarado (Eerie, 2408 Peach St., Erie, PA 16502)

BATTERY
"Whatever It Takes" ✠
I knew that this label (Revelation) was still around but I didn't know they were still putting out stuff like this! That is, this harkens back to their first generation "youth crew" days of lore. But with a twist. In other words this band is real, straight-up (pun included) powerful in-your-face hardcore in the "old school-East Coast-those drugs are gonna kill you if I don't get to you first" style however with a touch of dare I say - "modern innovation"? I mean come on this is the 90's and not STILL the 80's after all. And despite their nostalgic leanings Battery knows that and thusly incorporates the new with the old very well. All the wonderful formulaic trappings of old fashioned straight edge hardcore are still pretty intact. I mean I was thrilled when this started off right away with fast galloping drums, gigantic power chords and those screaming for attention, hollow, shouted, wanting to sing vocals. However, gone is the anthemic, oi influenced catchy slogan chanting and tunes that stick in your head. The basic riffs and structure are still pretty much the same but (guitarist) Ken Olden does not write catchy, memorable songs. Contrarily, that's not a bad thing. His arrangements and subtle flourishes are what grab you. For example he makes great use of those ringing octave chords (e.g. like Rikk Agnew was so fond of). And his guitar sound comes close to being as good as that of Swiz. The overall production is just great, loud and clear. And what they lack in distinctive songs they make up for in a crisp sound that is sheer power and passionate delivery. What's weird is, the dynamic and revolutionary influence here seems to be the ever dreaded "emo-core." It's like they were able to take the concept of trying to do something more with this genre-making it have more depth and soul but without compromising that compulsion to be hard and fast. This achievement to me is a sorta hardcore dream come true. Sure I liked to be able to sing along with YOT or Side By Side, etc. no matter how infantile their lyrics were - the stripped down aggro was what grabbed you by the guts. However despite the fact that Battery's lyrics and overall message is still just as contrived and equally as corny as anything the previous punk preachers had to dish out, musically it still feels a little more intellectually stimulating, well albeit in a stream of consciousness sorta way. This release never lets up - it's seething with anger and brimming with a weird kind of glory that has me beside myself. A big surprise. And I was even more surprised since these guys are from Rockville, Maryland - close to where I grew up (Chevy Chase - the town, not the comedian) and being close to D.C. they are perhaps forever in the shadow of the nearby Dischord folk. A message to my hardcore pals back east - Will Tarrant, Bill Florio, Freddy Alva and the rest of you - stop laughing already. -Squeaky (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

BELLRAYS, THE
"Let it Blast" ✠
One of the more appropriately titled releases. These guys (and gal) are power personified. Lisa belts 'em out and the band cooks too. I saw the group for the first time lately and was impressed with their tight and consistently action packed set. It doesn't surprise me that they chose to record this 16 track monster totally live in the studio, with no over dubs what so ever. Lisa reminds me of Tina Turner, Janis Joplin and any number of gospel/blues shouters of the 50's. The group has a late 60's oriented feel. Blue Cheer and the MC5 come to mind. Together they meld these elements in much the same fashion as the Gits or Big Brother and the Holding Company. Loud, soulful and uncompromising. -P.Edwin Letcher (Vital Gesture, PO Box 46100, LA, CA 90046)

BENEDICTION
"Grind Bastard" ✠
This fucker absolutely rips like a bullet through my head. Heavy as fuck guitars tuned down low with vocals that sound like they are bleeding. A cross between slower Napalm Death and Entombed. Death metal fans will absolutely love this as I have. I forgot how much I love this stuff. Those silly evil lyrics always made me laugh, but the music always made up for it. -Don (Nuclear Blast, Hauptsrasse 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

BILLY BOY/THE KOLMAS
Split ⊙
This one is very unique. Both of these projects are fronted by only 1 man and oddly enough both are the same guy, Aijala. For those of you who may not know, Aijala is the vocalist for Finland's best known hardcore band Terveet Kadet. The stuff on this is ambient, avante-garde noise with keyboards. There's a couple of pretty catchy dance tunes. Limited to 204 numbered copies so write now if you want one. -Richard (Adam Wasek, PO Box 27, 80-422 Gdansk 22, Poland)

BILLYCLUB
"Out to Lunch" ✠
This is one of the best hardcore punk bands currently playing. The energy and intensity of their live shows are astonishing, and most of that comes through on this studio album. Cross early Exploited with classic Rollins Band (when they were doing HC punk during the period right after the Henrietta Collins EP) and you might get something like this. The band absolutely rages, it rocks so hard, and the singer sounds so much like Henry at times it's creepy. I could see playing this CD back to back with "Lifetime" for a jolt of electricity into your brain. Similar to "Lifetime," but livelier and less heavy. This Dallas, Texas based band consists of two Americans and two British punk veterans from The Exploited and UK Subs. Many "hardcore" bands these days haven't got a clue about how to really shred, having lost touch with their punk rock roots. Needless to say, Karl Morris and Matt McCoy know how to do it right! These 12 new songs sound twice as good as their first album. Don't fucking argue with me, just go buy this. -ShitEd (Idol, PO Box 720043, Dallas, TX 75372)

BILLYCLUB
"Out to Lunch" ✠
It's an overused expression, but it applies well to Billyclub, these guys kick ass. Knuckle busting punk rock that's belligerent, fucked up and hell bent. The kind of attitude that gets people thrown in a redneck jail. The vocals sound like they've been ruined by a lifetime of drinking and smoking, and the music is equally abrasive. The guitar sounds great. Thick, and kind of chunky with a buzzsaw sound. Hell yeah... -M.Avrg (Idol, PO Box 720043, Dallas, TX 75372)

BLACK ARMY JACKET/HEMLOCK
Split ✠
Black Army Jacket completely kill with their heavy ultra thrash attack. Sometimes they slow down the speed but not the power. There are downright classic tracks on here. Lyrically, Andrew says some great things and tells some good stories. Black Army Jacket straight out fucking rock. Hemlock get down right evil with their black metal hellraising. Blasphemies screamed over blasting aural din in the order of the dark one here. Both tracks will rip you apart. Both bands on this CD deliver the power. Great fucking thrash release. -Thrashead (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

BLACK ARMY JACKET/HEMLOCK
Split ✠
BAJ: harsh, brutal, heavy hardcore. They sound really wigged, and manage to do it without quite jumping onto the metal bandwagon. They're really good, especially "Hot Date." Hemlock cross over into that hell where classifications of metal and hardcore punk become meaningless. They do blitzkrieg speedcore on track 11 so ferocious one doesn't mind their destination, whee! What a ride! 12 is a bit too tedious, slow and overblown. Pick up the tempo! -ShitEd (Go Kart/Sound Views)

BLAME, THE
"Missed the Plane" ⊙
"Suzie" is a funny song. It's the kind of song that, if you heard it on a comp, it would make you buy this seven inch. Then the other two songs on the record would make you wish you hadn't. I want to like these guys just because they're on the Dead End Kids record label and because they're friends of my friends, but the singer just annoys me too much. I'm not saying he sounds like the guy from Tesla, but listening to him made me remember the name of that band, and that's bad enough. Really, everything else about the Blame is pretty cool. I like the music and the lyrics, but, again, the singer reminds me of all that eighties big hair, and I just can't get over that. -Juan Bastos (Skanking Skull, 40101 Sherydan Glenn, Lady Lake, FL 32159)

BLOWTOPS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Loud, noisy, chaotic. "Maniac at Large" opens with drums which are followed by feedback and then a blood curdling scream. The vocals are strained and real low in the mix. The band has good energy and keeps up the level of unease 'till the closing spasms of manic one-note, high-end lead battling with anguished yelling. The other side, which consists of "Shotgun Kittens in Heat" (which is almost self explanatory) and "Wrongsider," carry on in much the same fashion. More twisted ranting, hypnotic bass and a non-stop flow of guitar feedback/sludge. I detect a subtle influence from the Oblivians. -P.Edwin Letcher (Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

BOBBY DARIN
"A [Musical] Anthology" ✠/ROM
This CD was put out as a joint effort with A&E and is also a come on promo piece for America on Line. There are some graphics and voice over, featuring a few photos not found in the booklet, short bits on Lena Horne, Mel Torme, Judy Garland, Nat King Cole and the promise of 50 free hours on AOL. The CD is a good over view of Bobby's career and showcases the amazing talent he had in several eras and genres. My favorites are the six live tracks, including "Mack the Knife" and "Beyond the Sea," in which Bobby lets his hair down and gets into the Vegas thang. -P.Edwin Letcher (Capitol)

BOBBY JOE EBOLA AND THE CHILDREN MACNUGGETS
"At One with the Dumb" ✠
First allow me to stress that this is not a punk band. Second allow me to tell you that they rule anyway because they're so fucking funny. This is kicked-in-the-head (deliberately so) musical comedy. They make fun of popular music by scrawling dirty words on its ass and running it up a flagpole for everyone to salute. Their cheesy faux-country is insanely weird, their twisted parody of folk music too dead-on wack and all of their lyrics in all of their songs are brilliant, offensive and giggle-inducing. They send up pop punk. They send up ska. They kick the hilarious shit out of everybody in reach. If you are one of those politically correct weenies that can't handle this sort of thing because you lack a sense of humor, then fuck off and leave this alone. Everyone else buy this. Highly recommended. -ShitEd (Smiling Pug Brand Studios, PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA 94820-1588)

BORIS THE SPRINKLER
"Frozen Tundra Thereof"
(subtitled "Double Live Bozo") 2 ✠
Unbeknownst to the crowd, this was recorded live about a decade ago (OK, 1995) an hour away from Green Bay, a skosh over 74:30 seconds. Dead Sea Scroll? Not quite. More like fond memory of a monumental poop (like if it formed an X or a floated like an air sculpture or looked like a log cabin or a softball). Visualize watching a skinny guy in bop-pop-doo-wop fishnets doing the worm! Antlered helmet! The voice of a amphetamined AM radio DJ raving about grape juice, drugs, masturbation, and grilled cheese sammiches. Bible verses! Marvel as Norb fires back capitals to states while risking getting naked due to incorrect answers! Ponder the complexities as he explains he's not the Grasshopper but Dr. Calculus! Hear flying dropkicks and a mic stand whacking him in the nuts! Imagine sweat dripping off of Wisconsin walls so it seems like the building is sweating! (Alright, that's not to exciting to visualize.) Thirty-plus songs that owe as much to the Ramones as Saturday morning cartoons and sugar highs! Don't be bamboozled into paying for a double CD. Technical difficulties prevented from being handy, tidy, efficient or cheaper to make than a single CD - but you the consumer shouldn't pay for such mistakes. Imagine a better world and this'd be playing at the 7-11 instead of "Dance, Raja, Dance" as you bend down, ass crack to the world, and ponder SweetTarts: minis or pucks? Better than most live albums and when pressed to say why, I couldn't tell you. -Todd (Bulge, PO Box 1173, Green Bay, WI 54305)

BOXER
"The Hurt Process" ✠
Boy, have you ever tried to sing while you're constipated? It must be tough but it doesn't come out sounding half bad. Straining for that breath, pulling that last note with you until the next one. Trying to keep in time with the music without straining too hard and hemorrhaging. The lyrics are obvious and X chromosome related. The smell of a girl's hair is mentioned more than once. The music for the song "Georgia" has the feel of one of those late, late night dramas on obscure, high numbered channels. Silk Stalkings or Night Rider. For the record, that's the only song that sounds like that. It's important to point that out. The singer's got a unique style of singing that I've heard in a couple of other people. It's not at all a unique sounding voice, just a particular way of singing the words. I'm having a tough time trying to explain it. Another band that does the same thing is a band called Odie but that probably doesn't help anyone. A lot of tone fluctuation and quick dragging of notes where there is none in the rest of the instruments. A lot of quick note pulling and stretching, but controlled. Sequences of words sung in the same tone and then quickly drug into another tone. I don't know, I'm trying my hardest to convey this and I'm sure I'm failing. Harmonic in a male sort of way. Harmonic but not meant to be. Todd: They sound just like Face To Face to me. Thrashead: They sound like fuckin' J Church, Jawbreaker... -Holly (Vagrant, 2118 Wilshire Blvd. #361, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

BRIAN SETZER ORCHESTRA, THE
"The Dirty Boogie" ✠
This is exactly what you think it is; the voice of the Stray Cats with a big band behind him. Some of the material is in the familiar rockabilly style but most is a collection of swing and show tunes with a horn section and a bunch of back up singers. The distinctive guitar sound shows up for a lead break whenever you find yourself lulled into a laid back groove but the orchestra remains the dominant force. The only song I remember from the Stray Cat repertoire is "Rock This Town." The lion's share of tunes are borrowed from another time and genre and include, "This Old House," "Since I Don't Have You," "Switchblade 327" and the haunting instrumental, "Sleepwalk." Move over Buster; this lounge is big enough for Brian too. -P.Edwin Letcher (Interscope)

BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE, THE
"Love" ✠EP
I got this TVT Records mini CD through Bomp! Records because one of the 3 tracks is from a Bomp! release called, "Give it Back." I had heard the band was comparable to Oasis and other Brit new psych groups but this is the first thing I've gotten. The first song, "Love," starts with an organ wash and has an early Pink Floyd feel, complete with a hypnotic time tone sound through much of it. The second song, "Waisting Away," is a demo version which opens with some Neil Young style harp and evolves into something that reminds me of a cross between mellow Beck music and mid period Floyd. The third tune, "This is Why You Love Me," is quite similar to a Byrds number. I was under the impression these guys were totally wacked out, 60's head trip damaged acid casualties but this is more pop oriented. The group has obviously done their Pebbles homework too, though. -P.Edwin Letcher (TVT, 23 East 4th Street, NY, NY 10003)

BRISTLE
"Inner Conflict" ⊙
A very good 4 songer from this Seattle Trio. Well-crafted songs that are of hardcore flavor or good old punk. Production is pretty good and sounds dead on. I have to say that I enjoyed all the songs and I'll probably go out to find some more. -Don (Beer City)

BROKEN
"We're Fucked" EP
This is pretty damn good! The music and vocals work extremely well together. Each complimenting and adding to the power of the other. The vocals are great - bellowed out with a vicious growl, similar to John Brannon (Negative Approach). The lyrics are great, especially "Truth & Consequences," which discusses how more funding is pumped into the penal system to build more jails as our education system wanes. Make it a point to pick this record up. -M.Avrg (Blind Destruction, Box 29, 82 Colston St., Bristol, BS1 5BB, England)

BROKEN / BOILING MAN
Split EP
The Broken songs are a little more toned down compared to what's on the "We're Fucked" EP. Could be the production, as the guitar sounds buried under the bass

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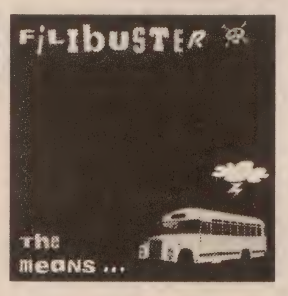

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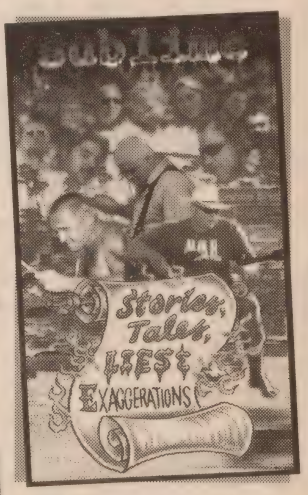

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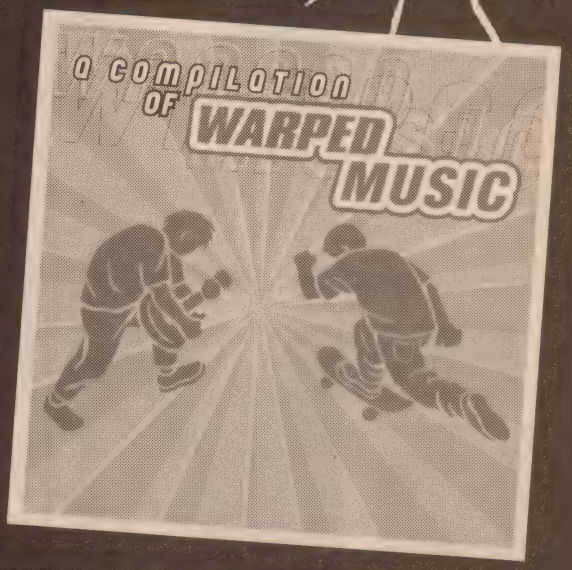

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and drums. But still, these songs are good just the same. The first song, "Cancer," is an interesting piece about how the medical field won't cure cancer because there's too much money to be made by stringing people along. Boiling Man play fast and thrashy hardcore punk with a singer who sounds like he's swallowed a mouthful of glass. Three songs, one about the futility of the company man mentality, one about drunk shitheads, and then one about depression and our race or desire to cover it up by looking away from the moment. -M.Avrg (Boiling Man, PO Box 158, New Haven, CT 06501)

BRUTAL DLX
"ek-fa"
70's rock. -Don (J - Bird)

BULEMICS, THE
"Can't Keep It Down"
The A side cut of this 7", "If I Only Had a Heart," reminds me of a Nashville Pussy track that was also layed out on a 7" before it was redone for the full length ("Johnny Hotrod"), so ya can pretty much grab the jist o' this cut. The B sider, "Austin Strangler," could've been neatly stuck on the Adolescents' Blue LP. I wanna hear a full length from this Austin clan, and it's way good that there's some gritty rockin' goin' on in Austin by the spin of this 7 incher and not the unmentionable college crap that people have come to expect from a college town like Austin. -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

BUSINESS, THE
"Harry May - The Singles Collection"
I have most of these songs already on an import CD I bought awhile ago. For those who haven't heard of the Business before, where are your roots? I'm one of those older generation punks that believe that you need to see the past to see what made the current generation what it is. Classic street punk that stands the test of time. Also since it's a domestic release, it's affordable. -Don (Taang)

BUSRIDER
Self-titled
Remember Anus The Menace? That's what the opening song on this reminds me of... oh, man... "The Busrider Hate Song" is yer typical 1-2 fuck you/ hate yer guts ranting and the last cut we have here, "Hentai," sounds like it was lifted from a Boston/Rush album. Good God, man. -Designated Dale (Illumination, PO Box 700194, San Jose, CA 95170-0194)

CANDY SNATCHERS, THE
"Pissed Off, Ripped Off, Screwed"
This is a comp of all the Candy Snatchers 7"ers, splits, and comp tracks. It's good old pissed off punk'n'roll that they do best. They bring the angst of the late 70's into the 90's. If self destructo punk rock'n'roll is your bag, do yourself a favor and get this shit. It will knock you out. -Thrashead (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

CANDY SNATCHERS, THE
"Pissed Off, Ripped Off, Screwed"
This is one of the top 3 punk'n'roll bands in the country, the other two being The Humpers and Electric Frankenstein. Golldang are these guys good! If you don't believe me, ask McMartin or Ken All Night Rocker, or anyone else with good taste in 70's style punk. This is their early stuff and it's great. Hard to believe while listening to this that they got any better (but they did!). I'm not going to go on at great length here, just buy this and any Candy Snatchers you see. Trust me. -ShitEd (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NYC, NY 10012)

CARLOS!
Self-titled
If it weren't for these damn walls in here, my copy of this 7 inch would go (as The Byrds would say) for miles and miles. File this between '90's "alternative" and "campus pick of the week" and THEN file it in the main round can and tell the trashman to hurry the fuck up. No mas, por favor. -Designated Dale (Broken, PO Box 460402, S.F., CA 94146-0402)

CHARLES BRONSON
"Youth Attack" **12"** EP
Charles Bronson just fucking rock, period! No explanation needed. Charles Bronson pound 20 amazing thrash killers in 12 and a half minutes, wasting no time. Each song drills completely through your head with deadly accuracy. Just when you think Charles Bronson can't top themselves, this 12" takes the cake. This is hardcore pure and simple. It's a fucking shame they're gone. This is the type of thrash that makes you happily want to throw a chair through a window. Records like this make me happy, which is a pretty rare occurrence nowadays. Every song is a hyper blast of insanity with lots of quirky changes. Mark's sick voice and his classic social commentary with funny titles, add up to one intense release. There are great covers of the Necros "IQ32" and Husker Du's "Punch Drunk" to boot. Charles Bronson can do no wrong. This is definitely one of the best thrash releases this year so far. Pick this up and miss out completely. Youth attack forever! -Thrashead(Lengua Armada, 2340 W.24th St., Chicago, IL, 60608)

CHARLES BRONSON
"Youth Attack!"
Fuck yeah! The full length that everybody was waiting for is finally out. But in true Bronson, form this 20 song LP is only 12 minutes long. The shit on this is top notch. Spazztic blur hardcore and Mark's trademark vocals are amazing as ever. They also get the award for the best song titles like "The Only Time I Think About Romance Is When I Wonder Why I Don't Think About It" and "Let's Start Another War So I Can Sing About Stopping It." Unfortunately these guys broke up after only 3 years of existence. If you don't get this, YOU FUCKING SUCK! -Richard (Lengua Armada, 2340 W.24th St., Chicago, IL 60608)

CHINKEES, THE
"The Chinkees Are Coming"
This is like The Bruce Lee Band part two. Mike Park (Skankin' Pickle/Asian Man) backed by members of other band from the skacore genre... most notably the late Nick Traina and a song co-written by Dan Adriano. At first the Asian angst/pride/rights come off as a cross between pushy and cheesy but will actually begin to wear on you. Pretty soon you'll not only get into The Chinkees but a newfound envy for a guy who can put together a band just to pump out a record full of old ditties he's had in his head, and kick ass while at it. Give this a shot, and when you mailorder it for dirt cheap beg Mike to do some Chinkees shows. -Josh (Asian Man, Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-5585)

CILANTRO
"Empty Soda Can"
The cover's got an extended quote from "Waiting for Godot," and an excerpt from someone who wants to have their leg amputated above the knee as part of a long-time erotic fantasy. (Would it be too much to tell the audience where you got the quotes? Maybe they'd want to find it.) On the wax is Lance Hahn, otherwise known as JChurch, otherwise known as that guy that records so fucking much that he must be related to Billy Childish, producing songs as often as I make spaghetti. Some every week. Here, he's sparse, with electric instruments played acoustically, accented by tambourine and slide guitars at times. "Empty Soda Can"'s the standout: jangly, engaging, telling a story of loss without self depreciation, but the rest of the 7" comes out like so-sot electric stuff without the magic or the feeling of discovering a new musical continent. Raw but not oustanding folk. -Todd (Marigold, 241 James St., Mt. Ephraim, NJ 08059)

COALESCE / BOY SETS FIRE Split EP
Each band plays two of the other band's songs. Which may help to explain what was going on with the Coalesce side. These guys are usually pretty heavy, and these two songs are quite different in approach. I was thinking, "What the fuck happened," then I inspected the liner notes further to discover these songs were written by Boy Sets Fire. So I flipped the record over to see how Boy Sets Fire interpret Coalesce. First time hearing this band, and I hope it's the last. They're garbage, and considering all these wonderful things I hear about them... Coalesce on the other hand is a good band so go look for other stuff from them. -M.Avrg (Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

CODESEVEN
"A Sense of Coalition"
Whoa, hold that anger down. I found this to be unique among all this generic music we've been receiving lately. Two singers that I can't tell apart. Songs that remind me of Helmet or Jesuit without the thrash parts or Tool on sections. I guess these guys might be part of the emo scene because they are very emotional. I'm still not sure what the hell emo is. But if emo is anything like these guys, I like it. -Don (The Music Cartel, 106 West 32nd Street, 3rd Floor, NY, NY 10001)

COLE
Self-titled
Does the world really need or want one more experimental band from Chapel Hill deconstructing the traditional song? If you think so, then buy this record. If you're like me, though, this gives you about as much joy as watching a rock, waiting for it to take a shit. -Juan Bastos (Hep-Cat, PO Box 17022, Chapel Hill, NC 27516)

CONNIE DUNGS
"Driving on Neptune"
There are dividing lines all over the place. I'd pop this in the player at Flipside HQ, push repeat, and have a good day of it. On the second go around, Mailgirl Extraordinare hurdled over the outgoing boxes, punched the eject, and said, "How in the fuck?..." She reddened. "That guy's voice is so annoying. Don't play it again or I'm going home." Meekly, I conceded, called her a Fleetwood Mac lover under my breath, and continued my day. OK, Brandon Dung's voice sounds exactly like Cartman's from "Southpark" while skating on steel wheels over pebbly concrete. No doubting it. They're retarded. Sure, all the songs are about girls (gaining, losing, loving, pining, driving by them, seeing them at the drive in, smelling them...) or horror movies, TV shows or comic books. This is true. OK, the drummer knows three beats, tops. Two things catapult the Dungs into my year's top ten: if you're looking for the best songwriting about love (losing, gaining, destroying), it don't get much better ("Don't think you've got a heart, oh no/ Just bullshit in a sack."). Brandon Dung's got it down; the self-abuse, the glee, the damage, the anamnestic effect, the melancholy, the absoluteness of it being temporary; the whole fucking love shebang. Reason number two? In the world of punkpop, cloning seems to be the highest

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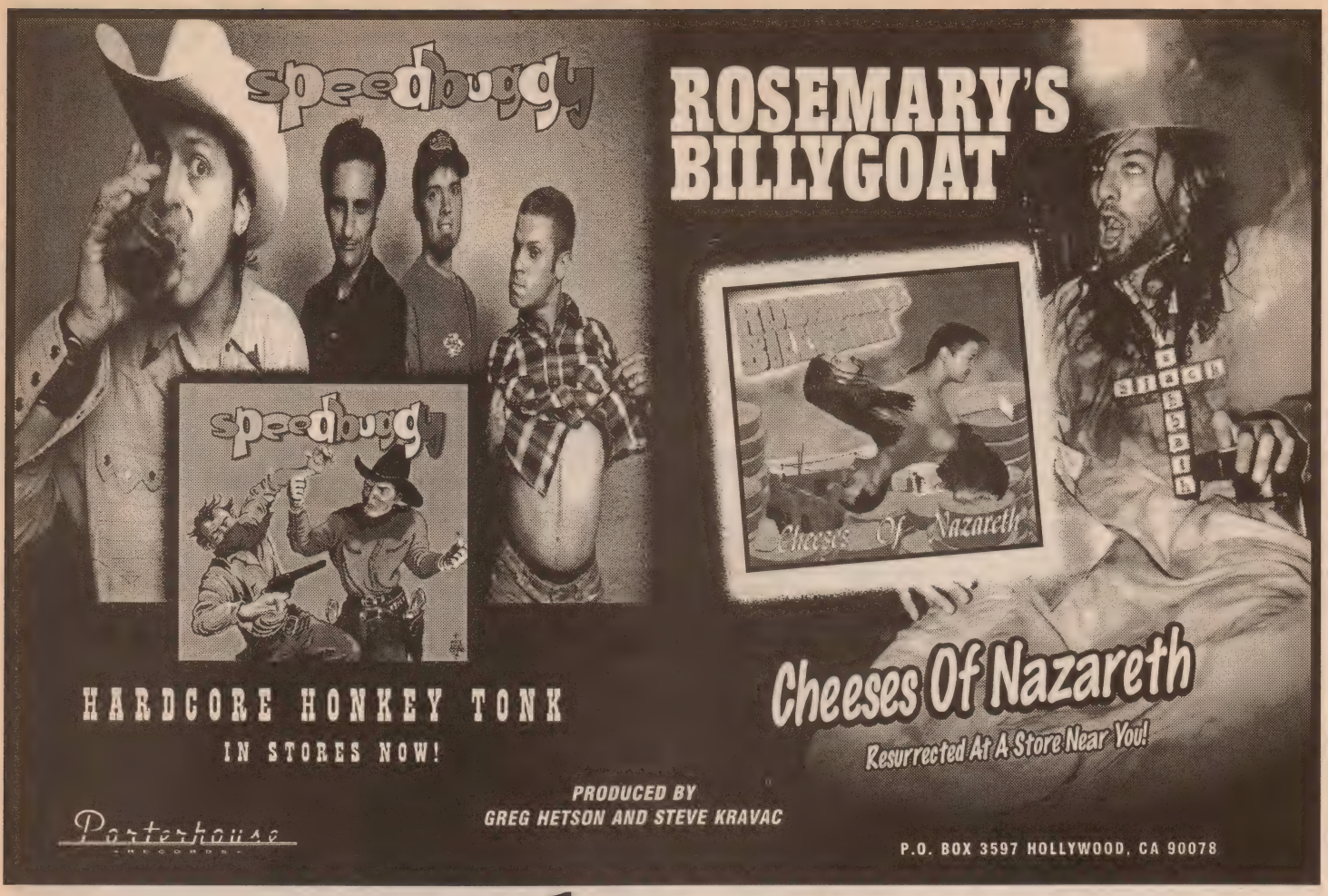

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form of flattery, and while I can hear the usual suspects of influences, they're masked behind piles of Dungs. (The last song, "Going Loco" reminds me of the Cowboy Junkies, of all things.) Instantly recognizable, even if you don't know their names; fast and punchy, direct and simple, I say buy it. It if annoys the fuck out of you, give it to someone who just broke up with their girlfriend. I'm sure they'd appreciate it - either that, or it'll destroy 'em. -Todd (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvalis, OR 97330)

CONSUMED
"Breakfast at Pappa's" ❀ EP
Starts promising: guitars that could fill the Grand Canyon, catchy English dual vocals, sliding and skidding over gravel drums, and a bass that tickles, bubbles and levitates. It's all very good and strong 90's punk, well produced so you can hear everything at once without taking away from its force. Their technique is strong but they remind me of Frenzal Rhomb (who I really think should turn acoustic because their lyrics fucking suck) and that's the taint I can't get out of the stew. I fucking hate Frenzal Rhomb so much that it makes me prejudice against The Consumed. Guilt by association is not a very good way to review a band - I concur - but I can't pole vault over the fact they resemble an awful Australian band in more than a couple ways. That, and there's no overdrive, as though the music's so thoroughly calculated, nothing's left to chance or explosions. -Todd (Fat)

CONSUMED
"Breakfast at Pappa's" ❀ EP
A surprise signing by the kids at Fat, Inc. This is the band's first ever release and FAT usually doesn't sign anybody that isn't established. Well surprises aside, this UK outfit absolutely rocks hard. A Fat product that has more balls than what you would normally expect. More power chords and strong delivery without losing its melody. A heavier Good Riddance with rougher vocals is what I would compare this to. Hope to see these guys in the states soon. -Don (Fat Wreck Chords)

COTILLION
Self Titled ⊙ EP
They remind me of this band that Spook from OBS was in for a while, Mary's Gone. I hated Mary's Gone. Ultra boring college rock crap. Next. -Jimmy Alvarado (Turnbuckle, 163 3rd Avenue #435, NYC 10003)

CREATION
"Our Music Is Red...with Purple Flashes" ❀
As influential in England as The Velvet Underground was here, the infamous Creation has always been the most sought-after sixties mod/psych band among those in the BritPop "know." Not surprising given the fact they only produced one UK album, "We Are the Paintermen" and a smattering of singles in the UK and Germany in their short-lived career. As a result, their catalog has been virtually unattainable (and unheard) for nearly twenty-five years, a prize bought and sold by record collectors for astronomical prices. Finally, God bless him, some bright geezer has gone to the trouble of collecting the band's entire recorded output onto one, easily affordable, 25 track CD. At last the band that was as aggressively mod and explosively dangerous as The Who can finally receive their long overdue glory. From the power-chord thumper "Making Time" to the psychedelic thrashing of "How Does It Feel to Feel," Creation was a band to grovel at the feet of in abject worship. Like most "rock and roll" heroes, the band faced more than its share of ups and downs, with a constantly rotating door of band personnel including such luminaries as Ron Wood (pre-Small Faces), John Dalton (who temporarily replaced Pete Quaife in The Kinks in 1966), and Kim Gardner. The band's instability pretty much killed whatever chance it may have had for any kind of sustained success. Alas, good things never last and Creation ultimately petered out in 1969. Since their heyday, Creation has been cited as a major influence by latterday Brit-Popsters like Oasis (who record on the Creation label, so named in honor of the band), Ocean Colour Scene and Cast and it's easy to see why. Their sound is a mix of modish R&B, explosive Who-styled rockers and lush English psychedelia. This is a band ripe for a reassessment and thanks to this excellent CD, that's exactly what they get. Essential. -Martin Banner (Demon Ltd. Brentford, Middlesex, TW8 9HF, UK)

CREED
"Attack of the 50 Feet Bamse System" ❀
I have no clue what the title means. I am only a product of our great public school system. Well this isn't the Florida band that you are hearing on the radio these days. These guys are from Finland. These guys play a slower more melodic punk thang. I wish I could speed this up a little bit though. All the songs seem to be in the same tempo and after awhile start sounding the same. Even the cover of "What a Wonderful World" seems a little slow. Overall, the production is well done but if they played faster this would be a worthy release. -Don (Latokartanontie 51, 28300 Pori, Finland)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS/I.R.F.
Split ⊙
6 new tracks from the Cripple Bastards. Very angry, pissed, and hateful sounds from these Italians. This stuff is more hardcore than the grindcore they usually do but fans of the older stuff will not be disappointed by this. I.R.F. from Japan play extreme grindcore. Very much like early Napalm Death and Disrupt. A must for all grinders. -Richard (MCR Co.,57 Kamiaga, Maizura, Kyoto, 624, Japan)

CROWD, THE
"$kad" 7" EP
The schoolboy ranting mockery of the title track threw me off for a moment, it didn't sound like the Crowd. Then I realized that Jim Decker's distinctive voice was missing, instead vocals by the guitarist Jim Kaa. Boy does Kaa ever take the current ska scene to task for money-grubbing insincerity. Yeah, fuck the new ska. The other 3 (actually 4) tracks are sung by Decker. The flipside tracks are live from the Beach Blvd. Reunion show. Great stuff. Nobody sings like Jim Decker, he rules, and the band smokes. The hidden track (on vinyl!) is the best, pure raging ferocious beauty. -ShitEd (Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr., H.B. CA 92648)

CRUNCH
"Bubba Bubba Bubba" ⊙
This is a US release of their two full length EPs and one split, all originally on 7" format over in Italy, and hard to find now. It's all in one convenient place. For those who haven't been lucky and heard Crunch, be prepared for an early 80's Italian hardcore onslaught. Much like Raw Power, Peggio Punx, Upset Noise, etc. Total powerhouse thrash. These tracks pummel you one after another. This is a definite must in the thrash collection. -Thrashead (Clean Plate, PO Box 0709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA, 01002)

CRUSTIES, THE
Self-titled ❀
I'm guessing that this is kind of their discography. Recorded in `84, `85 and `96 these recordings have been remastered and released for those who want a little something from these guys that I didn't really know anything about in the 80's. A cross of the Minutemen mixed with some early Husker Du and Scared Straight. Maybe not, but definitely more of an early 80's punk sound. A very worthwhile purchase for a change of pace and to get away from all those power violence emo ska releases that are out there. -Don (Beer City)

CRUSTIES, THE
"Junk Yard Dog/Dying to Know" ⊙
More of an old school early 80's style of punk. If my failing memory is working, I think these guys have been around since then. I think they were interviewed or reviewed in MRR back then. Both songs are very good and I guess Beer City was smart enough to resurrect these guys. -Don (Beer City)

CUFFS, THE
"Death by Bottle" ⊙ EP
The picture on the front depicts a skinhead about to break a bottle on someone else's head, so I immediately knew what to expect, and I wasn't disappointed. It's standard oi (or "street punk," whatever they're calling it these days) with song subjects ranging from drinking to fighting to being "the kids." Not bad musically, but I got past the "drink, fight, fuck" bootboy band mentality by the time I was 11. Sorry. -Jimmy Alvarado (Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park NJ 07432)

D.O.A.
"Festival of the Atheists" ❀
The most fucking entertaining thing about this disc is how much it's gonna piss off all the TV Christians who happen to pick this CD up and actually go off on who it belongs to, as you can sum up by the title. As far as the music, I'm sad to say it's a far cry from what was put to vinyl years ago, although the last time I saw 'em on tour with Nomeansno, D.O.A. woke up every last sorry bastard there that night. So there's always next time. -Designated Dale (Sudden Death, PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0)

DAHMER/SATURATION
Split ⊙
Canada's favorite sons return with 2 tracks of full throttle grindcore. The triple vocals are very cool. Both songs are in French so I don't really know what's up. The music is amazing grind that just punishes. I don't really know why they call themselves crust. Saturation, also from Canada, play 4 tunes of explosive grind thrash. This is the first I've heard from them. Great debut. Quebec and Montreal should be proud. -Richard (Chris Dragan, PO Box 524, Stn. C, Montreal, H2L 4K4, Canada)

DAHMER
"Marcel Petiot" ⊙
Canada's new found kings of grind are back with this new release. Two tracks of their abrasive grind style they are known for. One song is in French so I don't really know what it's all about. As for the other track entitled "Marcel Petiot," it has some of the best lyrics I've ever read. It's a song about killing nazis, and anytime you got bands singing about idiots like that you can't go wrong. Be on the look for their LP coming soon on Clean Plate. -Richard (Doomsday Machine, PO Box 51003, 316 St-Joseph est, Quebec, QC G1K 8Z7, Canada)

DAMNATION
"Beelzebubblegum" ⊙
Shitty production on this killed the songs but that has yet to take away what kind of kick in the teeth that Damnation packs live. Hey, Al G., you do know that Mick & Keith have heard your beginning to "666 13" on

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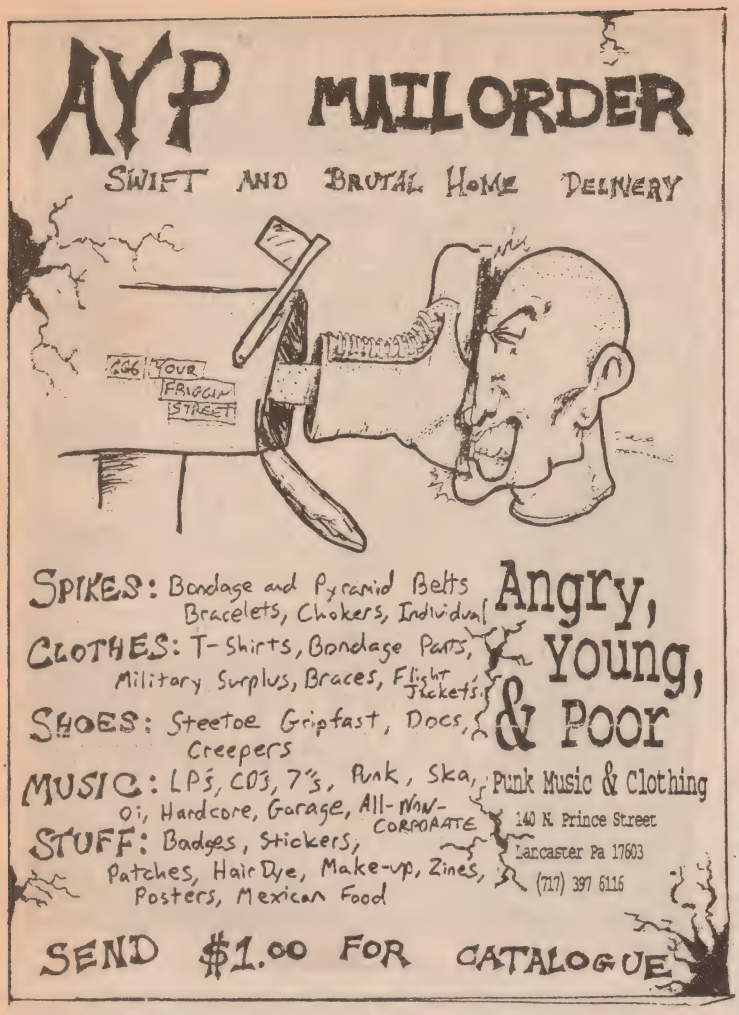
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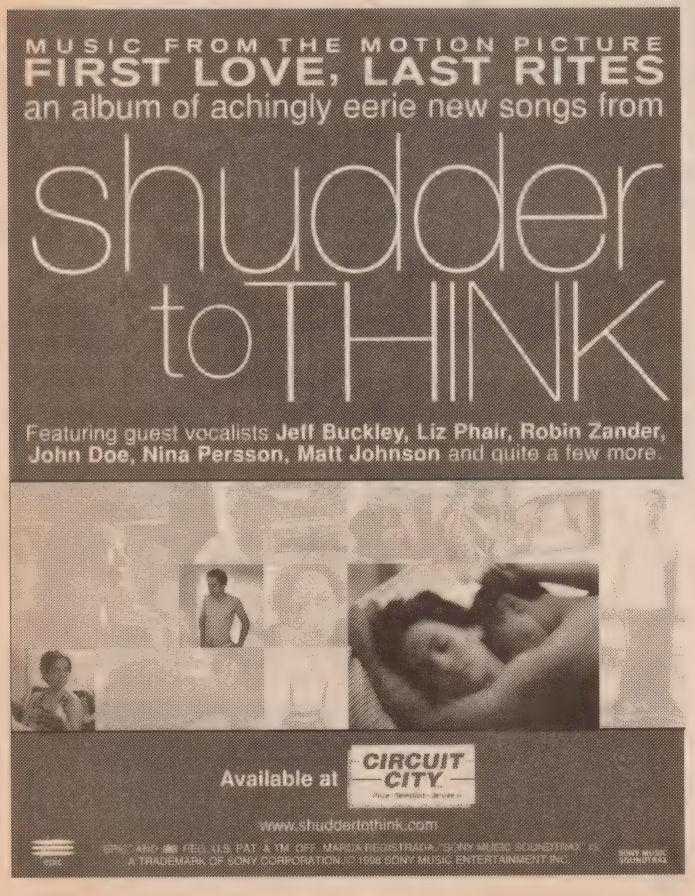
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this 7" and that they're gonna get you. -Designated Dale (BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA CA 90067)

DAMNATION
"Beelze Bubblegum" 7"
What the fuck is Damnation doing putting out something pretty on one of the poppy, overly saccharine labels? I like Damnation a lot but the title track of this sounds like something that would sell to the melodipoop audience, and incidentally doesn't sound too much like Damnation. I sure do hope that all Shaun was doing is giving his lightest stuff to an appropriate label! I hope this isn't a trend! An interesting B-side, sounds like I was too worried: raging fast and aggro song called "666 13," with incidentally, a twisty "Sympathy for the Devil" intro. Fuck that weak other side, the B-side rules! Yeah, this is the Damnation that gets the blood pumping and the ruddies slamming! On red vinyl. -ShitEd (BYO)

DAMNATION
"Getting Evil" ⊙ EP
Yeah! I like this 7" much better than the one on BYO that I just reviewed. This is the Damnation that I go to see at shows all the time: delirious Misfitsy punk'n'roll fury with exciting, urgent delivery. This is in-your-face and yelling, with lots of spittle flying and major juju working. The title track is really cool, almost swampy. Buy this 7" on green vinyl. -ShitEd (Burning Tree, 10938 Magnolia, Ste 227, North Hollywood, CA 91601)

DANIEL MENCHE
"Vent" ✠
Daniel Menche is about the only person besides Boyd Rice, working in experimental noise stuff today, that I can even bear to listen to. Daniel Menche is an audio serial killer, and I always look forward to the next installment of his elegantly sickening blasphemies. Highly recommended. -Kirin (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

DAVIE ALLAN AND THE ARROWS
"Fuzz Fest" ✠
This originally came out in 1996 on Atomic Beat Records. Years from now, this will be one of those collectors' conversation pieces. "Which one do you have?" "Which one is rarer?" "Which one is better?" The art work is different, this one contains two extra songs which are alternate versions taken from an extinct single, the song order is slightly altered and the material has been remastered. Other than that, it's the same blast of fuzzy instrumental bliss that only Davie Allan and The Arrows can produce. This is my favorite collection of material recorded after the late 60's era of classics like "Blues Theme" and "Apache '65." I'm a big fan of everything instro and this is one of those records I can listen to over and over without getting bored with it. Highly recommended for surf/hot rod nuts! -P.Edwin Letcher (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

DAYGLO ABORTIONS
"Here Today Guano Tomorrow" ✠
As if this hangover wasn't bad enough, here come The Dayglo Abortions, back for another round of hide the hamster. These sick motherfuckers sure haven't gotten any more mellow over the years and this beautiful mess is living testament. Topics addressed include fucking Satan, smelly bowel movements and drugged driving delivered over the noisiest din of metallurgy I've heard in ages... and let's not forget the recipe for "Hamster in Cream Sauce Flambe." It's really hard not to laugh with these guys. They're just so fucking stupid. I would probably not give this many repeated listenings, but just being reminded that the Dayglo Abortions are around makes the whole world a better place for me. I never understood why these guys didn't become huge. I'm not kidding. -Ken (God, PO Box 44132, 3170 Tillicum Rd. Victoria B.C., Canada V9A 7H7)

DEAD END KIDS
"Something for the Sickness" ⊙
I love these guys. They sound like every great old punk band mixed together, but no band in particular. They're funny and tragic and real but not taking themselves too seriously at the same time. Everything they've released is worth buying, and this new seven inch is killer, too. I want to ramble on and on about every song they've ever played and wax critical on its greatness, but I'd rather you just sent four bucks to Elevator and found out for yourself. -Juan Bastos (Elevator Music, PO Box 1502, New Haven, CT 06506)

DEAL'S GONE BAD
"Large and in Charge" ✠
More twotone ska featuring lyrics about daily life and highlighted by almost jazzy horn stylings. Although these guys are fantastic musicians and the album is damn catchy, I didn't find too much that blew me away. I guess if you're a diehard fan of straight up ska or the Chicago ska scene, look no further. -Josh (Jump Up!, 4409 1/2 N. Greenview, Suite 2W, Chicago, IL 60640)

DEGENERICS, THE
"No Comply" ⊙
Hailing from New Jersey, these guys have hints of ska, Dead Kennedys and Rudimentary Peni. It's pretty interesting and intrigues me at the same time. I'm interested in hearing more. Hopefully they will get in a better studio to do a full length so they have more control in producing a stronger sound but not changing their writing style. -Don (Beer City)

DEHUMANIZED
Self-titled ⊙
Pretty decent straight ahead punk. Snotty, barb-wirey Dick Subhuman vocals with slight gashuff wheeze/whine. The lyrics are standard: stuff about cops being bad, stuff about "them" and "them" being bad, all of the "i"'s are crossed with x's, and despite all of this, rocks pretty hard. Cool guitars that flay, intersect, and divebomb around with the drums capturing the edgy, delirious spasms that the Dead Kennedys patented. The sounds of the words come out like the vocalist's getting attacked by a swarm of insects injecting him with enough poison to get him pissed without hospitalization. Action packed. Comes in Jolly Rancher grape vinyl (but doesn't taste like it). -Todd (NRA, PO Box 21501, SF, CA 94121, USA)

DEMISE
"End of an Era" ✠
Despite existing for only five years ('87-'92) this southern California group made a big impact on some of today's thrash bands. This CD documents their brief history and includes recordings from their 10", 12", 8" flexi, "Furnace of Tension" EP and a couple of early demo tracks. A total of 37 tracks of energy-filled hardcore/thrash with alot of heart behind it all. Also, the last track is pretty cool (you'll have to check it out for yourself). -Richard (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd., Ste.313, Glendale, CA, 91202)

DEMISE
"End of an Era" ✠
The first time I saw these guys was I think in '89 or '90, when a band I was in played a show with them at the Country Club in Reseda. There are three things I remember about the gig: 1. Getting accosted by a bunch of skinheads who thought our song, "Macho Shithead Motherfuckin' Asshole" was about them, 2. My brother, dressed as Flavor Flav, doing full front flips and the "worm" all over the stage, 3. Demise going on. Demise that night was the aural equivalent of having the skin peeled back off of my face, and this collection of their recorded output is a good/bad reminder of that sensation. 37 tracks from four records and a demo are included here and almost all of them are faster than hell and devoid of the Napalm Death "metal" trappings that a lot of bands at the time were incorporating into their sound. I realized while listening to this that I must have seen these guys at least 15 other times during their career and didn't even realize it, 'cause I recognized roughly 80% of the songs on this. Beer does wonderful things for the memory, don't it? If you like your hardcore to sound like a blender on puree speed (as I occasionally do), it doesn't get much better thin this. Kudos to Mr. GTA for giving me a doozy of a headache and a sudden rush of bad memories. -Jimmy Alvarado (Grand Theft Audio, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd., Suite 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

DETERANTS, THE
"Pizza Guy" ⊙
These Ann Arbor habitants must like the Plimsouls and The Mats, 'cause what they got here on their 7 inch is their version of the two done in their own 3-piece style. Harder edge and more searing guitar for the next release, and ya have a hell of a band, people. Not bad. Not bad at all. -Designated Dale (Skidmark, PO Box 3846, Ann Arbor, MI 48106)

DETESTATION
Self-titled ⊙✠
Newest full length from this Oregon group. Crust core attack with great female vocals. The lyrics are protests to anything and everything they find wrong with this world. 12 tracks on the wax version and the CD includes tracks from the "Inhuman Conditions" EP and splits with Substandard and Abuso Sonoro. Fans of Nausea, Anti Product, and Resist will love this.-Richard (Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN, 55408)

DETHTHREAT
Self-titled EP
Eight tracks of total ripping hardcore. A lot of speed changes and a fucking noisy guitar. Good lyrics, screamed with a good dose of insanity. Complete rocking release all the way through. Great! -Thrashead (Prank, PO Box 410892, SF, CA, 94141)

DICKIES
"Stukas over Disneyland" ✠EP
You fucking bet. What other punk band sounds like Mickey Mouse with his rodent snacks being clamped by an overzealous four year old while taking ether whippits? And the rest of the band plays like if cartoons went horribly right and stormed out of your Saturday morning TV. If you weren't born by 1980, chances are you were too busy dancing to My Little Pony and haven't got the third installment of the mighty Dickies. (The A-side was recorded in 1980. Chuck Wagon died, they left A and M, took three years off, then went back into the studio in 1983 to record the B-side with Laurie Buhne (ex-Fear) and Jerry Angel (ex-Weirdos) - doing the ode to Chuck: "Wagon Train." "Stukas" was originally released on PVC Records and long out of print. The next Dickies recording would be 5 years later.) My personal bias is that I'll only listen to classic rock via Stan Lee; covered here is "Communication Breakdown" by the second-most overrated and over played band of the planet (Led Zepplin), and it's great stuff: talking penises, Mickey Mouse getting dive bombed, hunchbacked girlfriends, all the whack and friendly dementia that the Dickies are famous for (at least in LA). Search, find, buy, and smile. Twenty minutes of fun you can't have

any other way. -Todd (Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1NW)

DIGGERS, THE
"Mount Everest" ✠
The band on the current British pop scene that comes the closest to re-capturing the sound and magic of The Beatles (and let's be honest, that's what they all want to do deep down), is not Blur or Oasis or The Verve or any of the other bands that regularly make the cover of *New Musical Express*. Without giving it another thought, I would nominate the Scottish band, The Diggers. Their debut record "Mount Everest" is a treasure trove of pop gems that hark back to the days of Fab Fourdom. Even the name is a coy reference to the original title considered for "Abbey Road." The Diggers give us music that wouldn't be out of place on "Magical Mystery Tour" or the "White Album." If you dig The Beatles, Byrds, Hollies, Kinks, Zombies or Easybeats, then give the Diggers a listen. I dug The Diggers. -Martin Banner (Big Deal, PO Box #2072 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009-9998)

DILLINGER FOUR
"Midwestern Songs of the Americas" ✠
Anthemic hardcore not unlike Face To Face or AFI. Production's a little slim and the vocals are mixed low, but I got what they meant. Someone recommended I should see these guys. Seems they kick ass. Good shit. -Ken (Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

DIRTBOMBS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
The A side is an unabashed tribute to the *true glamour* of "Tina Louise." With its catchy, sing along chorus of "Tina Louise, Tina Louise, Tina Louise, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah," T.I.N.A. spell out, slam on Tori Spelling and urgent plea for a respite from all the *false glamour* of today, it makes you wonder if she was the reason Gilligan, subconsciously, didn't want off the island... Or was it Mary Ann? This is Mick Collins' latest group and he sings two of the three songs and is a looming presence production wise. On the flip side, Mick uses an echo/falsetto vocal style on "Little Miss Chocolate Syrup" and shows off his studio effects wizardry. It's a bit too funky/techno for my tastes but I can appreciate the Iggy, "Fun Time" inspired drum beat. Joe Greenwald sings, "Songs for Heather" which sounds to me like a hastily thrown together, drunk at 4AM with extra tape and studio time but no song kind of thing. The band is fuzzy and tight and offer great back up. As long as Mick keeps putting out records, I'll be more than happy to give them a listen. -P.Edwin Letcher (Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

DIRTY BURDS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Seat of the pants punk rock from four young London lasses. There is a strong 60's influence and, although there is only one voice, there will undoubtedly be a number of comparisons made to Thee Headcoates. Both songs, "It's a Lie" and "Weasel's Lair," are warnings to other girls to avoid the rotten cads they are likely to encounter dating. There are no musical skills to speak of; the drummer is about as crude as they get and the guitar and bass are not much more evolved, but they have good energy and I for one prefer this to technical finesse without focus. You'd have to go to the Alps to find more echo and the vocals are dirtied up enough that it takes a few listens to figure out what the 15 year old whistle blower is saying about her chump encounters. Very nice. -P.Edwin Letcher (Mademoiselle, 24 Portland Rise, London, N4 2PP, UK)

DISASSOCIATE
"Symbols, Signals, and Noise" ✠
Great follow up to their "Control Power" full length. Out of NY, Disassociate rip out 23 tracks (8 of which were originally released on their "Murder the Mind" 7"). Surprisingly enough there is not a lot of the noise I expected. This is some awesome grind/hardcore thrash. Ralphy Boy's vocals are as obnoxious as ever. The standout track is one called "The Plan" which fuckin' rules. Soon to be released on vinyl. -Richard (Devastated Soundworks, PO Box 20691, NY, NY, 10005)

DISASSOCIATE
"Symbols, Signals, and Noise" ✠
The second extremely bombastic full length release from NY's powerhouse Disassociate. Blasting grindcore that tears your head off, the track "The Plan" is a fucking classic thrash ripper, that destroys. Other tracks like "Lost Society," "System Kills," "Laws," etc. will blow your mind. Great social and political lyrics, sparring the dogma. The track "Government's Best Kept Secret" is especially hard hitting on the AIDS issue. Then of course you have some noise and experimental tracks that are a big part of Disassociate as well. There isn't as much noise here as their last album, but it's still great. The CD also has the "Murder The Mind" EP as bonus tracks. That rocks as well. Everything about the CD is top notch from the music, the production, right down to the packaging. The cover art is really interesting. A totally essential release, fucking get it. -Thrashead (Devastating Soundworks, PO Box 20691, NY, NY, 10009)

DISCO STRANGER
"Stranger Said Than Done..." ✠
Sounds like funk, kinda like Kool and the Gang watered down heavily, but still OK. These guys remind me of the local good high school jazz band on lots of weed, beer, and cheap coke. Best lyric: "The taste of your mouth and your pubic arrangement makes me want to go down on you." -Arthur Robert (Swivel)

DISFEAR
"Everyday Slaughter" ✠
Brutal fucking crusty thrash from these masters. This is their second full length release. Raging dis-core with a full on heavy production that will crush your ass. They get better with every release. It's cool that Osmose is starting to put out stuff like this. Incredible tunes with excellent political lyrics. For fans of Disfear's old stuff, this will rock your world. Pick this fucker up and die. -Thrashead (Osmose, B.P. 57, 62990 Beaurainville, France)

DISSUCKS
Self-titled ⊙
This 5 songer just spits out the anger. Blasts of originality - musically - in their approach of hardcore venom. The vocals sound like there is blood shooting out of the singer's throat on subjects that disturb him. Luckily, there are many things in this world that pisses off this band. -Don (Beer City)

DODELHAIE
"Mitternacht" ✠
"Midnight?" Anyway this is a German melodicore band. Their first two songs are kick ass and they have several other excellent ones, but much of this CD isn't up to Wizo, much less Snuff, ha ha. Just kidding, actually their melodies do remind me of Wizo a lot. And unlike Wizo they are consistently hard and furious. I'd say they're about as good as Face To Face, and like FTF they need to write more good songs. This would have made a killer 7" EP with the best tracks, the others not being actually bad or anything. Sung entirely in German, which I like. I hate European punk bands that sing in English in order to sell records (are you listening Swedes?). Bitchen graphics on the jewel case, darkly dramatic. -ShitEd (Impact)

DOG
"Three Headed Death Dog" ✠
Dog are a noise group from the east coast, recently migrated out west to Southern Cal. They mostly experiment with harsh power electronics, and percussives. Some of their stuff is ambient and textured, the rest a nice deafening wall of sound. The metal percussion adds a lot as well. This CD is a good demonstration of that. If you dig noise, dog will definitely bite you. -Thrashead (Detector , 6524 Harco St., Long Beach, CA, 90808)

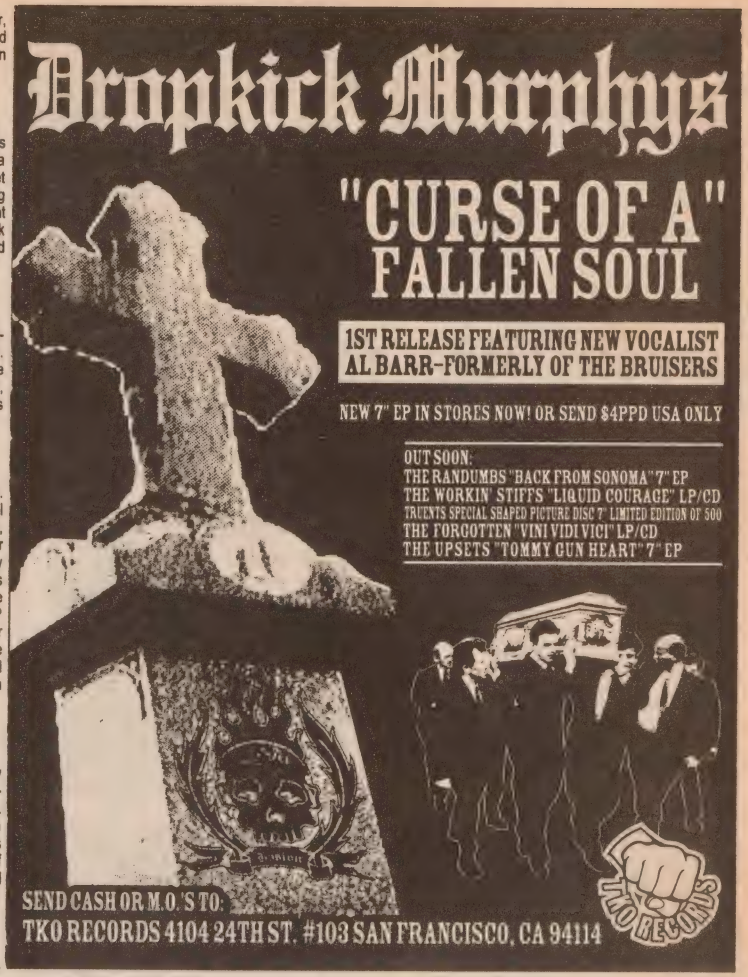
DONOVAN'S BRAIN
"Carelessly Restored Art" ✠
Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream. Or pump it full of psychotronic intruders and wig out. These guys are into Syd Barrett era Pink Floyd in a big way and probably have every LSD inspired album from the late 60's. Eerie sound effects on everything from the vocals to the guitars to the harpsichord... And beyond. Over half is from a rock opera called "Shambaholic." The lyrics are obtuse and reflect an obsession with getting on the same wave length as all the head cases of yore. Probably the best indication of where these 60's experimentation tag-alongs are coming from is the title of one of their songs, "Make a Noise Quietly." Consummate dedication to studio gimcrackery makes for a convincing recreation of a truly bizarre genre. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

DOOM
"Peel Sessions" ✠
Oh oh! These are recordings from 1988 and 1989 of the John Peel Show. I think these were on vinyl at one time but I never saw a copy. If you never heard of Doom before, where have you been? Great cover of Black Sabbath's "Symptom of the Universe" and Discharge-influenced UK punk. -Don (Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Road, London NW1 9EA)

DOUBLECROSS, THE
"What You Don't Know Is
One Less Thing They Have to Lie About" ⊙
6 songs of average, good ole American punk. All about the same mid to fast tempo being angry about something songs. I guess everybody needs a chance to get their 15 minutes of fame. I had mine. Mid 80's, mid western style punk. -Don (Beer City)

DRAGONS, THE
"Cheers to Me" ⊙
It's very, very difficult to talk about The Dragons without talking about the Dolls, Heartbreakers, or the obviously sound Zeros influence in the same sentence. Don't get me wrong - I love all three of the previous mentioned bands to my grave, but being influenced to the point of sheer distinction turns me off. -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

DRAGS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
One of my favorite bands is finally back in the saddle after losing a drummer and touring with a temporary fill in. This single finds CJ, Lorca and Splat in a heavy reverb/echo mood. Splat does a fine job behind the skins. "I Killed Rock and Roll" is a bit of a Crampsy 1-4-5 thing built on a hypnotic, repetitious riff. There is a classic arena rock false ending about two thirds of the way through. "Blacklight" opens with the most minimal drum beat around and I'd bet he could play it with one hand.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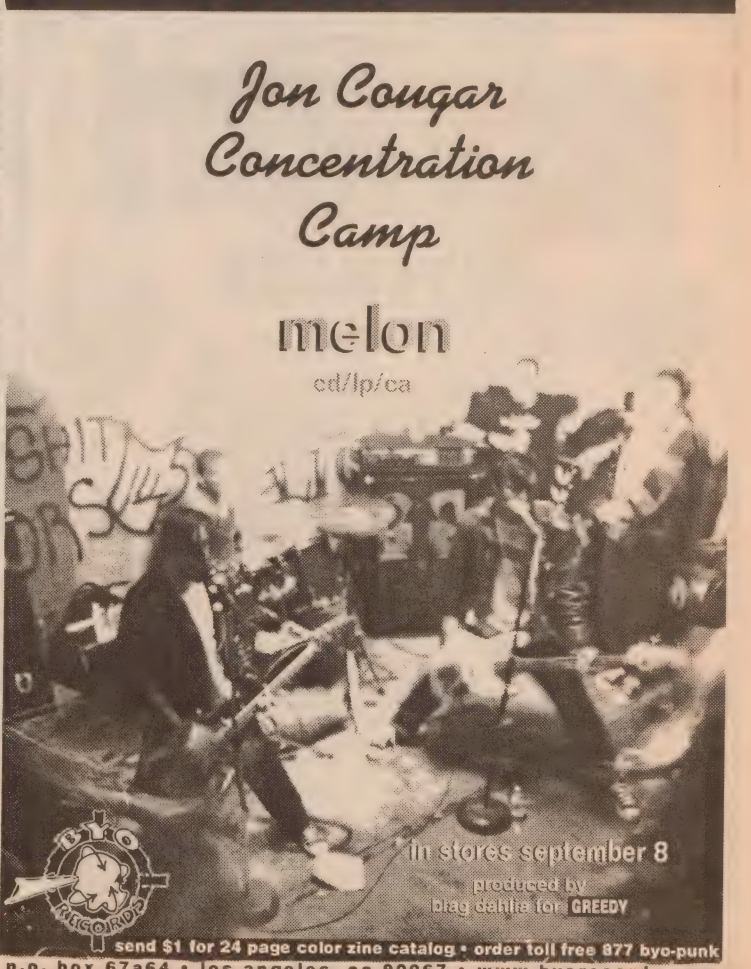
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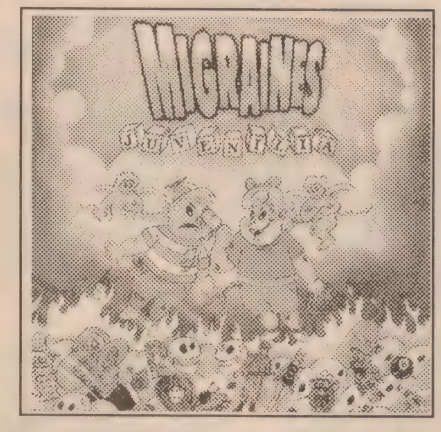

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ONEFOOT RECORDS

This song is even more crude than the A-side. Lorca lays down a swell bass line while CJ goes off on a cheap guitar tirade complete with feedback and whammy excess. The whole thing is as trashy as I want it to be. Both dirty ditties are sung with vim, vigor and vitality with the occasional back up vocal. The lyrics are nearly incomprehensible but after I've played this a few dozen times I'm sure I'll have them down. Yahoo. -P.Edwin Letcher (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

DREAD, THE
Self-titled ✠
This a collection of all their vinyl all on one CD. 31 tracks in all makes this a worthwhile purchase since record collectors are still driving up the price of old releases. These songs were recorded in the time period between '91 through '97. No frills punk rock that reminds you why you got here in the first place. A good sampling of this band from the Bay area. Did you typo my brother's name on the thank you list? -Don (Dummyup, PO Box 642634, SF, CA 94164-2634)

DRILLER KILLER
"Fuck the World" ✠
This is their third CD, and it's the most brutal one yet, from this consistently killer Swedish outfit. Straight up metallic thrash that the Swedish are masters at. There's no let up, it's just non stop thrash death here. Every song is a powerhouse that will crush you into oblivion. Don't take my word for it, pick this fucker up and prepare to be laid to waste. Fucking classic. Another extreme winner from Osmose. -Thrashead (Osmose, B.P. 57, 62990 Beaurainville, France)

EIN HEIT
"The Lightning and the Sun" ✠
Slowass selloutoid sucky twisty and maybe soon to be successful alternative pop. What the fuck was I thinking grabbing this for review? (Rhetorical questions need no answers - the answer is the question itself) I'll tell you anyway: the cover graphics with barbed wire made me think it might be cool. Wrong. -ShitEd (Temporary Freedom, 123 12th Ave. E. (front), Seattle, WA 98102)

EL CENTRO
"Alto!" ✠
High production punk from OC produced by Jed the Fish from KROQ. They remind me a lot like Dead Lazlo's Place on their more rock numbers and Sublime with their mix of OC punk and some ska guitar strumming thrown in. I do like their cover of "Wild in the Streets." They also sound like Manic Hispanic writing their own songs. For those in search of a more old school OC sounding band will like these guys. Their roots definitely glow and having Casey Royer from the Adolescents/DI to help out is not half bad. -Don (Finger)

EL MARIACHI
"Wenn Blicke Toten" ⊙
Wow! Here's one that surprised me. I thought that from what I saw from the cover that this - one of those mystery meat tragedies - was going to get reviewed and sold for beer money. I was wrong and I am glad. Melodic 90's style punk that would fall between what is released on Crackle and Fat. Strong song melodies and well thought out lyrics make this a keeper. -Don (Shrapnell, Mauerstr. 28, 37073 Gottingen, Germany)

END OF THE WORLD
Self-titled ⊙
This was handed to me with the person saying, "You like Screw 32, right? It's one of those guys." Solid recommendation. Nothing like the aforementioned band. Brings to mind Tanner, Drive Like Jehu, or Shoegazer where the force of the music, the jangleyness and tough edges, the volume, the almost indecipherable lyrics, but the tied-tight energy exploding and collapsing like a human lung getting thrust into a deep sea; where it even hurts to breathe and the water above your head has caught fire, filled the entire room. If jazz wasn't only music but essence that was kept in those big chemical tankers on the freeway, this'd be one of the rocks it hits so it tips over, exploding and damaging everyone in the immediate vicinity. Nice, gnarled, and when it's fast, goes right for a choke hold. -Todd (Cheetah, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

ERADICATE
"Broken" ⊙
German hardcore sang in both English and German. A little too raw in the production for me. Average mid tempo to fast HC that strayed close to sounding straight edge on their songs that were sung in English. The songs that were sung in German were much better in my opinion. The power of the language and music mended together produced a better effect. Good effort if this is their first release, but I will keep my eye out for next release to see if there is improvement. -Don (Bad Influence, c/o Stefan Fuchs, Ludwig-Thoma-Str.14,D - 93051, Regensburg, Germany)

EUNUCH/
SEVEN MINUTES OF NAUSEA Split ⊙
Eunuch is a one-man project with only guitars and vocals. Intelligent lyrics and great hardcore/thrash that reminds me of Neos and Vilently Ill. 7M.O.N. are at it again with the crazy ass noise that only they can do. 250 tracks total and all of the tracks have lyrics written for them. It's good to see these guys still doing their thing even though they've been around for close to 10 years. -Richard (Ecocentric c/o Matthias, PO Box 572, 56005 Koblenz, Germany)

EX MIRROR
"Trans-Species Action" ✠
Experimental sound stuff. For the initiated only. If you don't know the secret handshake, go directly to jail, do not pass go, and do not collect $200.00. -Kirin (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

EXPLODER, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Bands like this exhaust me. How many ways can you come up with to say something sucks? Should I call them The Imploder? Should I again go on another tirade about people who just scream into the microphone? I guess I'll just say that this band, like this review, is completely uninspired. -Juan Bastos (Jackpot, PO Box 4249, Richmond, VA 23220)

F - MINUS
"Failed Society" EP
These guys seriously sound like they could have easily come out of the early 80's hardcore scene. But these songs were recorded earlier this year, in the cynical decade of the 90's. Pretty good hardcore punk in all its raw and thrashy glory. F-Minus play hardcore the way it's meant to be played, literally. There's even a cover of Black Randy's "Trouble at the Cup." -M.Avrg (Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026)

FEUD, THE
"Only the Finest Ingredients" ✠
Cow punk with the "cow" emphasized. Funny lyrics over that overly fun country western sound. It only sat well with me for only a few songs but others with a higher attention span will truly find this enjoyable. The Tammy Wynette cover of "Stand" was just too much for me. -Don (FT)

FIFTY FOOT COMBO
"Go Hunting!" ✠
Exotic, instrumental music from Belgium. Lots of surf stuff, but there is also a primitive, percussive, let there be drums element and an eerie, dark side to the band that is hinted at in the titles and expressed in their work. "It's Alive," "The Brain from Planet X" and "I Think I Shot Her" convey a subtle sense of unease. One song, "Robin Boy Wonder," is a sprightly vocal number and the band brought one of their go-go dancers, Juliette, into the studio to sing it so they didn't have to. "Dimitrius," "Hully Gully," "Robin Boy Wonder" and "Drums a Go Go" are covers. The rest are Fifty Foot Combo originals that are just as interesting and full of dramatic charm as any other tunes of this genre. -P.Edwin Letcher (Z-Braah, Kerkstraat 15, 1820 Melsbroek, Belgium)

FILM STAR
"Tranquil Eyes" ✠
This is good, flavorful rock and roll with a stoner '70s vibe. I'm getting sounds like your mellow to full-on rock - lots of guitar, Hammond B-3, and other keyboard sounds. They sound kind of like the Black Crowes. -Arthur Robert (Super Cottonmouth)

FINAL EXIT/IRONIA
Split ⊙
Japan's Final Exit come out with another great piece of vinyl. Their side of this split is entitled "Tribute to Kiss" and, to no surprise, includes 3 Kiss cover tunes. The mixture of the cover tracks along with their noise core style make this very unique. Ironia (from Barcelona, Spain) play extremely sick gore-grind in the vein of Gut (just not as good). Some of the deepest vocals you'll hear in some time. Limited to 1,000. -Richard (Machismo Prod., PO Box 3023, South Brisbane, B.C., 4101 Qld., Australia)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM, THE
Self-titled ⊙
These guys are quirky as all (Richard) Hell. All four songs are nervous rock done at a rapid clip. "Viva El Gato" establishes the non stop rant and rave. "Fighting with Knives" has an appropriate Sharks vs. Jets undercurrent. "Von Ferno" displays the MC5 bluster that is mentioned in the hype sheet and the band does it whole hog, high pitched wail and all. The vocalist sounds to me like one of the Beastie Boys for a line or two but the rest of the time he's racing along with his patented manic chatter. The band is fast and tight and prone to using lots of dissonant chording, odd notes, intricate time changes and precision rhythmic gymnastics. The guitar is often out in left field some where, blazing through some crazed freeform noodling. These guys are from Montana which probably expiains the psychotic barrage. -P.Edwin Letcher (Empty, PO Box 12034 Seattle, WA 98102)

FIZZBIN
"Left End Girlfriend" ✠
These guys suffer from serious Sugar damage, particularly on "Sleeping on the Beach" and "Cling On," with the only variation in the formula being Green Dayesque vocals and the slight Nirvana-meets-Weezer flairs that pop now and again. The performance is good and they seem to be enjoying what they're doing, which, I guess, is most important, but their lack of individuality leaves a bitter taste in my mouth. I probably wouldn't hate this so much if they were at least *trying* to carve their own niche instead of copying the same shit over and over again. "This song sucks (word up)/But here comes the cool

part, so hold on"?! Give me a fucking break. -Jimmy Alvarado (Copies of this, I guess, are available from Locked Groove Entertainment, PO Box 948301, Maitland, FL 32794-8301)

FLACHENBRAND
"Volkermord" 3" Mini ✠
Out of nowhere comes this CD of great German thrash. Awesome power violence (oh no, there's that word again). Very reminiscent to Hellnation and Infest. 11 tracks in 9 1/2 minutes. Props to R.S.S. for putting out this gem. Can't wait to hear more. -Richard (R.S.S. c/o Sandro, Strasse Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, Germany)

FLIPPER
"Live at CBGB's" ✠
A Shatter-less performance from 1983 under the name Billy Sacrifice and the Little Italians by the band voted most likely to cause an aneurysm. Loved and hated, worshiped and reviled, Flipper and their PET Rock subgenre always guaranteed a reaction from those that were subjected to their shows. While this is a recording of one of their less inspired performances, it does have its moments, especially "I Saw You Shine." Fans of the Melvins and Persons who like their music annoying should pick up a copy of "Public Flipper Limited" and see how it's supposed to be done. -Jimmy Alvarado (Overground, P0 Box INW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 INW UK)

FLUF
"Road Rage" ✠
I met O from Fluf probably over ten years ago when he used to take pictures of punk bands at the local gigs and live in his truck. We used to skateboard around the concert halls before they let the crowd in. Nothing like a smooth surface to speed around on. This is his latest band that I thought was on a major. Since punk is not profitable anymore, they probably got dropped. Well the second best thing is hooking up with Fat Mike. Very melodic, garagey pop rock that I found to be a very good listen with the exception of "Garden Weasel" which is more of hard rocker. I am a little biased though. I seem to like most of what comes out on Fat Wreck/Honest Don's -Don (Honest Don's)

FORGOTTEN, THE
"Class Separation" EP
These guys play early oi, complete with the huge sounding chorus where it sounds like a stadium singing along. The influence is obviously English, as it shows up not only in the music, but in the way the singer has a slight fake British accent. It's kind of funny. Don't get me wrong, this is good, but it's funny to hear American bands doing the English thing. Hmmm... -M.Avrg (TKO)

FRACAS
Self-titled ⊙
Fracas are cool to me, 'cause in the sense that if Gene Simmons fronted a heavy/dirge kinda group, this would be it. "Fire Song" bein' the near-perfect example as it's living proof that there was a part 2 to "God of Thunder." Guttural vocals, heavy/Sabbath-like bass, tribal stompin' drums, and the fuzzy buzz of guitar make this one a keeper for lovers of heavy, heavy, lo-fi partytime music, kiddies. -Designated Dale (Fracas, PO Box 423085, SF, CA 94142-3085)

FRENCHY
"Che's Lounge" ✠
Hot on heels on their brilliant first release, Frenchy come back and knock you dead with some right on lounge groove. They also include some rock, pop, and latin stylings, as well as the cool straight up lounge jazz feel. Ex-Dead Kennedys guitarist East Bay Ray adds a lot to the group already full sound. The CD is catchy all the way through. There is not one slow moving tune on here. This is totally full of personality and toe tapping fun. Great covers of jazz tunes like "When I Get Low," latin style tunes like "Tico Tico" and a great lounge version of Black Flag's "Jealous Again" that will knock the pants off of you. There's also some fantastic originals like "Tag On Your Toe," "White Sands," and "Atlas Powder." This a great CD with guaranteed fun for all. So suck down a couple of martinis and groove to the cool sounds of Frenchy, they fucking rock. -Thrashead (Dionysus , PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA, 91507)

FRIGG A-GO-GO
"Frigg-a-licious" ⊙
These guys are working a similar vein as the Makers but throw in some cheesy 60's organ and, for the most part, aren't as frenzied. "Jenny Walker" is a hypnotic, plodding boogie thing with heart felt vocals, dirty fuzz leads and a steady bass line. "Hard Working Man" is a tad quirkier but just as much the blue eyed soul groover. The gloves come off for "The Beat of My Heart," which rivals the aforementioned Makers on several levels, including power output and vocal affectation. Here, "heart" becomes something like "howt." These cats favor the black suit look as well. -P.Edwin Letcher (360 Twist!, PO Box 9367, Denver, CO 80209)

FUCK ON THE BEACH
"Fastcore on the Beach" ⊙
Fastcore indeed! Slap A Ham does it again, this time with this 3 piece from Japan. Amazing, lightning speed, thrash that kinda sounds like Charles Bronson. 14 tracks with 3 way vocal madness. I was expecting something in the range of 30 tracks on this EP, still I don't think any of these tracks clock in at over a minute. A definite for all thrashers. -Richard (Slap a Ham, PO Box 420843, SF, CA, 94142-0843)

FUN
"Chaos" ✠ R D
Andy's a recording engineer by trade, so he's got access to do his demo on a burned CD rather than cassette, fuckin' A! Starts out slow on the first song, too slow for me, then picks it up into a sorta cool, smeared reality tune, then by the 3rd track it's the Fun I love: fast, hard, pounding out great songs as hard as possible. Move over ALL and Pegboy and make some room next to you, NYC has a monster punk band called Fun that can do it right too. 6 songs so far on this CDR, 3 fast and 3 slower. I dunno how many will be on the final release, their debut CD was 13. -ShitEd (Polywog Recording Co, 109 St Mark's Place #24 NYC, NY 10009)

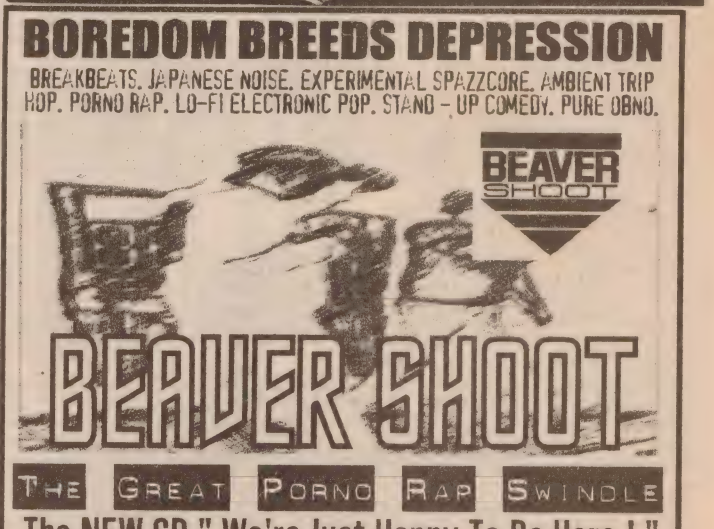
FUNERAL ORATION
"Survival" ✠
As melodious an out-of-work musician whistling, driving a school bus and as forceful as said school bus running into a line of pedestrians, comes Funeral Oration, one of Holland's longest running punk bands, slowly transforming from the remarkable thrash from - christ '83 or so - to the sound of and aluminum bat - ping - on a skull pop-punk. Fast, blurry, almost like concentrating at the split painted line dividing lanes of traffic going 65 - dizzying if you pay too close attention and watch every blip. It tends to all blend in together and almost has the feel that the CD is one long song, and that's OK by me. Tight, flawless, hard, functional, and contained notes, Funeral Oration's like a big shiny ball bearing in a tough machine. All that said, some of the songs are downright sweet in tone. -Todd (Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

FUNERAL ORATION
"Communion/Shadowland" ✠
Funeral Oration are another one of those bands that changed the way I thought about music. At the time I heard them pretty much everything I listened to was on the fast and noisy trip. Funeral Oration came along in 1985 with their "Communion" LP and stuck melody in the fast and noisy thing. I was throughly impressed, I had never heard a band pull that off. To play extremely fast and noisy, but with a sense of melody. The whole "Communion" LP is like that. A couple months later I picked up their previous release "Shadowland" from 1984, and was equally impressed. Funeral Oration along with a couple of other European bands played what a few people called melodic thrash. The American equivalent at the time was Husker Du. Eventually melodic thrash degenerated into some of the pop punk we know of today. I've have not heard anything of recent really match with these guys did back then. A sense of urgency and power with the melody. Both these records remain some of my favorite releases of all time. This is head kicking music you can hum along to. Fantastic top notch lyrics as well. Both of the mentioned releases are both here in there entirety on one CD. Another must in the hardcore history department. Maybe the popsters can learn something from this. -Thrashead (Nasty Vinyl)

GIMMICKS, THE
"High Heels" ✠
The band is fronted by Mark Starr who takes his cues from a long line of rock and roll screamers. At one time or another, his shifting howls and yammers bring to mind one or more of the following: Iggy Pop, Tom Verlaine, Jon Wahl of Claw Hammer, Jon Spencer and Richard Hell. There are no ballads so the high volume caterwaul is always in sync. The gents are mid tempo, straight ahead, soul/rock/dirge delivery men and provide a solid and varied landscape for the plaintive wails and urgent bellows. I'm guessing the band would list Pussy Galore as a major influence. Recorded and mixed by Tim Kerr who adds organ to the basic two guitars, bass and drums set up, on two tracks. -P.Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

GONKULATOR
"Satan's Burial Ground" ✠
Out of the gut of Satan himself comes Gonkulator. This is the shit, man! Pounding sludge/black metal to heavy grind to a noise track which is actually an Anal Cunt cover track. Also, with song titles like "Miserable Excuse for a God" and "Blasphemous Crucifixion Device" you know what you are getting yourself into. The booklet is possibly the best feature here. You'll see everything in the book - facepaint, candles, pentagrams, skulls, and upside down crosses. One of the best of the year. -Richard (Fudgeworthy, 18 Ste. 8 Steven Dr., Woburn, MA, 01801-5366)

GOTOHELLS
"Burning Bridges" ✠
Third full length release from these Florida rock dudes. Straight ahead, bad boy boogie along the same lines as the Humpers. The only guest action comes from eight friends who provide a high school cheer on a number called, "Hot Rod High." Drinking, rocking and "doing it" are the dominant themes and if you asked them about these pursuits they would probably say something like "Fuckin' A Right." A few songs have harmonies that remind me of early Jam. Some make me think of the Dead Boys on downers. On others, the spirit of Johnny Thunders is conjured up effectively during the obligatory lead breaks. There is even one tune that cops an AC/DC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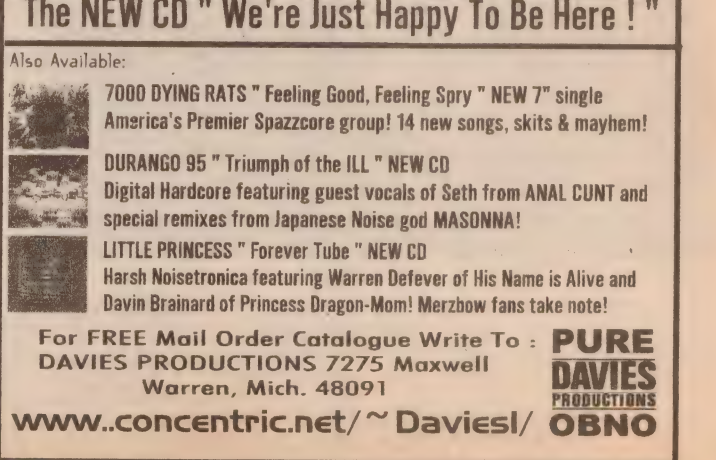
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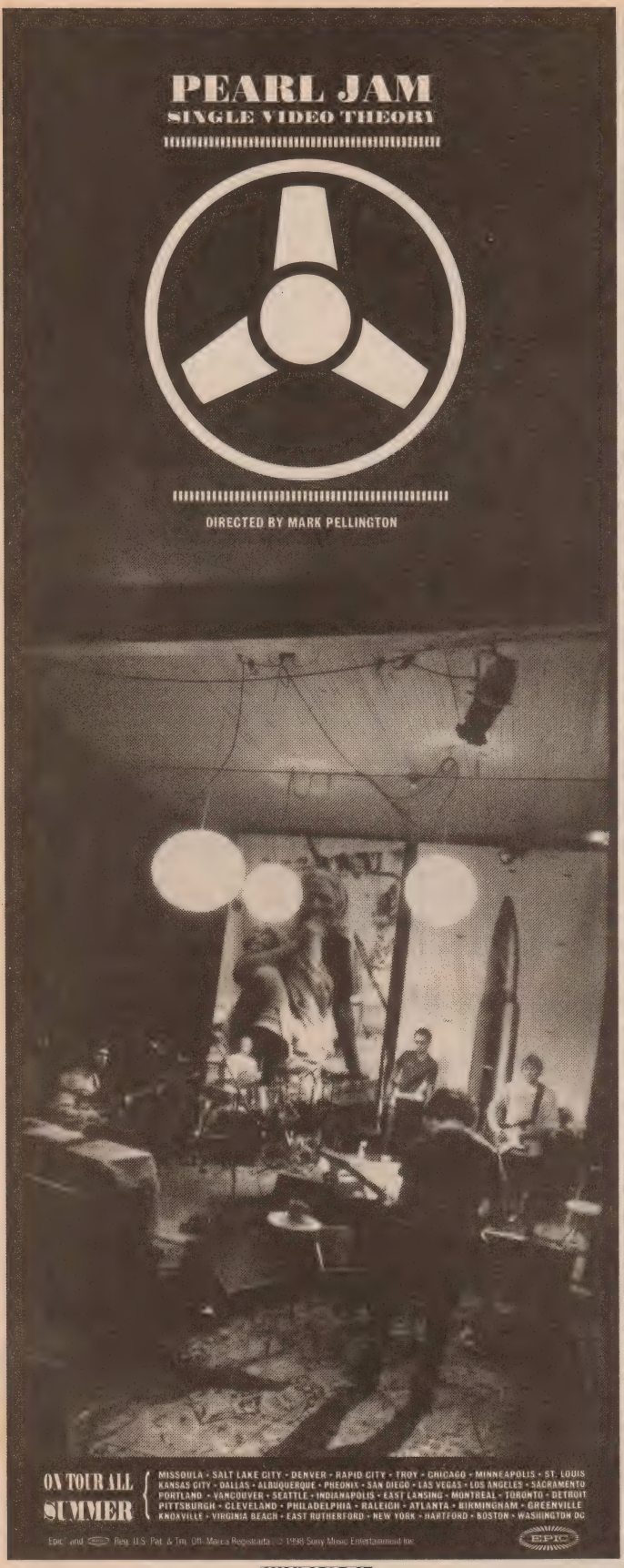
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groove and features some affected vocal gimcrackery. -P.Edwin Letcher (Vagrant, 2118 Wilshire Bl. #361, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

GUITAR WOLF
Self-titled ⊙
Leave it to Guitar Wolf to turn a foreboding weather report into a blast of rock and roll fury. The A-side of this 3 song single is "Kaminari One." Thanks to the handy translation insert, I now know how to say "thunder." The story revolves around a road trip "on a tear-up-the-highway night" that gets gnarly when a hurricane starts brewing. It's a lot more stirring than you might imagine. On the other side of the platter, Seiji, Toru and Billy continue the sonic onslaught with "Captain Guitar," which appeared on the "Run, Wolf, Run" CD and a cover of "Slow Down" that I believe features Billy on vocal. It seems to me that it is high time for another full length release from the world's toughest Link Wray incarnation. In the mean time, this is just what the doctor ordered. -P.Edwin Letcher (Less Than TV, 332 Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan)

GUTFIDDLE
"Kung Foolery" ✠
Take mid-period Orange County dual octave guitar fills, a quick rhythm section playin' that good ol' popcore and a singer who sounds like Janus from the Muppets and you've got a band that sounds almost exactly like every other band playing this style. YAWN. By the way, your songs are way too fuckin' long. Who do you think you are, the Doors? -Jimmy Alvarado (Onefoot, PO Box 3834, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034-0592)

HATERS
"Drunk On Decay" ✠
Gerald's back with more noise mayhem. This time all noise made is from a suspended funnel, that is amplified, and is dragging on rotating sandpaper. Each performance the object holding the suspended funnel gets larger. There are three performances documented here. The sound is somewhere between droning and harsh. Good stuff here. -Thrashead (Relapse/Release, PO Box 251, Millerville, PA, 17551)

HAWG JAW
"It's Been 365 of Those Days"
I hit a bird when I was driving down the road today, and karma has already gotten back at me by making me listen to this record one more time, give it one more chance before writing it off as crap. Well, it's still crap. The singer just screams and the music is too slow. The drummer's fills in space pretty well. This could be because there's plenty of space to fill in during these dragged out hardcore anthems. If it's more than that, he should be in a better band. -Juan Bastos (Retard, 2304 Harvard Ave. #3, Metairie, LA, 70001)

HEADCOATS, THEE/LOLLIPOP
Split ⊙
One of the more desperate songs I've heard from this band of English gentlemen of rock and roll. The song is a three chord "Gloria" type thing with a change up chorus. Billy's voice is so laden with cheap effects that it is hard to fathom what he's saying. But enough phrases like "smiling lies" and "self destruct" come through, that I know this is somebody done somebody wrong number. The chorus is the clincher, "I won't flick you but I wanna get flicked!" The flip is by Lollipop and is more of a modern blues recreation vehicle with shades of the MC5. There is a certain amount of similarities in the two songs including a driving incessant beat, an abrasive vocal and the over all tone. The Lollipop tune is aptly titled, "Go to Hell." -P.Edwin Letcher (AmRep, 2200 4th St. NE, MPLS, MN 55418)

HEAVIER
"Down to Earth" ✠
Female/male vocals over a repetitive bass guitar heavy drone. More of a mood-elevating, slower-paced experience on their slower songs. They do speed it up on other tracks that gives it some punk edge. Reminded me of a cross of Lush mixed with the Cowboy Junkies and some Sonic Youth when they are more musical. -Don (Useless, 760 North Hoover Street, Suite 107, LA, CA 90029)

HENTCHMEN FEATURING JACK WHITE
Self-titled ⊙
Imagine a bathtub without a rubber duck. Hard, isn't it? Now imagine the Hentchmen you've come to love, through three albums and a ton of singles, without that distinctive organ. For me, it's just as difficult, but the new sound is quite strong. The fellers have picked a pair of winning covers; the Yardbirds' "Psycho Daisies" and the ultra groovy, "Some Other Guy" from the Big-3, added some fine bass and tough harmonies and come away with a great little record. In your face, 60's power blues rock. But, is this a line up change or a one off side project? I'll keep you posted. -P.Edwin Letcher (Italy Records, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

HIGHWAY 13
"Been Up to the Devil's Business" ✠
This is the closest to the Reverend Horton Heat I've ever heard. The guitar is not as stellar but the song structures, subject matter and vocal tone and mannerisms are fairly close to right on. To be fair, both outfits are mining the same rockabilly vein and there are shades of original 50's boogie as well as hints of each era of rediscovery including some Stray Cats licks. You can count on at least a few tunes about cars, girls and booze and with "Stepside Chevy," "Cool Rockin', Baby" and "Dead Broke Drunk," you've just scratched the surface. Stand up bass, bare bones drum kit and classic hollow body electric guitar. Good production and songs. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

HIS HERO IS GONE
"Monuments to Thieves" ✠
There some real heavy hitting hardcore and thrash on this. The music takes on this discordant sound, and sometimes they come off even melodic. The songs rapidly changes tempo and structure, but don't lose any of the heaviness or the edge that drives this release. It sort of reminds of really early Neurosis, but with way more punch. There's some well written lyrics about inner turmoil and personal wars. This release combines many elements of current and older hardcore and do brilliantly with them. Fucking rocking release. -Thrashead (Prank., PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141)

HITMEN
"Rack 'em Up" ⊙ EP
Hardcore with that "tough guy" sound coupled with some pretty insightful lyrics, especially "In Demand." Not a bad release. I'd like to know more about these guys. -Jimmy Alvarado (Quincey Shanks, PO Box 3035, St. Charles, IL 60174)

HOME GROWN
"Act Your Age" ✠
Major label release of these ska/punk monsters. People in the punk community that liked them will dismiss them with their decision. I'm having problems with this release because of the over-blown production which got rid of a lot of their edge. I've also grown tired of hearing them on the radio all the time with their hit "Surfer Girl." At first listen, I didn't think this was the same band because of all the sugar coating the label probably provided. I'll probably grow to enjoy this release after the review comes out. I am a sucker for good production and I just have to get over the fact that these guys had some money this time around for recording and sound different to me. For a side note, please send Flipside the whole package. The promo packages with no covers really suck! -Don (Outpost)

HORSHACKS, THE
"Jeremy is Drunk" ⊙
Another average release from Beer City. 7 short, mid-tempo blasts of punk with snotty vocals that just didn't do anything for me. Raw production and mediocre music are all I can say. It would have excited me more 15 years ago. -Don (Beer City)

HUNTINGTONS
"High School Rock" ✠
Is that an ode to the Ramones? Well they are very similar to them. Three chord maximum punk fun. I'm not sure if they are Christian since they are on Tooth and Nail. But they are definitely big fans of the Ramones and are heavily influenced by them. Maybe I'm wrong and they sound more like the Riverdales. -Don (Tooth and Nail)

I-SPY
"Perversity Is Spreading ... It's About Time!!!" ✠
Thrashy hardcore punk band from Canada. Very chaotic and wild sounding. Not too bad of songwriting, so it would be cool to see what they turned into in a couple of years. Unfortunately the liner notes are in past tense, as though the band broke up, and then put this out as a memory. They sound like they're from the mid-80's to me. 26 tracks. Best of luck, I-Spy. -ShitEd (G-7 Welcoming Committee, Box 3-905 Corydon Ave., Winnipeg, MB/R3M-3S3, Canada)

IDIOTS
Self-titled ⊙
SF's version of NY style hardcore. The vocalist reminded me of Billy Milano of S.O.D. and some of the music did too. The music is pretty ballsy if you like that style of brutish punk. Half decent for what I thought would be just another bland release. -Don (Beer City)

IN/HUMANITY
"The History..." ✪ & ⊙
Great and interesting hardcore spread over a 12" 45, and a 7". Really punchy tunes with a real noisy guitar. There are speed changes galore. The lyrics go from social to weird, telling a story. If you like In/humanity's other releases, you'll like this too. Get it. -Thrashead(Prank, PO Box 410892, SF, CA., 94141)

IN MY EYES
"The Difference Between" ✠
The new breed of 90's east coast style hardcore, Boston to be exact. I'm not sure if they are straight edge or what since I only got a promo without a lyric sheet to see what they are yelling about. I had to look up that they were straight edge in an ad that I saw for this release. If this means anything to you, they have current and ex-members of Fastbreak and Ten Yard Fight. Fast almost old school sounding punk rock with the usual chanted choruses. A very solid release that I really can't find any fault in. This is a definite keeper. -Don (Revelation)

INFECTED, THE
"American Disaster" ⊙
More of the same from Beer City. Another band, another 7". This would be okay if the drummer was a little better. I see in a picture inside the sleeve that there is a picture

of the drummer with a double bass kit. I suggest a single and more practice. From what looks like a pencil drawn doodle for cover art to average hardcore songs makes this a mediocre release. -Don (Beer City)

INITIAL DETONATION
Self-titled ⊙
Throat-burning twin attack with male and female vocals over powerful crust rage. Recorded live without the loss of power. The loss of production on this is beneficial in keeping this raw. Personally, I would have over dubbed the vocals to bring them out a little more. Musically, this is great. Sounds like they are well-seasoned musicians and this is not their first band. Songs are well crafted and the spirit of their songs is the fuel that keeps the punk fire lit. Got me excited! -Don (Sensual Underground Ministries, PO Box 8545, Tulsa, OK 74101)

INSECT, THE
"Detroit Sessions" ⊙
60's punk that's kinda hit and miss; but when it hits, it's dead on. Little touches of Love and the Seeds are all over this, and "Satisfied" sounds like the Standells covering "Psychotic Reaction." I bet this would've been huge in the underground 32 years ago. My mom liked it, but, then again, she likes the Beach Boys, too. -Jimmy Alvarado (360 Twist!, P0 Box 9367, Denver, CO 80209)

INSECT, THE
"Detroit Sessions" ⊙
Powerful blues rock with 60's leanings. The first thing I noticed was the harmonica. It's used in much the same way as in other bands with a similar style, like Delta 72, Jack o' Fire or Big Foot Chester, but is thrown in more sparingly, for highlight, rather than as a constant presence. Tough groups from the past, such as the Standells and Count Five, come to mind as well thanks to the fuzzy guitars, song structures and choice of the Dantes' "Can't Get Enough of Your Love" as the sole cover. Mick Collins produced and I think one of the singers shares many of his vocal characteristics. There is a tune done to a Bo Diddly beat, at least one that is on the funky side, but most are straight ahead blues rock drivers. -P.Edwin Letcher (360 Twist!, PO Box 9367, Denver, CO 80209)

JAAP BLONK
"Vocalor" ✠
Sound poetry. Art-school faire, or noisefood for those who are so jaded by everything else, that nothing but sound poems will do. That's not an insult; I'm merely saying that few people would want to hear this stuff, but I know there are a select few who will be seriously moved by Jaap Blonk. He's incredibly proficient at what he does. His voice is sonorous and musical and works very well as an instrument. The Artaud tribute is pretty darned cool, too. -Kirin (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

JANIE JONES
"We're in Love with the World of" ✠
Yes this is the same Janie that The Clash sang about. And there she is on the cover with both her tits proudly displayed. This is 60's and 70's pop from a British bad-girl star, much of it of the "nudge-nudge, wink-wink" variety. The treat on here are the tracks of a song written for her by Joe Strummer. Track 18 is Joe Strummer's demo of the song to Janie, just him and his acoustic guitar. Track 19 is Joe's song sung by Janie, and The Clash is the band behind her! Fuck yeah, I'm always down for The Clash. Hardcore fans of the band should get this to round out their collections. -ShitEd (RPM, Aizlewood Mill, Nursery St., Sheffield S3 8GG, UK)

JESUIT
Self-titled ✠
How angry are you? These guys are angrier. Full-blown blasts of rage that burned the little hairs off that are starting to grow on my ears. Buzzsaw slow parts lead into break neck speed hardcore with throat-ripping, emotional vocals. May have too much of a metal feel to some or maybe too noisy for others. This is the first time I have had in my hands a copy of anything they have put out and I have to say I am very impressed. -Don (Reservoir, PO Box 790366, Middle Village, NY 11379-0366)

JOHNNY SOCKO
"Full Trucker Effect" ✠
Did I miss the recipe that called for all skacore bands to be overly silly? If these guys put half as much effort into musicianship as they do goofiness and cheesy samples, they'd probably be pretty damn good. -Josh (Asian Man, Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

JOHNNY LEGEND & HIS ROCKABILLY BASTARDS
"The Best of Johnny Legend, Volume None" ✠
You no longer have to dig thru the bins at Second Time Around Records, 'cos thanx to the folks at Hightone you can hear alla Johnny's rarities that originally came out on Rolling Rock. In case you didn't know, Johnny was one of a small handful of people keeping the rockabilly scene alive in the 70's. His band at the time consisted of Ray Campi and the legendary Billy Zoom on guitar. The records were only pressed a thousand at a time without being reissued.... the fuckers are extremely hard to come by. So what you get here is nineteen trax of Legend's lunacy. Check out these titles- "Soakin' the Bone," "The Naked Die Young," "Guess Who Ain't Gettin' Laid Tonite?" et cetera. Great fun indeed. Put this one on your shoplifting list. -Tim From Pomona (Hightone, 220 4th Street #101, Oakland, CA 94607)

JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP
"So Much for Unity" 7"
JCCC's sound can be related to that of the high-octane essence of the Ramones, for those that aren't familiar with their material, although when I saw 'em about a month or 2 ago, they really came across as being big fans of the Ramones' live sound as I checked 'em out. The cool thing on the 7 inch here that made me smile today is that one of these cuts cranks out like a p.r. version of "Over the Mountain" (shut up, liar, you do TOO remember) -Designated Dale (BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

JONES CRUSHER
"NYC Pulp" ⊙
This is a real D.I.Y. redheaded stepchild. There's only two songs, and they didn't even bother to make up a record label name, but it's really fucking cool. It's snotty, Sex Pistols without the British accent punk rock; definitely worth a listen. They have a website, too, which I'd check out if I were that technologically advanced. Since I'm not, I'll give the address: http://www.asapnet.com/aural-island. With a little luck, their music will be on the website and you can be hooked, too. -Juan Bastos (e-mail: aurali@aol.com)

KILL YOUR IDOLS / FISTICUFFS
Split EP
Kill Your Idols return with four more songs, one being a Krakdown cover, while the others are originals. They sound full and tight as the songs race along at a smooth and quick pace. The vocals are great, kind of bellowed and growled, adding extra bite to the music. Fisticuffs are more stripped down and thrashier. The singer sounds like he's ripped his chords to hell as he lets loose a flurry of ill will. The opening track on the Fisticuffs side is the definite winner here. I hope to hear more from this band in the future. -M.Avrg (Motherbox, 60 Denton Ave., East Rockaway, NY 11518)

KILLER BARBIES
"Attack of the..." ⊙
Maybe I just like this band because the chick singing makes me horny, but I'm not going to think too hard on this one. It's new wave grown up; all that you wished Bow Wow Wow would've been when you were thirteen and first watching the video for "I Want Candy." Not what I normally go for, but there's something about a decapitated barbie doll that helps me keep an open mind. -Juan Bastos (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

KINGBEES, THE
"The Kingbees 1 & 2" ✠
The first and second Kingbees albums were originally released in 1980 and 1981 respectively. This CD presents both in one handy package. I remember a few of the tunes from the radio, or perhaps from hearing them at a friend's house way back when, and I'm surprised I never picked up either of these when they were first out. This is right up my alley. The Blasters and Stray Cats come to mind. More than that though, these roots rock classics remind me of the good time rhythm and boogie of Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe. Lead singer/guitarist, Jamie James, wrote most of the numbers but the band's influences are worn on their sleeves as they cover the likes of Buddy Holly, Carl Perkins and Charlie Rich. There are plenty of cliche, rockabilly observations including one of my favorite lines, "she can make up her face but she can't make up her mind." -P.Edwin Letcher (Oglio, PO Box 404, Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

KINGMAKER
"Bloodshot and Fancy Free: Best of...and The Rest of" ✠
Kingmaker... hmmm? Never heard of 'em, you say. The name's familiar, but you can't recall a song or an album title. Who are these guys, you scream! I was lucky enough to see them live once, opening for Kitchens of Distinction and they came on like Elvis Costello's cousin fronting a reincarnation of The Who, circa "Sell Out." Kingmaker were the missing link in the Britpop wasteland between the high water marks of Elvis Costello and Blur. They were unforgivably overshadowed at the time they were making their best music by the empty-headed Manchester rave sound of bands like Happy Mondays. Kingmaker definitely weren't part of that scene, instead they went for guitar-smashup basics coupled with a devastating lyrical sarcasm. They were the great overlooked Britpop band of the last decade. They shoulda been contenders, they shoulda made it to the top. Do yourself a favor and pick up this record. -Martin Banner (Chrysalis)

KNUCKLEHEAD
Self-titled ⊙
Lately I've been caught up working a job where I spend most of my day driving around in a truck with no cassette or CD player, so I'm stuck listening to the radio. It's been years since I was in this situation, and though I shouldn't be, I'm again amazed at how repetitively whiny the music of the masses is. Before I digress into angry but obvious attack on new rock, I'll slide back to the point, which is, this seven inch is the first thing I reach for to get Seven Mary Three out of my head. This is a four song dose of pure punk rock. Snotty, sometimes harmonized vocals, a solid backing band, and winsome lyrics. "Critical Mass" is a catchy song about the modern society's exploitive, consuming ways. "Summertime Beer Song" is fun tune

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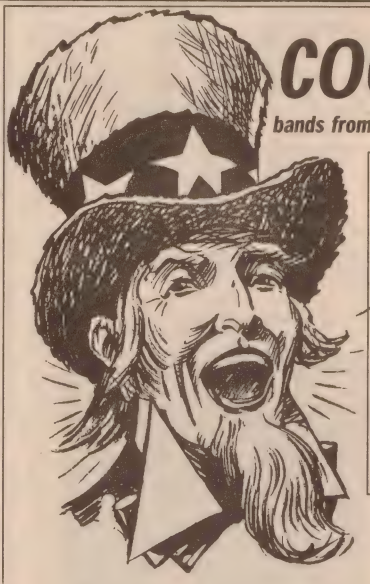

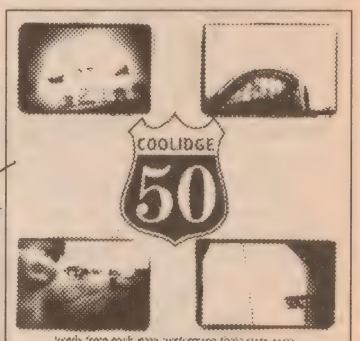

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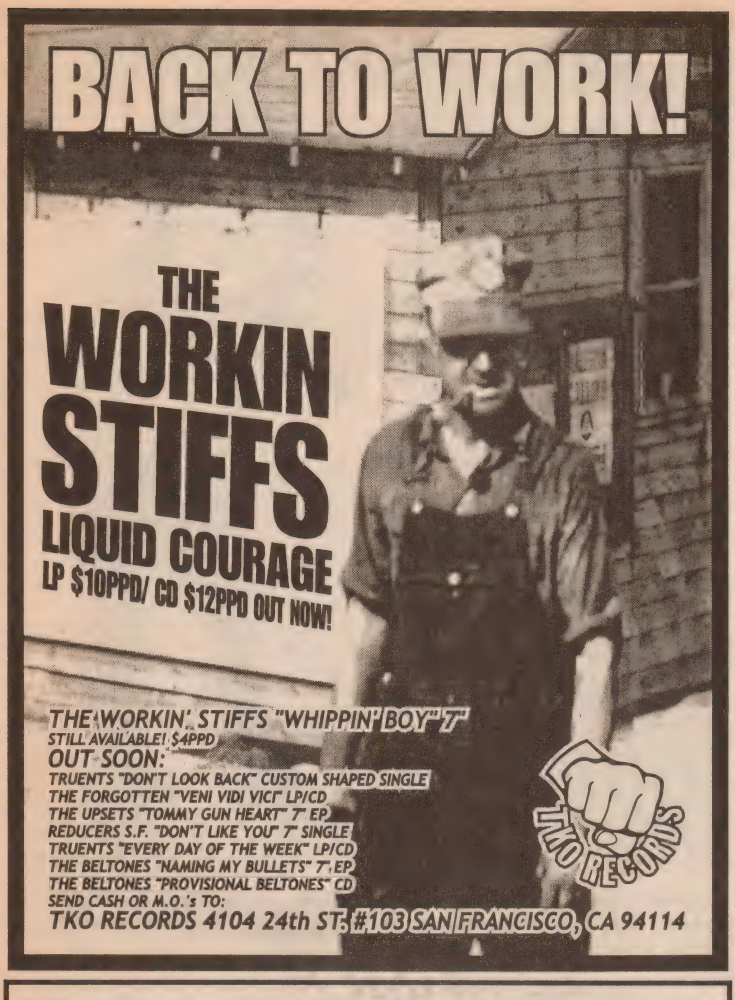
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that sounds exactly you'd think it would. The other two songs fall in between. This is a band that I hope makes it beyond a seven inch; a band that I hope rises out of the slush pile and stay together long enough to put out a couple albums. It's worth the four bucks. -Juan Bastos (Far Out, PO Box 14361, Ft. Laud., FL 33302)

KOMEDA
"What Makes It Go?" ✠
The second helping from the reigning geniuses of Swedish electronica-pop is a persistently ingratiating record that bubbles with odd rhythms, complex harmonies and damn catchy hooks. The only comparison I can make would be that Komeda comes on like Nico fronting XTC as a groovy airport lounge act. Komeda's sound sparkles with clean, spacy sound. Singer Lena Karlsson's vocals float across the music like an interstellar surfer catching a solar wave. While boasting abundant studio wizardry; (obvious touchstones are Brian Wilson, Stevie Wonder and Burt Bacharach) , Komeda tinkers with the basics making their sound fresh and delightfully original. "It's Alright Baby" is certain to be a hit of some sort, somewhere - maybe the next solar system over. "Curious" and "Cul-de-Sac" are catchy pop classics dense with the sort of filigree that used to be fashionable and God willing will be again. I can't say enough good things about this record, only that it will be the soundtrack to my summer. -Martin Banner (Minty Fresh, PO Box 577400 Chicago, IL, 60657)

KRONTJONG DEVILS, THE
"On Tour!!!" ✠
I have no idea how good the surf is in the Netherlands, but I can attest to the fact that the surf music is fine. The jacket and liner notes paint a picture of these Euro ten hangers going on tour on their bicycles... I dunno. The band wrote two of the songs and the rest are by nearly forgotten wave enthusiasts of the early 60's like the Toads, the Riptides and Teenbeats. There are six vocal numbers sandwiched in with all the twangers, most of which, such as "Potato Chips" and "Nautilus," have been on obscure 60's comps. These songs are of the frat rock variety that Untamed Youth, Saturn V and others are doing so handily as of late. Nothing too out of the ordinary, but the musicianship is competent and this disk offers the chance to hear surf as done by people whose names you can't pronounce. -P.Edwin Letcher (Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

KUMQUAT
Self-titled ⊙
Fans of Sonic Youth would groove to this. Not my particular grab bag of mixed nuts, though. -Designated Dale (Sex Not Suicide, no address)

KUNG-PAO/TUCKER
Split ⊙
Kung-Pao sounds like Helmet on their second release "Meantime." Tucker sounds more like that college radio stuff. Noisy guitars and muffled vocals about who knows what. I'll pass. -Don (Maduro, 2500 Harriet Ave So.#2, Minneapolis, MN 55405)

KURBITS I.R.
"Skane Sweden Attacks" EP
Attacks is fucking right! 17 tracks of pure fucking thrash mayhem with no let up all crammed onto a 7". Imagine Rovsvett crossed with Mob 47. All the songs are under fifty seconds. This record will hurt you if you are not careful. -Thrashead (625 Prod., Dist. by Vacuum)

LEATHERFACE
"Discography Part One (live)" ✠
For me personally, this is the British Jawbreaker. Or you could just as easily reverse that and call Jawbreaker the American Leatherface. Wanna know why? Both bands have a combination of monster powerhouse playing (up the in the stratosphere with Pegboy and ALL), plus catchy, rhythmically godlike, melodically amazing, wonderful songs. Both bands had singers that were very hoarse (both sound like regular guys giving it their all in heartfelt sincerity). Both bands also went onto a major label and broke up. The difference is that Jawbreaker's major label (Geffen) album stank, while Leatherface's "Mush" (on Seed/Fire) is so good it should be worshiped. I heard a rumor that Leatherface has reformed. I hope it's true. This is 22 tracks recorded live in Ireland and Norway in '92 & '93. They're a little rough, but better than most live recordings; and the songs are wonderful. This band should have wide appeal: it is melodic for the melodicore/skater crowd, anthemic singalongy for all the oi and street loving skins, hard rocking for lovers of drunk punk'n'roll. Get into this band, and fall in love with some of the best music of the 90's. -ShitEd (Rejected, 9 Woodlands Ave., Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin, Ireland)

LET'S GO BOWLING
"Freeway Lanes (live)" ✠
Call me picky but I like my live albums to sound... well, LIVE. There's no question that LGB are extremely talented and the masters of jam-style ska. But there just isn't much about the show this was recorded at that makes it special. The crowd could have been mic'd more, the mixing could have been better, and they should have done "Uncomfortable Sidekick." On the other hand, $8 for an 18 track CD from a totally diy label is awesome. LGB fans only... -Josh (Asian Man, Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-5585)

LETDOWN
Self-titled ✠
When I listened to this CD, I see the Fat/Fearless crowd bobbing their heads and bodies in unison... Now, if you are like one of the hundreds of millions and then some of this particular sound, then hunt this out with banzai fervor. If you are not a fanboy supreme of this route, take a fucking detour, and that's fucking that. By the by, two things: 1.) Letdown will never, ever finish close to the Descendents, so knock that shit the fuck off. 2. If the drummer, Robbie, sings as good as he smokes the drums, give 'em a vocal whirl. Oh, yeah, one more little detail, (Yeah, I lied - that makes THREE things) on the cut, "I Got a Gun," you sound like a paranoid, anti-gun preacher... what the fuck is THAT? Leave politics to politics, and the music to the music, or whatever the fuck... P.S. Clint Weinrich, you need to get your rock on - we' re waiting... -Designated Dale (Zygote, PO Box 3567, Tustin, CA 92781)

LIMP
"Ack" ⊙
I'm smelling conspiracy. Cold Front's got the masters to the stuff before Limp's last album ('96). Also coming on the label: Diesel Boy, Hagfish, a Tilt split (all either on Fat Wreck or Honest Don's - NOFX subsidiaries). Is Fat Mike starting another label? Hmmm. All I got is conjecture. Hey idiot, what about the band? Right. It's breezy poppunk that feels too easily made and being so, is kinda creepy and makes me think of the Moody Blues with hot wire electrodes attached to their snacks activated by a sinister, masked man which gives 'em a little, lightning oomph on the balls when they're slowing down. Either the Moody Blues or Asia. I'm not too sure. Greg Hetson touched their knobs when they played in the studio, for what it's worth. Greg Hetson's the mousey guy in Bad Religion (ex- Circle Jerks, Red Cross) who always looks like he's having a good time and smiles all the time. Bad Religion is a pretty big band. You should know about them. -Todd (Cold Front, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

LITTERBOX
"Broth" ✠
I thought the band name was Broth since I wasn't paying attention to the band name that was all over the place in the background. Raw, happy pop punk that has a '60s feel if flower power was in full effect in the '90s. The recording has a very live feel to it. I wish the guitar was little fuller. I found it to be a little too twangy. -Don (Axhandle, 1827 McAllister Street, SF, CA 94115)

LOREENA McKENNITT
"The Book of Secrets" ✠
I got turned onto this by a friend of mine at work. I don't know if Celtic music should fall on the lovely pages of Flipside, but I am way too excited by this. I even went out and bought the CD single of "The Mummer's Dance" to see what the difference was from the album version and the single. By far, the album version is richer and fuller in feel with more instrumentation. I always love a change after listening to too much punk. This is similar to Enya by way of vocals but the various use of old instruments makes this different. Very soothing and ethereal in the delivery and production. -Don (Warner)

LOS GUSANOS
Self-titled ✠
CJ Ward, or as the Ramones fans knew him on bass as CJ Ramone, has got an ass-kicker here with his band he has been fronting the past coupla years - not on bass, but lead vocaling and rhythm guitar bashing with a band full of rocking that is far from what the Ramones did. Self-described from CJ himself as "motor rock," Los Gusanos draw from such influences like primal Black Sabbath, AC/DC, Motorhead, G'N'R, and such. Fuck you very much. NO, they ain't no wanking metal band that missed the 80's boat, as what they got here on disc, and as well live, is some desert-cruisin', rib-bruisin' wallop that'll knock you down on your ass ala CJ's ol' compadres, da Ramones. Fave cuts of mine here are "Blue Skies," "Helldorado," and the groovematic "Carve Your Name." Catch Los Gusanos on tour and watch fer their 2nd full length that should be in the works through this fall, 'cause if it's anything like this release, it'll be fine, fine, fine with me. -Designated Dale (Mayhem, 285 West Broadway, Suite 500, NY, NY 10013)

LOS GUSANOS
Self-titled ✠
The Ramones. Dead. Deader than Dillinger. Johnny watches movies, Marky plays with his (surprisingly good) band The Intruders, Joey gets fatter and fatter and C.J.? C.J. (now going by his given name, C.J. Ward) steps far away from The Ramones and into the hard rock realm and the results ain't half bad. Crunchy arena rock, MTV-friendly, kinda reminds me of Raging Slab... catchy, but my only complaint is when C.J. tries to sing. His voice can be weak at times. Stick to the rockers, dude. I was expecting less from an "ex-Ramone." I'm glad to be disappointed. -Ken (Mayhem - www.losgusanos.com)

LOTION
"Lotion" ✠
Saw 'em live at The Dragonfly and was mightily impressed by their raw, feedback fueled antics on stage. At the time, I thought I discerned the odd harmony and the melodic hook breaking through the raucous goings-on. I was dead right. On their debut CD, Lotion comes across as much more polished without ever losing that

essential rock'n'roll swagger. In fact, Lotion just might be the best "radio friendly" indie band around. Songs like "Feedback Queen" and "I Love Me" boast more hooks than the law allows as well as the requisite guitar crunch that should earn them loads of fans (myself included). If the rock'n'roll radio I once remember were around today, Lotion would be on top of the playlist. -Martin Banner (Spinart, PO Box 1798 NY, NY 10156-1798)

LOWER CLASS BRATS
"Rather be Hated Than Ignored" ✠
The first word out of their mouths on the first song is "Oi!" That pretty well sums it up. Though it seems strange to me that they're from Austin, Texas, not a place I associate with oi and streetpunk. I guess they can be from anywhere they want. They rock hard enough, the songs are well written and the harmonies and choruses are catchy without being cheesy. Not bad, check them out. -ShitEd (GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

LULU'S MARBLE
Self-titled ⊙
Two awesomely rockin' blasts from what I believe is an all girl band from Japan. Akko, Oka, Toshie and Mima all sing and I didn't hear a masculine voice. How's that for detective work? If you like the Go-Devils or 5.6.7.8.'s, this should knock your socks off. Oka adds some tasty piano to "Road Runner" and swell organ to "Jack the Lipper." (Their spelling, not mine.) But while we're on the subject, the flip comes out sounding like "Load Lunner.") This single was recorded at Toe Rag, with Liam Watson at the helm and they managed to get a truly strong sound with some of the toughest, from the gut vocals around. I'm looking forward to a whole lot more from Lulu's Marble. Oh, did I mention I like it? -P.Edwin Letcher (Mademoiselle, 24 Portland Rise, London, N4 2PP, UK)

LUNGFISH
"Artificial Horizon" ✠
Drone-heavy, entrancing, almost narcotic emo. No core to be seen. Almost ambient and slowly hallucinatory, it tricks you into hooks - not by throwing out a guitar lick to see if you'll pump a fist or devil horns, but by casting elaborate, song-wide nets of sound that can trap you by closing in slowly, collecting everything in its wake, and dragging the listener to another music world. Cosmic, swirling, progressive and low key, it's not for everyone, and not too good for driving while tired, but I found myself listening to it when I was thinking about other stuff and didn't want to hear traffic in the background. That may not sound like an endorsement but it is. -Todd (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. N.W., Washington DC, 20007)

LUNKHEAD
"Clever, But Not Funny" ✠
Three chord, sloppy and drunk punk with silly lyrics. This includes tracks from two of their previous 7"s. Average at best and would be more significant if they were a local band to me. -Don (Beer City)

LUNKHEADS, TH'
"Swingin' Sinners" ⊙
This one's really growing on me... And no, I'm not going to see a doctor about it. They have obviously been damaged by the likes of the Mummies, Billy Childish and Supercharger. ABC simple, 1-4-5 tunes about stupidity, junkfood, trouble, fat women, wining and generally wasting time. The vocals, male, are given the singing through a couple pairs of underwear treatment, the bass is high in the mix, they get a wonderful guitar sound and they do twenty songs on LP format because they are well versed in the fine art of keeping them short. I believe there is a gal in the band because of the occasional yelp, but there is no picture or info on the members except the names, Useless, Hopeless, Witless and Sackless. Includes a superb deconstructionalist version of Dylan's, "Like a Rolling Stone." Gabba-gabba hey, gabba-gabba hey, hey, hey! -P.Edwin Letcher (360 Twist!, PO Box 9367, Denver, CO 80209)

LUST PENGUINS
Self-titled ✠EP
Vocals remind me of the guy from the Psychedelic Furs. The musicianship is your decent standard alternative shit; with a dash of British sound. Overall, it's not bad. -Arthur Robert (Sheisterfest)

MACH KUNG-FU
"Exotic Exhaust" ✠
Finally... I've been lusting after a full length release from this trashy Japanese garage trio for long enough. I'm quite pleased with it. I have a few of the songs on various singles and what have you, but most of this is new to my ears. Goto does a lot of the singing and her voice and the instrumentation is such that a good deal of this bears a striking resemblance to the 5,6,7,8's. Shake and Very, on guitars, are augmented by one or more friends on organ and sax through out. Basic 50's rock and roll sounds with a few instrumental numbers and a dedication to fun stamped all over every song. The accents are so thick I had to listen several times to the spoken introduction to determine that Goto is the little lady with the big beat and Shake is the teenage love machine. Very puts the something in the something but I couldn't quite figure out what so I'll have to keep listening... that's fine with me. -P.Edwin Letcher (Giant Claw, PO Box 192, East Melbourne, Australia, 3002)

MAD CADDIES
"Duck & Cover" ✠
I wasn't really sure how to go about this review, but I would compare this to the Beatles on acid in the 90's doing the Sgt. Pepper record as a ska/punk band. Infectious, 90's ska punk with a bulldog California surf sound or something totally different. I have to give Fat Mike credit for knowing which bands to sign. These guys are definitely one of the better ska bands I've heard in awhile. -Don (Fat Wreck Chords)

MAJORITY RULE / TURBINE
Split EP
Majority Rule play modern hardcore with various tempo changes, from slow to fast. Don't care much for the screechy vocals at the beginning, but once the other vocals come in this is good. Maybe if the screechy guy would sing throughout, it would be fine, but there's too much contrast between the two to effectively work. Speaking of contrasty, Turbine play upbeat punk with poppy leanings. They're OK I guess. -M.Avrg (Submit c/o Tyke Nunez, 803 Thayer Ave., Silver Springs, MD 20910)

MAKERS, THE
"Psychopathia Sexualis" ✠
This is the fifth full length release for these guys and it is the tightest and most polished effort to date. It is also the most varied and contains a few ballads, a twisted spoken word thing and some experimental pop excursions. If you are hooked on their solid rock output from previous albums, you'll find plenty of that too. One of the most obvious results of the band's steady evolution is a more refined, calculated look and sound that is overtly sexual while retaining a sense of ambiguity. What exactly is a "Psychotropic Supergirl?" Sometimes they border on Spinal Tapisms, as in "Sicko Sexual," when the love interest is referred to as a "skintellectual." Jim Endino helped record, mix and engineer and has captured all the breathy nuances of Michael and musical maturity exhibited by the rest of the group including Tim Maker who is back in the fold, on four of the thirteen tracks, playing organ. Dave Crider adds some guitar on one track as well. -P.Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

MAKESHIFT CONSPIRACY, THE/ THE SARCASTIC BITCH Split ✠
Sigh. OK. I'm gonna be nice. I don't even know why. Maybe because all these guys are working so damned hard. Honestly, I hate the music. It just... bores me I guess, but see, it's obvious that everyone involved in The Makeshift Conspiracy, The Sarcastic Bitch, and My Room Records, is giving 110% to what they're doing. I respect the hell out of 'em for it. I feel like a heel for saying I don't like the music, but I don't so that's that. Buy this CD and see 'em live because they get serious bonus points for effort, and because I was never a very good punk anyway; I hate the Ramones, too. -Kirin (My Room, PO Box 264, Sierra Madre, CA 91025-0264)

MARK BRODIE & THE SABOTEURS
Self-titled ⊙
The Saboteurs put out a fine instrumental CD recently on this label. The spy theme that made it so enjoyable is found here as well. There is "Our Man Flint," originally done by the Challengers, "Secret Service," which is a Mark Brodie composition and "T.I.G.E.R. Rock," from the Rocking Tigers. All have that laid back, lurking in the shadows feel with an undercurrent of possible impending doom. Basic instro groove from two guitars, bass and drums. I thought the band was based in Japan, and maybe they were when the CD came out, but they list a contact address in Canada now. -P.Edwin Letcher (AmPop, PO Box 2271, San Rafael, CA 94912)

MATTHEW THOMAS
"Remodulation" ✠
More art-school stuff. If you want to have music just to impress rich kids who seriously don't have enough to do, this'd be what to buy. Then again, if you like owning things just because they're the antithesis of Puff Daddy and Korn, here it is; knock yourself out. -Kirin (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

MEATMEN, THE
"Evil in a League with Satan" ✠+
That's right, it's another classic evil Meatmen release. This is mostly tracks from different releases, some out of print. There's a couple of unreleased tracks they did with Bianca (Ex-Butt Trumpet now Betty Blowtorch) on here as well. All the songs are completely heavy handed punk'n'roll, that the Meatmen do best. There's also a bunch of CD-Rom stuff on here that's also really cool, if you got a computer that can handle it. Great release. -Thrashead (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

MEATMEN, THE
"Evil in a League with Satan" ✠+
Tesco Vee is back and at it again with this must-have for any and all Meatmen fans everywhere! One of the funniest damn cuts on here is "Strap On" which is loosely a cover of "The Clapper" commercial jingle, but the lyrics are fucking hilariously different - you'll see yourself, good friend, as ya check it out. Other laugh-yourself-to-death ditties are "Do a Whippet" and "Shut Up and Suck." Even more reason to get this are the CD-ROM goods on the disc w/ live footage and tons of other craziness. Whatcha waitin' for? -Designated Dale (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012)

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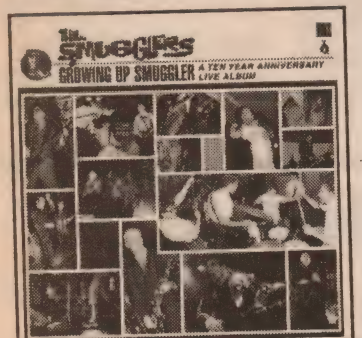

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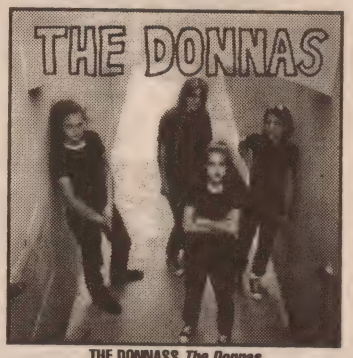

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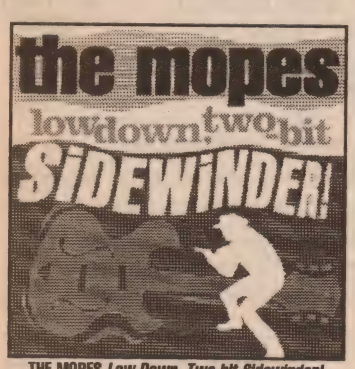

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MEATMEN, THE
"Evil in a League with Satan" ✠+
Music: mostly old songs, plus two tunes featuring Bianca Butthole (now in Betty Blowtorch), plus two songs from their split with Boris The Sprinkler: "Drugs And Masturbation" and "Shut Up and Suck." The Meatmen are funny and offensive. CD-ROM: a tour through hell, inhabited by the Meatmen. Each section has its Tesco introduction. It's sort of fun, and lots of places to go, including the obligatory merch. Tesco does have an interesting collection of toys. My only complaint is that the quicktime live video was blurry and too dark. Al Flipside could have done a better job on that. -ShitEd (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012)

MEDIEVAL KNIEVALS
"Lucky Chinese Buffet" ⊙
Take a guess at the music from the lineage. Bam-Bam, original drummer for JFA (circa "Blatant Localism" - I think and hope so, because that EP me hate hippies and pick up skateboarding), and Larry from Fork. Speedmetal? Nope. Pop punk? Nope. Lounge? Nope. Surf. Surf from a place that's got no water put plenty of salt to put in it, once an ocean tsunamis in. Tempe, Arizona. Do not forget young buckaroo and old sourpuss that JFA, second only to Agent Orange, could have many a swinging pit with no words a-yellin' (and I'm not talking about times when mic stands get kicked into the lead singer's mouth). So the 7" is fuzzy, crisp, three notches above competent, there's no words, and to compare it to a daredevil stunt, it's like clearing three buses end to end, and while in the air, your hands aren't on the handlebars. Sure, someone's gone further, but the landing's clean, and it's always fun to hear the roar of surf tide to clean out some earwax, stick it to the turntable and spin around with the vinyl. They also keep the spirit of surf alive with great titles to songs with no words. Hard to go wrong with "Snowcap Lard," "Reflor the Big Fuckin' Monster," and "Zapatos con Queso" (shoes with cheese). -Todd (2145 East Comell Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282)

MEGALO/AMERICAN DEVICES
Split ⊙
Art rock. God damn mother fucking ART ROCK. -Designated Dale (En Gurad, 1671 St-Hubert, Montreal Quebec H2L 3Z1)

MEICES, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Does anyone remember that band, The Meices? Ya get 2 cuts from the now-defunct band including a live cut, "Lettuce Is Far Out." You're all thinkin', "What the fuck is this doin' out if the Meices are gone to pieces?" (Sorry, had to say that - too much cartooning as a kid.) Well, check out the vinyl loop ending, there, cocko - "Better late than never!" Meices fans need get this before something happens to one of 'em or somethin' and you see that comic book guy from The Simpsons have it up on his wall of his store for the ass-raping sum of $150. And when you ask him to see it, you'll be coldly disregarded with the quick, "No, you may NOT, that is a rare 7 inch from the 90's Meices on IKR - get your hands OFF my glass counterfront, thank you very much." Oh, bite, me - it can happen. (yukyukyukyukyuk) -Designated Dale (Itchy Korean, PO Box 570743, Houston TX 77527-0743)

METRO STYLEE
Self-titled ✠
We all need to tip our hats to NYC for blessing us with Metro Stylee. Cross soul with second wave ska and add flawless female vocals that peak to bratty breath-taking choruses. The horns aren't afraid to play alongside the vocals, which is a plus - too often it's one or the other. Produced by Vinny Nobile, this is without a doubt the best female-fronted ska band I have ever heard. -Josh (DVS Media, 9 Pearl St., Salem, MA 01970)

MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY
"Haiku...Gesundheit" ✠
An amazing 116 song CD culled from three demo tapes and a session that was released as a 7" and comp tracks. The vast majority of these tracks are under a minute. M.P.A. run the gamut of noisy, melodic, jazzy, angry, happy, funny, etc., etc., etc. All wrapped around some really killer hardcore punk. Later on the band started to really experiment with jazz overtones, especially when they threw in the clarinet. One point of interest besides the killer music is the fact the this is the guitarist Kevin is the old bass player for the Neos. They even do a killer cover of "Illiterates" off the first Neos EP. You can totally hear the influence the Neos had on the other members of this band, the same blasting quirky thrash sound that people freaked on when the Neos came out is here in full force. M.P.A. hold their own though, and aren't merely following in the Neos footsteps. They are treading their own path which will hopefully get recognized, and this CD proves it. If you're an old Neos fan or just appreciate some really creative thrash, pick this up. You'll be in for a treat. Classic. -Thrashead(Ragamuffin Soldier, 11 Reiber Crescent, Willowdale, ON., M2H 1C3, Canada, or Break Even, 2185 Amity Dr., Sidney, BC., V8L 1B2, Canada)

MILLION 6
"Clean-head" ✠
These guys range from melodicore to melodic hardcore (do you understand the difference? It's intention!), with some very strange sounding changes of tempo and rhythm in some of the songs. I think some of the songs are good ("Surfin' Turd" for instance), but others bore me. This is okay, but they're better live in a club. "House of Pie" reminds me very much of another band from the Pasadena area: Bored. 21 songs and a long hidden track of noise that segues into a spoken poem with a guitar-noodle accompaniment, in the beatnik style. -ShitEd (Satellite, 920 East Colorado Blvd. #151, Pasadena, CA 91106)

MISCONDUCT
"Signed in Blood" EP
Say, this is pretty good! These guys play some vicious hardcore reminiscent of the mid to late 80's East Coast sound. The guitar is thick with a sharp edge, the bass has a nice chunky sound, and there's the tried and true youth crew choruses to complete the sound. While there's that influence of the past, there's a contagious energy that keeps this from being nostalgic. "Burn the Flag" is the standout here. -M.Avrg (Bad Taste, Stora Sodergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, Sweden)

MISS HIGH HEEL
Self-titled ✠
Billed as "a one-time only No Wave/Grindcore *superband* featuring members of to Live and Shave in LA, the Flying Luttenbachers, Lake of Dracula, the Scissor Girls and Peach of Immortality. Hmm... never heard of any of 'em. It sounds like a needle being dragged across a record over empty Hershey's syrup bottles being squeezed while a TV blasts static and a rabbit is being slaughtered during a riot down the block. I tellya, some people are just too damn arty for their own fucking good. I think I'll send this over to *Ben Is Dead*. They like shit like this. If you wanna clear out a party *fast*, crank this baby on eleven. I have no opinion of this CD. -Ken (B-Bides, PO Box 257491 Chicago, IL 60625)

MONORCHID, THE
"Who Put the Fire Out?" ✠
Foreshadowing title since the band broke up, or so's the word on the street. Jangle change thin whine vocals that are more interesting than irritating. Almost tin-foil guitars, intentionally skewed beats and rhythms - like riding a bike fast and knowing the tire's loose, and cranking down on the pedals, waiting to see how exactly you're going to self-destruct today. I like it alright. Reminds me of a gas-huffing Pixies picking up The Jesus Lizards instruments, embodying a unstable mix of the two, pumping their fists in ether, and creating immediately collapsing universes. Artpunk, and this time around it's not a word that I suggest you wash your mouth out after saying it. Good. -Todd (Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

MONSTER X
"To the Positive Youth" ⊙
This US straight edge grind unit return with this instant classic. All cover tracks (eight to be exact) of mid and late eighties straight edge bands. The bands they cover are Bold, No For An Answer, Uniform Choice, Unit Pride, Youth of Today just to name a few. Monster X always amaze and destroy everything in their path. Rumors have it they broke up... Let's hope that's not true. -Richard (Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 112212)

MORNING AGAIN
"As Tradition Dies Slowly" ✠
I popped this little baby into my CD player and pushed play and went back in time. Speed metal is back! More on a positive note this time. Anyone thinking about starting a pop punk band should reconsider. No balls, no glory. Those heavy guitars always gets my head a banging. I don't know if anyone is old enough to remember that I did metal reviews in Flipside during the 80's to piss people off. I was there in the crossover period and I loved it. These guys are fucking fantastic. I can't get enough of that double bass drum sound and chunky guitars. All need is a little Satan to balance off my day. -Don (Revelation)

MOTHER FUCKER 666/ STEEL MINERS
"High for Christmas/ I Hate Christmas" Split ⊙
Here's two painfully catchy anti-Christmas songs. It's not high art, but I'm glad I own it. Mother Fucker 666 is Jeff Dahl's band now. If you want just a taste of what he's up to, this record would be a good idea. Their newest album is even better, though. I don't know much about the Steel Miners, but I like their side even better. It blindsides me with its burst of energy, like it should be more than just a silly song. Like these guys really hate Christmas and really want to let the world know. -Juan Bastos (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

MURDER CITY WRECKS
"Hell is Where My Heart is/American Hero" ⊙
2 sloppy tracks of old school garage punk. Basic three chord progressions with a drunk punk attitude. Vocals are slurred, almost Darby Crash like. Actually, they remind me of the early recordings of the Germs. -Don (Beer City)

MUZLIMGAUZE
"Mazar-I-Sarif" ✠
Yeah yeah. Sure. Groundbreaking. I'm beginning to feel like if you're heard one Muzlimgauze album, you've heard them all. Yawn. -Kirin (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

NECK
Self-titled ✠
Man, this is horrible. Total Korn type wanna be metal. I'll admit the first couple of seconds seemed kind of cool,

then the whispery vocals came along, which is one of the lamest things a band can do. Then there's the chorus where the vocalist tries to sing nice and clear. Goddamn... It's all down hill after that. Crappy music like this helps validate the existence of punk rock, and that's the only nice thing I can say about this. -M.Avrg (Striving For Togetherness, PO Box 564571, College Point, NY 11356 - 4571)

NEOS
"Discography" ✠
I've been waiting for this CD to come out ever since they started putting out old hardcore on CD. This is my all time favorite band. This classic release contains the Neos "End All Discrimination" EP, recorded in late '81, originally released in early '82. MRR in their first issue ever, said that this was the fastest record out to date, they also said it would probably be too fast for some people. Also the Neos second EP "Hassibah Gets the Martian Brain Squeeze" from '82, and repressed in '83 is also on here. That record in particular changed my perception of music forever - in particular, the song "Conscripts." One day I was scanning through this comp tape called "Grievous Musical Harm." I was looking for something new. I was into bands like 7 Seconds, but didn't hear much faster. So I'm scanning through this tape. My stereo is turned up almost full throttle. All of a sudden "Conscripts" comes on the stereo. It starts out slow and within five seconds speeds up to rocket speed. Needless to say, in the roughly 40 seconds that the song lasted, I was stunned, in complete awe. A few months later I picked up the "Hassibah..." EP, which had an amazing 14 songs on it. Pretty uncommon for those days. Each track completely blew me away. Basically after that I couldn't listen to anything slow or mid tempo for a few years. The record packed and still packs a wallop. This CD has both EPs in their entirety and the one unreleased track called "Sleeve" from the recent "Fight with Donald" EP. If this shit came out today it would still blow minds. If you talked to anybody who knows anything about hardcore, they would sing praises about the Neos. The band has influenced many great thrash bands through out the years, and continues to do so. The packaging is great. Almost all the original artwork that came with each EP is here, along with the lyrics to all the songs, as well as some liner notes, although this is missing the transcribed music that was in the "Hassibah..." EP. Oh well, you can't have it all. I could seriously go on about how this band changed the face of punk and even music to a point, forever. But don't take my word for it, pick this CD up and see and hear for yourself the force that was the Neos. This release is mandatory for anybody who likes real hardcore. -Thrashead (Break Even, c/o Jason Flower, 2185 Amity Dr., Sidney, BC, V81 1B2, Canada, or, Schizophrenic, c/o Craig Caron, 50 Fielding Crescent, Hamilton, ON., L8V 2P5, Canada)

NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS, THE
"Colonial Root Cellar" ✠
Very tight, clean and melodic 60's styled rock band. Up beat pop with some slick production and hints of everything from the Byrds to the Leaves to Guns and Roses (Several sound like "Sweet Child of Mine.") thrown in, usually by the guitarist. The band boasts an organ/piano player who adds atmosphere and is a big part of the 60's sound. They do an original called "Run Run Run" and for reasons of comparison, I guess, also chose to include a classic of the same name from an old Pebbles album. I prefer the older tune. The band also tries their hand at some up tempo blues. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

NEW MOSQUITOS, THE
"On Our Way Home!" ✠
Garagey pop punk with a sort of Toy Dolls bent, though not as original and exciting. Energetic, but didn't really grab me by the boo-boo if you know what I mean. Cool artwork on the sleeve. A for effort. -Ken (Off The Island, 1446 Capurso Way, San Jose, CA 95125)

NEW WAVE HOOKERS
Self-titled ✠
When I first got to check out the New Wave Hookers, it was on a 7 inch split with three other bands along the same line of rockin', and besides the other three, I really dug the Hookers cut, "Saturday Night Hooker," which is on this CD, but on the 7", they captured a more live, reckless, bourbon-may-care feeling to their sound. That ain't to say that this CD don't rock, 'cause that's their purpose here... It's like it sounds a bit more polished, but without the broken bottle stuck in the side of yer neck. Dolls fans will totally be in sync with this, especially the CD cover. -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

NO TALENTS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Two young men, two young ladies and a heck of a name to try to live up to... Or down to. They are not what one would call accomplished musicians, but they play in a similar vein, and are not a whole lot sloppier than the Ramones. One side, "Quelle Crise Betsy," is done in what sounds to me like fluent French, one side of the sleeve is printed in some Asian, Arabic or made up language and the other two tunes, "What's in Your Bag" and "I'm not a Fucker," are in English. I'm left scratching my head, wondering where they are from. I'm guessing the U.S. - probably northern California.(Wrong! I've since found out they are French and one of the members is also in Splash-4.) This is more polished, but I'd bet the band feels a kinship with the truly retarded, but funnier than shit, 1-4-5's. -P.Edwin Letcher (Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, SF, CA 94146-0402)

NO FUN AT ALL
"The Big Knockover" ✠
You know the song on NOFX's latest album "The Desperation's Gone"? Well, that explains the only reason why this band isn't on Fat Wreck Chords. No Fun At All sounds like they should be somewhere between Strung Out and Snuff, but they're not really. They're more like a band going through the motions, searching for a gimmick. And I'm not saying it's bad. I'm just saying that you have to draw a line somewhere and say to yourself, "I'm only going to accept this much pop." No Fun At All is too much. I also think that the whole bankrobber theme in all the album's artwork is just because these guys are closet Cure fans and wanted an excuse to dress in black. -Juan Bastos (Theologian, PO Box 1070 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

NOBODYS
"The Smell of Victory" ✠
This album has been out for a while, but Flipside sent me a free copy, so I figured I'd put in a good word, anyway. It's killer. "Fuck You Too" is one of punk rock's all time great songs, and it's on this album. They do a Chuck Berry's "30 Days" in about thirty seconds. All the rest is more of the I'm-an-asshole-but-you're-worse attitude that made the Nobodys the great band they are. If you're not a Nobodys fan, then what the hell do you know about music, anyway? -Juan Bastos (Hopeless)

NOBODYS
"Greatasstits" ✠
Fifty-two songs in seventy-two minutes. And they're proud of it. And they should be. This is great. Everyone should idolize Nobodys. At least everyone who doesn't like to listen to a song much after the band finishes the first verse and in fact wants a new song; everyone who agrees that pornography is the last saving grace of contemporary society, who thinks beer really does make you smarter, who thinks that you can do a Rick Springfield cover and it doesn't make you gay; everyone who thinks that being a shithead is an artform and works on that art at least an hour a day. I'm not being facetious here. I'm serious. I looked at the picture on the cover of Taylor Wayne in a see-through Nobodys shirt, with a red bra and erect nipples. I read the convoluted but hilarious liner notes by Rev. Norb. I listened to this album again and again and it made me happy as a tick on a hound's ear. Happy as a Nobody at a live sex show. Happy as a, hell, I'm not afraid to say it, happy as a fucking clam. Big stupid grin and all. The songs Julie Disaster sing add a lot to the album, too. They keep it from sounding like it's all one song with a bunch of dramatic pauses. Very cool. I have this album and I'll continue to be cooler than you until you own it, too. -Juan Bastos (Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

NON
"God & Beast" ✠
Well, nice to hear Boyd openly admit that he actually lives on this rock between Venus and Mars. Before, I would have guessed his address to be somewhere on the Angry Red Planet. This is typical Boyd fare. If you didn't appreciate Non before, you certainly won't like this one, but to the converted, "God & Beast" represents, to me anyway, the addition of a bit more elegance and refinement to the usual militaristic barrage of sound. The message and themes have not changed... you know, tooth and claw and all that jazz, but the contributions by Douglas P. of Death In June, and by Rose McDowall of too-many-bands-to-list, makes this Non album especially enjoyable. The sped-up and turbo-charged version of "Total War" is interesting, but I personally prefer the slower, creepier version released a while back. The photography with this CD is gorgeous. Kinda makes me wish I had a vinyl version of this release. Rock on Boyd, oh ye of cleansing sound and iron will! -Kirin (Mute)

NOTHING COOL
"What a Wonderful World" ✠EP
I would buy this for just the two cover songs, "O-H-H Child" by the Five Stairsteps and "Down Under" by Men at Work. I'm such a sucker for cover songs that it makes my friends sick. Great melodic punk songs done in that classic California style with a street punk edge. If my memory serves me right, this is their first full length and it is well worth finding. -Don (Dummyup, PO Box 642634, SF, CA 94164-2634)

NUKES
"Produce No Fruit" ✠
More of that college rock sound that just didn't cut it with me. Reminded me of early Urge Overkill and The The soundwise. The singer did remind me of the vocalist from No Fun at All. -Don (Popsmear)

OFFDAY
"Abducted by Crustaceans" ✠
Average garage punk with better than average production. The singer kind of reminded me of the singer from the Big Boys or maybe the singer from Pegboy. I hate it when I know what to say but I can't get it off the tip of my tongue. I'm really sorry but the drummer really stinks and slows the rest of the band down. -Don (Crusty)

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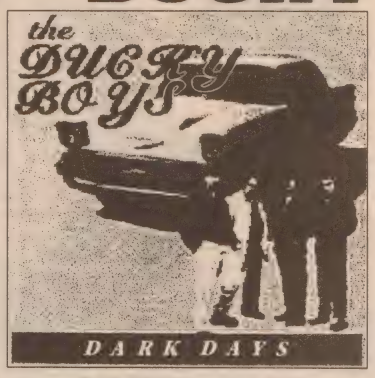
DARK DAYS



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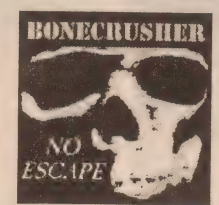

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ONE CAR PILE-UP
"Police Academy" ⊙
After having grown up being force fed bad British bands and the American bands who tried to be just like them and sucked even worse, a band like One Car Pile-Up gives me that perverse, black is white, day is night pleasure. These limeys sound like they should be living in Northern California, working out a record deal with Fat Wreck. It's fast, energetic, and witty. And if you're not going to be original, at least borrow from good bands. This seven inch is a good start. -Juan Bastos (Crackle!, PO Box HP 49, Leeds, LS64XL, UK)

OTHERS, THE
"Everything's There!" ✠
The liner notes mention 1966 and that sums up the bands collective mind set. They do a great job of it too. In keeping with the spirit of the times, the fellows throw in a variety of moods. Tough attitudes and tender feelings are both found here. The ballads have a similar feel as that found on early Stones albums so it works better than one might think. The Italian accents have been mellowed by 10 years of obsessing on English rock vibes. There is plenty of high end guitar noodling in the same vein as the Chocolate Watchband or the Byrds, a smattering of organ and a strong rhythm section. Some songs mix influences from several different groups and I was inspired to reexperience some old Blues Magoos, Standells and Moving Sidewalks after giving this a spin. If you like the Brood or early Chesterfield Kings, check out the Others. -P.Edwin Letcher (Teen Sound, L.A. Pascucci, 66-00168 Rome, Italy)

OUT COLD
"Wasted Sense of Right and Wrong" ✠
Fucking awesome hardcore from Out Cold. This is their third full length release. Just like the others, they pull out all the stops and play some furious hardcore. Fred's guitar just fucking rips your head off; I've always dug that buzzsaw guitar sound he has. His brother John beats the fuck out of his drums with deadly precision. This is brilliantly produced by the Freeze's guitarist Bill Close, who adds a wicked lead of his own to the thrash classic "You'll Be Tortured." This CD is a face punching hardcore ripper to the end. Pick this and any releases by Out Cold up. They fucking kill. -Thrashead (Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, Holland)

OUTPATIENTS
"Hardcore Outcasts Revisited '82-'84" ✠
Even though this release is a couple years old, I don't think many people know that it's out. I sure didn't, and I would have picked this up a while ago if I knew. The Outpatients were one of those classic obscure hardcore bands that blew away most of their peers at the time, but for some unknown reason, went unnoticed. The Outpatients had a sound all their own. People who were familiar with their music could pick them out of a billion bands. The material contained herein is from one demo from '83 and album comp tracks. I've always heard various tracks from the '83 demo on comp tapes way back when, but I never got to hear the thing in its entirety. It's all here, and it fucking rips. Some real informative liner note are also included in this. The bass player Scott was in Deep Wound the same time as the Outpatients (Half of Deep Wound went on to form Dinosaur Jr., as well as Deep Wound were probably one of the fastest bands for that time.). The music is extremely forceful hardcore that has stood the test of time. Another important piece of thrash history for you to look into. -Thrashead (Outpatients, PO Box 123, NY, NY 10185 or send $8 to Infection Dist., 8 Stevin Dr., Woburn, MA 01801)

OZOMATLI
Self-titled ✠
Ozomatli is, at present, one of the biggest bands (if not *thee* biggest) in the LA club scene. They are a multicultural unit who take a variety of musical styles and blend them into something new and memorable. It's not uncommon to hear them play a salsa/raga/hip-hop/ funk/reggae hybrid, complete with turntables, tablas and timbales being played side-by-side. They formed a few years ago at a place called the Peace and Justice Center in downtown LA, a sorta cultural center/hangout where kids could go and learn about virtually anything they wanted to, from politics to beadwork. In any case, a lot of bands used to play there on the weekends and many bands came out of the center itself, Ozomatli being one of them. Originally called Todos Somos Marcos (if I remember right), they were an offshoot of the band Yeska, and were basically a jam band who set out to play benefits for causes they were down with. Now, after a name change, they have become a phenomenon more than a band, often playing four-hour sets without a break and getting clubgoers to literally take the gig outside, following the band to play and dance in the busy LA streets in front of the club. An EP was released by the band not long ago and it was well received by most, and they were also one of the bands featured on BYO's "Sociedad=Suciedad" compilation. This, their debut album, manages to effectively capture the band's diversity, its uniqueness and the energy of its live performances. While a good portion of the music on the disc is Latino in origin, it is melded to many diverse non-Latino forms of music to create a multicultural hodge-podge of sound that accurately represents the diversity that is Los Angeles' population. To top it all off, instead of really lame "baby I love you/ I wanna do you all night long" lyrics like those being thrown down by most "dance" groups, Ozomatli marries the catchiness of their sound to lyrics that address social ills like racism, oppression and gang violence. "Chota," for example, is, for the most part, a salsa song about police brutality, which includes lines like "I think it's a tragedy how we let people we call protectors inflict and oppress us." In short, this is a party album that makes you think about, in light of recent developments like propositions 187, 227 and the anti-affirmative action bill, how fucked many of us are thanks to a largely ignorant, misanthropic public and an all too obliging government. Ozomittli could quite possibly be the most important band to come out of the Los Angeles area in almost 20 years. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alamo)

OZOMATLI
"Ya Llegos!" ✠EP
It's the beginning of summer and I could only tell that by the heat of the sun on my head. I've been long gone from school to enjoy the fact that it is summer. It's a typical day and I'm at work outside making that trying decision of what to have for lunch. I see a flyer announcing that there is a free concert in the courtyard at noon by Ozomatli. I've heard of these guys before I think in my mind, "I've read a lot of write-ups on this band and they seem to be playing constantly with a growing amount of support." I have never personally seen them since I don't go out to see bands anymore. I check my watch and notice it is noon. From a distance I see a chain of musicians with percussion instruments banging away, chanting, walking towards the stage. My interest is aroused and I have to see what the hype is on this band. What an experience I had. The same goes with this CD that I bought that they were selling. A multi-race band with all their culture mixed into one. A lot of latin influenced music with horns and percussion that made feel chills when I discover something new. They also mix in hip hop and dancehall to create that party vibe. As a four songer, I did find it as a tease. Their new album should be great and I will definitely get it when it comes out. -Don (Self-released)

PANTHER
"Broken Rock 'n' Roll Blaster" ⊙
Young punk kids from Nagoya, Japan. Choco, Miki, Motoki and Yuki include in their list of heroes the 1-4-5's and Loli and the Chones. I can hear influences of both. The most striking thing to me, however, is how much Choco sounds like Polly Styrene of X-Ray Spex. The band flirts with a variety of styles from 50's R'n'R to 70's punk and it's all given a modern trash it up treatment. The four tunes, "Woo- Haa," "Meow," "Ubulubia" and "XXX Book RNR," are all fun in their own way and the band is just tight enough to pull it all off. -P.Edwin Letcher (Twist Like This, PO Box 540995, Houston, TX 77254)

PARASITES, THE
"Rat Ass Pie" CD
Sugar-coated cyanide power pop - lethal and easy to listen to. Harmonies lap into tales of personal tragedy, of losing girls and waiting infinitely for them, spending the down time carving their names on the surfaces of their hearts. It comes out so natural, so fluid, I'm hard-pressed to think of any comparable contemporaries. (Tangent: I can listen to pop punk for days on end, it seems. But, remember, the active ingredient for me is punk: aggravation, speed, volume. People always suggest that I'd like Radiohead or Apples in Stereo, and I give it a shake and after song four or five, I want to pin them to the floor by their synthesizers and take one head shot after another.) So when I say popunk, I'm thinking of Dag Nasty, (especially the Dave Smalley lineup), and Jawbreaker where it could be hard and stratospheric without choking on the testosterone but choking that their girlfriend just left them.) As a matter of a fact, Dave Parasite sounds quite a bit like Dave Smalley and it took me several listens to get beyond that fact. In fact, I think that although Dave's voice and stories are the focus of the album, I'd like to be able hear more of what the guitar and drums are doing simultaneous to the voice to feel the punch all that more because, face it, you can't read the lyrics the first time you go see a band, and the entire lineup can play like motherfucks. I constantly have to squint to hear guitar and drum pieces throughout, but with that little bit of constructive criticism, this is recommended indeed. -Todd (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NYC 10012)

PARASITES
"Rat Ass Pie" ✠
This guy Dave "don't call me Nikky anymore" Parasite is possibly the best writer of love songs in punk rock. Our scene is glutted with bands who want to be the next big thing and one of the subgenres they flock to is this sort of poppy, catchy punk. As a result reviewers such as myself end up listening to ten billion (it seems) bands who all want to be 1) Descendents 2) Green Day 3) NOFX 4) Ramones, etc. Many of them get the sound down okay, but what really distinguishes poppy bands is the songwriting. And most don't have it. A few older bands such as Queers and Down By Law do their thing well and write good songs, but there's so damned many bands that it's easy for the good ones to get lost in the crowd. Here's a good one. Dave often writes stuff that just tugs at your heart until you can't stand it, but have to listen anyway. I realize that love is not a hot-button topic in punk rock, and in fact was sneered at by early punks as "hippie" weakness. Sorry, but love is okay, and I'm going to repeat myself and say again that Dave Parasite writes some of the best love songs in punk. This is 13 tracks of pop punk, then one accoustic track followed immediately by many minutes of the sound of someone snoring. Ha, good sense of humor, in other words the accoustic song puts you to sleep?! After you're snoring

along too, the hidden hardcore punk song kicks in with an aggro one minute slammer to jolt you awake. Get this and get the Shredder Records CDs too, especially "Punch Lines," which is godlike. Buy this for that girl you're trying to date who sorta likes you but hates punk. This should win her over, if not to you, at least to the Parasites! Ha ha! It totally floors me that Lookout Records turned this album down, dropping it three times! Astonishing stupidity. -ShitEd (Go-Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NYC, NY 10012)

PAUL COLLINS' BEAT
"The Beat" ✠
"The Kids Are the Same" ✠
A pair of the best power pop albums ever made are re-issued with an extra bonus track apiece and are thoroughly recommended as completely essential. Collins was a member of the influential pop-punk band The Nerves with Peter Case and Jack Lee. When that band splintered, Collins founded The Beat and recorded a record with his new band. The result was one of the best new wave bands and a terrific debut LP. The Beat has nothing but should-a-been hits from start to finish; the Beatlish "Work-a-Day World," the jangly "Rock'n'Roll Girl," and the anthemic "I Don't Fit In." A sheer masterpiece of pop that has not lost its power in the years since its release. The rechristened Paul Collins' Beat followed up one classic album with one almost as good. "The Kids Are the Same" might lack the first record's strength of writing and sense of urgency, but any record that boasts songs as good as "Will You Listen" or "Met Her Yesterday" simply can't be overlooked. "Kids" mixes a maturing vision with all the requisite pop flourishes and solid songcraft. The power-pop revivalists should be listening to these records for more than just hooks to steal. -Martin Banner (Wagon Wheel, PO Box 1115, NY, NY 10276-1115)

PAURA
"Reflex of Difference" ✠
Brazil's answer to the Victory Records sound. A youth crew sound that reminds me of Battery meets Ignite. I think America sometimes has too much influence on the rest of the world. Not to be talking shit about this band, this is a strong release with 6 studio cuts and 3 live ones; a modern day straight edge sound with the metal overtones. Worthwhile for those who like this type of music and would spend the extra money ordering it from Brazil. -Don (Conspiracy Chain, c/o Macio Cotinell, Cx. Postal 87, Sao Paulo S.P., 01059-970 Brazil)

PEACE LOVE AND PITBULLS
"3" ✠
Nine Inch Nails meets Bauhaus. -Don (The Music Cartel, 106 West 32nd Street, 3rd Floor, NY, NY 10001)

PERCY & THE GAOLBIRDS
Self-titled ⊙
Four songs from a German band who recorded around the same time that The Beatles were playing the Star Club and other seedy German venues, just before they hit it big. One of the tunes, "Liber Franz," is sung in their native tongue. This song can also be found on the very worthwhile compilation, "Beat on the Krauts Im Star-Club Hamburg-2," on Romulan Records. The others, "Who can Help Me," "I will do" and "How to Catch the Girl," are bouncy, naive, mid 60's beat numbers, sung in English, with lots of Dave Clark 5 style vocal harmonies and hooky choruses. -P.Edwin Letcher (Bacchus Archives)

PHANTOM 5IVE, THEE
Self-titled ⊙
Fairly straight forward surf band with good bass, low end guitar and lightning treble fingers guitar. In case the frantic pace of the A-side, "Road Rage," doesn't quite get you in the proper frame of mind, the tune closes with a car crash. On the other side, the boys pull off a rendition of "Ginza Lights" from the Ventures' Japanese residency era and a short but sweet original, "Jeopardized," which borrows heavily from America's favorite brainy, prime time game show. Nothing you haven't heard before, but an interesting look at how the surfers in Tennessee do it. -P.Edwin Letcher (Misprint, PO Box 8189, Murfreesboro, TN 37133)

POISON IDEA
"Learning to Scream" EP
The beast has risen from the grave! Despite Jerry A being the only original member, this is still very much Poison Idea; hard driving punk rock with a heavy dose of nihilism. The title track is the most powerful of the three. It gets in your face and goes berserk. The other two are up to snuff, but not as aggressive. Proof once again why Poison Idea is, and forever shall be, the kings of punk. -M.Avrg (Tang!, 706 Pismo Ct., San Diego, CA 92109)

PRESSURE POINT / UNITED BLOOD
Split EP
Pressure Point are pretty catchy street punk, similar to what the Workin' Stiffs are doing musically. "Police on My Back" is a cool song with a great part that has other members (or so it sounds) of the band shouting out the days of the week along with the singer when he tells us how the police are harassing him. United Blood are less interesting and less catchy. They have a more traditional sound, but lack the energy that made music like this great. -M.Avrg (Cold Front, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

PRISONER - 083
D
This came my way from one of the three convicts who recorded this in 1996 while in prison. He also sent along an article from Rolling Stone that tells his story. He's done 5 years out of 23 for selling LSD and then jumping bail, using a faked suicide ruse. The music is somewhere along the lines of Pearl Jam, Red Hot Chili Peppers or Soundgarden if I remember their stuff accurately. I never quite got a handle on this era. Grunge was in full swing when Seth was incarcerated and he is now bereft of anything electronic. These recordings were made before more stringent rules for convicts went into effect. Lots of phase shifting or flanging or something, that adds a wash of ambient noise over the mostly acoustic guitars, programmed drums, keys, bass and introspective lyrics. Perhaps a series of instrument doubling played a part in the sound. Seth is understandably bitter and some of his vitriol comes through lyrically in these mostly mellow and melodic songs. There are some speedier and more overtly angst oriented numbers, too. -P.Edwin Letcher (Feel free to drop a line to: Seth Ferranti 18205-083 RB-U, Box 350, Beaver, WV 25813)

PSEUDOSTAR
"Burn it Up" ✠
Early LA/OC-meets-Britpunk stuff from a group that would fit perfectly on a bill with US Bombs and the late Schleprock. Politically charged and heartfelt, even though it's more than a little derivative. Still, you gotta love a band with a song called "Fuck the GOP." You guys are probably really good live, and I dig the album, but please can the fucking ska. I love the stuff, but I'm pretty bored with every band in America "Pick it up"-ing all over the place. Stick to Abrasive Wheels or Der Stab and not Rancid. -Jimmy Alvarado (Justified, 100 N. Lake, Pasadena, CA 91101)

PUFFBALL
"B-Body" ⊙
Fucking a right. Stick a roman candle up Lemmy Motorhead's butt, strap him ass end up atop a nitro-burning funnycar that's rigged to grenade as it redlines, and you got the energy of Puffball: the charred, exciting, beautifully dissonant sound of rock destroying itself in a poetic act of speed and wonderfully overkill fireworks. Swedish dragstrip rock action on par with Zeke and REO Speedealer, flames coming out of every orifice in big, hot balls, and enough pummeling to make you want to throw up so there's more room inside to contain it all. Kerblam. -Todd (Insurance Scam, PO Box 125, Northville, MI 48167)

QUEERS
"Everything's OK" ✠EP
Like the most dead-on quote I ever read about the Ramones, it goes to this effect - "The Ramones (fill in Queers) know one song and they've been spending twenty years (fill in over a decade) writing it." Radical departure isn't the point. It's continuing to do what they do - ramming the Beach Boys balls into the Ramones' grind and slap coming out with songs that are too melodic for their initially hardcore following and too springy for pop pussies. This time out is Joe Queer with three guys that didn't play with him a couple weeks ago (those guys happened to by Jon Cougar Concentration Camp and the Darlington drummer). And it's no-surprise, but quality shit. I think (don't quote) that B-Face is in the Groovie Ghoulies and Hugh has a brain aneurysm. The tone of the EP is Joe's defiance of being moderately successful, hard working, and still plugging along. I, for one, support him. Nice EP. -Todd (Hopeless)

RADIO WENDY
"And Now More From" ⊙
Radio Wendy are dripping with the whole Sonic Youth/Sub Plop buzz that was overratedly beat to death since day one, and that's a shame, 'cause the label that put this out (Itchy Korean Records) has a hell of a Valley Girl tribute to the soundtrack CD out that'll knocks your socks off & inside out. Yeah, I know, "You can't have it all, Dale, so shhhhhh!" I'll "shhhhhh-hh" as long as IKR keep the good fixes coming, so there. -Designated Dale (Itchy Korean, PO Box 570743, Houston, TX 77257-0743)

RAH
"The Panoply Academy Glee Club" ✠
This is a good CD with lots of mood music. Perfect for when you're trying to convince a person to do something for you, or when you're lying to someone, or watching insects fuck, or depressed and on drugs, or when you're sober but want to feel like you're drug up, or when you see aliens from outer space, or doing your algebra, or working at a factory or watching television and getting fucked. -Arthur Robert (Secretly Canadian)

RAH BRAS, THE
"Concentrate to Listen to the Rondo That We Christen King Speed" ✠
The drummer is good. Kinda reminds me of Devo and Boredoms or Mr. Bungle molests some Frank Zappa shit. All in all, this is some nice fucking weird music. Good for a party or after everyone is fucked or while driving in LA. -Arthur Robert (Lovitt)

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RANCID
"Life Won't Wait" ✠
There's this instrument called the guitar and to commence a rockin', it must not be washed in the mix behind the harmonica; which it seems to hide behind for most of the album. You see, I wanted to like this. I like Rancid. "Let's Go" and "Out Come the Wolves" made me want to dress up like Joe Strummer, jump into a time machine, and go punch the Queen in the mouth then dance on top of cars after kicking in their windshields just for fun. This CD makes me want to train for the Olympics in discus to see how far I can throw this CD out the window. Let me back up a bit. This is no rash judgement. Terribly disappointed on first listen - except for the song "Warsaw," I fastened my critical seatbelt and listened to this once every day for a month to see if this'd "Sandanista" (the Clash album that broke a lot of people) me. Repeat listens produced this fruit, little of it ripe or sweet: 1.) Who clipped Tim Lint's tongue? He finishes no words. In Operation Ivy, he could pronounce words in their entirety. 2.) There are riffs stolen from the American hard rock classic "Jack and Diane." Mellencamp mania supplants oi? 3.) I really only can tolerate reggae when done by the Clash. 4.) Some songs are pretty fast but none are lit on fire. All speed is negated by over harmonization, "woo ahhs," and zigger fish. Like Wile E. Coyote, setting up impressive explosive devices with arduous care, laying line and enough dynamite to make it through a year of live KISS performances, it seems that the Roadrunner "meep meeps" on "Life Won't Wait" before they can thrust down the plunger to plunder: lots of planning, promise of the biggest firecracker this side of Nagasaki, yet producing unsatisfactory results (well produced, to boot), and me bored as fuck. Remember, I like 'em, this was just too little to swallow. (All said, I still hope them the best. I wish I could like it. I tried.) -Todd (Epitaph)

RANDUMBS, THE
"It's About Time!" ✠
Geez, how to describe this? They're sort of what the Queers would sound like if they were into oi and only wanted to play hardcore punk. And weren't queer. And played so fucking hard it peeled the skin off your face to stand in front of them. Or maybe name your favorite non-gaelic oi band and speed them up and thrash them out to the max. This is hardcore, the real hardcore: you know, the fast, aggro shit! They come across with major attitudes too, which sounds punk to me. Gak, I'm still struggling with this. Let's try again: they're an oi band that doesn't yell oi constantly and plays blistering thrash instead of midpaced streetpunk. Amphetamined Humpers? I give up. They're good, but not for wussies - so if you're into pop punk fergetit. 20 tracks. -ShitEd (GMM, #132 PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

READYMEN, THE
"Factory" ⊙
All but one of the three cuts here stink of the ska/punk thang. Really do wish it was visa versa. What's next?... -Designated Dale (Illumination, PO Box 700194, San Jose CA, 95170)

RED BOY
"Contact from the Underworld" ⊙
"Weeding" has a good deep beat, but is musically kinda sparse. This stuff sounds a lot better when it's packed dense with sounds and samples. The other two songs blow. Pretty weak dance music. -Jimmy Alvarado (Pussyfoot, 43/44 Hoxton Square, London N1 6PB)

REMISSION
"Ninety-five to Ninety-eight" ⊙
Damn fine dual vocalist Wisconsin crust. One guy sounds like he's yelling at you for spilling milk. The second guy (I think it's a guy from the pictures) sounds like an eagle getting strangled. Gives me lightning glimpses of Rudimentary Peni in that it sounds like they're feasting on the badness of what culture has tossed them, clanking beaks, surrounded by swarms of blackened guitar noise. Not bad at all. -Todd (Dead Beat, PO Box 283, LA, CA 90078)

REMISSION
"Ninety-five to Ninety-eight" ⊙
Great crust/hardcore from these Wisconsin monsters. This includes their demo (out of print), "Fetus the Code"(out of print), "A Few Faces of Protest," and the recently released Japanese EP. Most of the stuff on this was pressed in limited editions so this will most likely be your last chance to get it on wax (there will be a CD version out in the future). None of the typical dead bodies artwork is present on the sleeve (which is a good thing). A total of 24 essential tracks of good 'ol hardcore. Unfortunately, Remission have broken up. Too bad because they were great. Do yourself a favor and pick it up. -Richard (Dead Beat c/o Tom, PO Box 283, LA, CA, 90078)

REMISSION
"Ninety-five to Ninety-eight" ⊙
An awesome LP with material from three out of print EPs and a demo tape, all of it is fantastic grinding thrash madness from start to finish. Great hardcore with great political lyrics. All delivered with forceful energy. Great Battalion Of Saints and Crucifucks covers. If your having a hard time finding Remission 7"ers, pick this up there all here. One ass kicking release. -Thrashead (Deadbeat, PO Box 288, LA, CA, 90078)

RESINEATORS, THE
Self-titled ✠
Remember when ya were but a wee lad and you and your best friend in the whole world got yourself some drums and a guitar? And remember when you thought that your guitar/drum combo was IT and that no matter what, it was only gonna be you two in your band? Guess what? (Ed Sullivan intro:) "Ladies and gentlemen... The Resineators!" -Designated Dale (Past It, 2235 Market St., SF, CA 94114)

ROBERT RICH
"Below Zero" ✠
I get weary of CDs that come with promobabble like, "soundscapes, topography," and "texture." Yeah yeah yeah. I know. It's art. There's a special place in the world for this stuff, it just... not in my house. -Kirin (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

ROBOT ASSASSINS
"Beneath the Planet of the Apes" ⊙ EP
Quirky punk circa 1978 that sounds like it was recorded in a box stuffed with Kleenex. My first impulse was to say this sucked balls, but hey, it grew on me. Their delivery and song structures remind me of the Snot Puppies. This EP is fucking great. When does the album come out? I'll even contribute to the Kleenex and cardboard fund to record it, guys. -Jimmy Alvarado (Total Sound, 2036 University Ave., Berkeley, CA 94704)

ROCA
"Solitude Phenomenale" ✠
Truly beautiful noisemusic or ambientsound or whatever you want to call it. Stark and mesmerizing, this is not the sound of art school; this is the sound of life, happening. -Kirin (Soleilmoon/GodFactory, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

ROCKING DILDOS
"Horny Hit Parade" ✠
Totally rocking metallic punk and hardcore from some members of the black metal gods Impaled Nazarene. Nice fast tunes with an total early 80's feel. Imagine Terveet Kadet crossed with Motorhead. That's exactly what this sounds like. This is a ripper from start to finish. Twenty tracks of sex and satanic rage on this hot disc. Get it. -Thrashead (Osmose, B.P. 57, 62990 Beaurainville, France)

ROHT
"Mfg. Consent" ✠
Can't help but think maybe these guys shouldn't have splurged on a CD, and instead released this as a demo. Generic slow tempo hardcore that passes by without a second thought. -M.Avrg (Trocar, 5207 5th Ave, NE Seattle, WA 98105)

SAM MCPHEETERS/ THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
Split 5"
Weird shit - Catholic Church's "Action Reaction"'s full of Donkey Kong loops, lazer gun whoopey zoopy sounds, drum loops, hand claps, and what sounds like a 15 year old Asian hermaphrodite yelping through a voice synthesizer. Take it for what you will. Side two: the feel of those books on tape with full casts that are targeted for high school civics classes. March 23, 1775, Boston: Patrick Henry giving the opposing viewpoint to George Washington's plea for "accessing the English situation a five point plan for tolerance." I take from the title "Sam McPheeters as Patrick Henry" that it's a loose but dedicated vocal reenactment of Patrick Henry (talk of death robots and tiger roar sounds inserted into dialogue) riling up Congress to presently stick many a loaded musket up many a pasty English ass and click the flintlock to freedom in a let's go to war fervor. And it's revolutionary war style my triangle hatted brothers, ending with the famous line of "Give me liberty or give me death," fading out with hand claps from the peanut gallery. Not what I expected from the lead singer of Born Against (RIP), but punk rock and educational. I listened to it over and over again. Give him a fucking Oscar or whatever they gave to for radio excellence. -Todd (Vermiform, PO Box 12065, Richmond, VA 23241)

SATELLITERS, THE
"...Shake, Shake, Shake!" ✠
I enjoyed their last effort, "Wylde Knights of Action," quite a bit and, I dare say, this one is even better. The approach is similar to that taken by the Makers, who these guys sound like in many ways. Both have borrowed heavily from the 60's and, using hind sight, have chosen to concentrate on the more aggressive, bad boy element. The band is from Germany but the snottiness of the vocals leave no room for a discernible accent. I'm not sure how many tunes are covers, but they do a raucous version of the Kinks' "I Need You" and a one word, "Batman" type, 1-4-5 raver called "Sasquatch" that I believe I've heard before but I wouldn't bet money on it. The group uses organ on some and wah wah on a few, but are basically a guitar band along the lines of 60 's stalwarts, the Other Half. -P.Edwin Letcher Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

SCARIES, THE
"Missing You" ⊙
The sleeve has a stick figure thinking of his broken heart. It's called "Missing You." I don't want to say that I came into this with any preconceived notions, but how could I

not? And is it whiny, my-pussy-hurts emo crap (and the band is all male. I don't want to be misunderstood here). In their defense, they do play their instruments competently and they do sing on key, but for fuck's sake, I don't even listen to my friends when they tell me about their problems. Why on God's green earth do I want to hear about these geeks not getting laid? -Juan Bastos (309 Central Ave., Butner, NC 27509)

SCOTT FARKUS AFFAIR, THE
"Sorrows Learn to Swim" ✠
This is good, straight ahead, no-frills punk rock on the Foo Fighters and some other alternative shit tip; however, the vocalist has a much more raspy voice. The lyrics get a C. -Arthur Robert (Ambiguous City)

SCRATCH BONGOWAX
"Let Me Be" ✠
I've Known Robert, Susan and Flytrapper for years. I suppose it's a little ironic that this local So-Cal outfit's music should come to me by way of Tokyo. Real nuts and bolts punk rock about living in a world full of idiots and crazies and trying desperately to blend in with them. The pace is slow to mid tempo, by punk standards, which means it's easy to pick up on all the clever, tongue in cheek lyrics such as, "I'm just a victim of society's ills; it's something I'm going to fix with a hammer and drill." The vocals are delivered with a mixture of angst and boredom. The only covers are "Wild About You," that I associate with the Saints and something called "I'm Sick" that is credited to Lennon & McCartney though I doubt either of them would know a Tommyburger from a hole in the ground. This is not unlike Black Flag around the time of their first single... on booze and reds... without being so serious about themselves. Fun and sloppy. -P.Edwin Letcher (1 + 2, Clean Nishi-Shinjuku 1F, Nishi-Shinjuku 7-5-6 Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160, Japan)

SCREECHING WEASEL
Self-titled ✠
All fucking right, the first Screeching Weasel LP is finally officially re-released on CD. The album is full of great early style punk and hardcore. Great social commentary by Ben, even though some of the lyrics are amateurish (He wrote most of these songs when he was a teenager). Songs like "Society," "Leave Me Alone," "Work," and "Jockpunk" still have relevance. Of course, the level of humor and sarcasm are at an all time high. I had a lot of favorites on this release. It's nice to hear them out again as an official release, and not that shitty bootleg that was floating around. Great liner notes by Ben himself. The only thing pop on this record is the fact that it is catchy, and has some great hooks. Besides that the record is great punk that I've always liked about this band. Although Ben has been vocal about that fact that he's not the most enthusiastic about this re-release, there are those of us who fully appreciate it. -Thrashead (VML, PO Box 183, Franklin Park, IL., 60131)

SECULARS, THE
"Social Skills" ⊙
This is some seriously raw garage rock that should leave a Motard dripping a nostalgic tear in his quarter draft, that should turn a Mono Man's mind away from the obsession of Tammy (Boom Boom) Mercedes' striptease; and should milk Teengenerate's sex cow. With those three and so many other cool noise-rocking bands breaking up, I can rest easy knowing that the Seculars are putting something cool together: five songs worth drinking with. -Juan Bastos (360 Twist!, Denver, CO 80209)

SERVOTRON
"I Sing! The Body Cybernetic" ✠
Let me throw a number out at you. 2000. Mean anything to you? I've got this hunch when the lights are dimming at midnight 1999 and everyone's humming the Prince song, there'll be the gnashing of confused bureaucratic and real big company gears - thinking, thinking, thinking, is it 1900 or 2000 and in that smell of mental brakes smoking is the perfect time for insurrection. Like Mad Max through a cloud of dust with all arms forward filled with weaponry. A huge meat for metal wholesale auction. Chowing down on raw digital information; its, bytes, megabytes of information lodged into all international mainframes from the DMV, IRS, Radio Shack lifetime members, Carnival Cruises, bank accounts, Chief Auto Parts (you always need oil), seats to Regis and Kathy Lee, Social Security, swapping names, establishing instant legions of insurgents as naturalized citizens who appear as unobtrusive as a guy in sock garters watering his lawn at 7 AM in Des Moines. Hell, sure, they have a fucking hard time going through metal detectors at airports, watch "Terminator"s 1 and 2 kinda like people read the bible... waa? What are you talking about? Machines are taking over, bucko. Here is their battlecry, their propaganda, their warning that it's a good time to enlist or be turned on a spit like weinies on a 7-Il hotdog rack a couple years down the road with the rest of the pathetic human race. (On a more human note, it's produced by Poly Styrene of X-Ray Spex, and it's friggin' rocking. Makes me want to rub myself in oil, get sticky from carpet lint, wrap myself in tin foil, and run around the neighborhood. They sound like they wrestled Devo and won.) As always, get it. -Todd (One Louder, Robotic Division, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1NW England)

SEWERGROOVES, THE
"Could've Been Dead" ⊙
Thank god for Sweden, I have been receiving a ton of stuff from there that blows away a lot of stuff I've been getting from the states. Maybe it's the good production or being patient before putting someone out. But most of the stuff has been from good to great. Take the Sewergrooves. These guys remind me of early Urge Overkill mixed with stuff of the Nuggets comps. Great package, good production and good songs that rock. -Don (Low Impact, Box 475, 701 49 Orebro, Sweden)

SHAKE APPEAL
"You're Too Rich" ✠
Shake Appeal make the unthinkable bands seem that much more average... 80's/pop/rock ala Tommy Two Tone make me thank the ever-so-fricking-loving gods above that there are bands like The Customers to show bands like THIS how it's supposed to be done. Once again, the score - Customers: 1,000,000. Shake Appeal: 1. Now, let me be... I must go salvage the moment with a nice, quiet, uninterrupted moment with The Mats' "Tim." -Designated Dale (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince Street Station, NY, NY 10012)

SHATTERED FAITH
"1982" ✠
I'm not joking. Do yourself a favor - if you've never heard of Shattered Faith and you like pure, honest, melodic, true blue punk rock, unfiltered - get this. It's a live show from 1982 plus, in Grand Theft Audio style, everyfuckingthing that the band could find on one handy CD with full 16 page booklet. Sometimes the resurrection of the dead isn't a good idea when your thoughts of the past slap a veneer of gold over otherwise dusty or sorta OK stuff. Nothing could be further from the truth here. Mr. GTA's smart - he used Kerry Martinez's ear (then guitarist of Shattered Faith, now US Bombs) , Michael Rozon's audio magic taping skills to remix and remaster, took what I suspect was either the original vinyl and/or tapes that were one step from complete disintegration and totally refurbished a great article of punk rock past that stands on its own merits without me trying to convince you. I know I'm gushing, but fuckit, I was ten years old when they were playing the live set portion of the CD - yeah, deduct two punk points for my parents not popping me out six years earlier - and I'm glad that someone's got the intelligence, resources, balls, and vision to pick up an old nugget of lost gold, put it in a tumbler, shine it up back to its former glory and let it speak for itself: gutsy, melodic, and a sound that's so big, you'd swear ten people were in the band. I guess that's what's called monster talent. It's scary. Listen to "Too Tense," and think of a good reason to tell me why it isn't a crying shame that Shattered Faith isn't sitting in more collections next to Black Flag and the Circle Jerks. A fucking huge album. This was '82 and comparing most of the current crop of punk bands - pop and otherwise - nowadays to Shattered Faith is like comparing a flashlight to the sun. One will lose power and few people will care, while SF exploded once yet lighted up an entire universe, if only for a short time. Get off your ass, nix the idea to get the new Cherry Sloppy Dandies, and make yourself a better person. -Todd (Grand Theft Audio, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd., Suite 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

SHORTHANDED
"Simple" ✠
I reviewed these guys a few issues back for a 7" that came out. The Oregon chaps have put out another great release which is more mature than the 7". Modern 90's skate punk that is very melodic without being soft. This release reminds me more of current Good Riddance meets Strung Out with a little more grit. -Don (Boot to Head, PO Box 9005, Portland, OR 97207)

SKANIC
"Last Call" ✠
Usually ska from California just doesn't go over too well with me, but these San Diegans are REALLY good. Two-tone'ish with a modern twist and tight as hell. If they can perform this material just as well live, I bet they kill it. Smooth production and decent layout with Moon finally retreating their two-in-one liner notes/distro catalog to a separate catalog insert. Overall, decent bordering on great. Could've done without the Nirvana cover though. -Josh (Moon Ska, Box 1412, NYC, NY 10276)

SKIZMATICS
Self Titled ⊙ EP
Tight hardcore with pop leanings and above-average lyrics ("The Plague" is pretty right on), although the lines "I can give my problems a shove/When I'm embraced by this punk rock love" caused me to laugh out loud. The singer sounds a little like the guy from Beyond Possession. Swell song structures and conviction make this a pretty good listen. Just ditch the rip off of the Plasmatics logo. -Jimmy Alvarado (Exit, P0 Box 463 Pleasantville, NY, 10570-0463)

SKUDS, THE
"Think Fer Yrself" ⊙
The cover looks like it was laid out by a third grader with Down's Syndrome, but oh, what's contained in its grooves! Fucking fabulous early '80s punk rock long on attitude and short on bullshit. With 18 songs graced with titles like "You Bore Me," "Short People Arise," "I Came on You" and a cover of the Dicks' "Hate the Police," how can you possibly go wrong? Search very hard for this. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ron Mills, PO Box 1941, Knoxville, TN 37901-1941)

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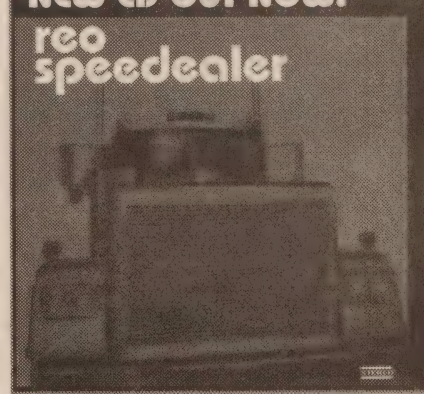

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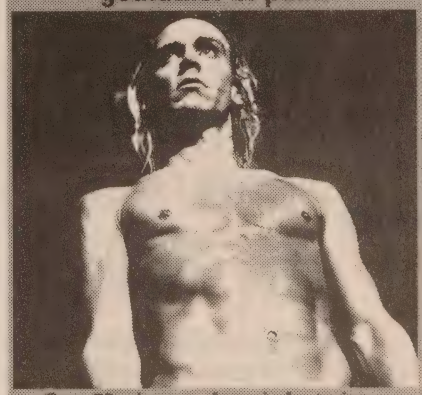

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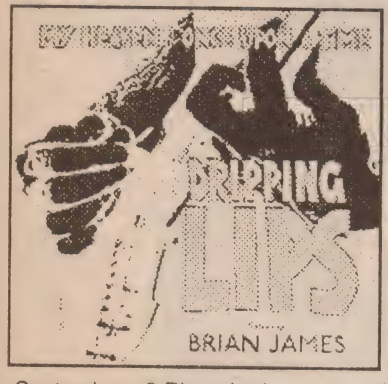

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SLAB
"Reflect" ✠
90's So Cal hardcore that is popular among the kids right now. Very melodic and well thought out personal lyrics. The guitars were a little thin in production for me personally but I do appreciate the effort that they don't sound like they just started out last month. Actually this is a compilation of their 4 previous releases (?) on one CD. "Boars Head Saloon" reminded me of the Vandals. -Don (Onset, PO Box 1918, Garden Grove, CA 92842)

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS
"Barking up the Right Tree" ✠
A Slaughter & Dogs CD recorded in '96?! Huh? I somehow was under the impression that these guys were long gone. Shows ya what I don't know! They do a lot of cool stuff here in this (remarkably clean) live recording. In addition to their own songs they cover a Lou Reed tune ("White Light White Heat"), a NY Dolls, and one of my favorite prepunk rockin' tunes from the old, old days: "Quick Joey Small," which at the moment I can't remember who did originally (go ahead and give me shit about that) but is a blazin' rockabilly pounder. Good disk here. -ShitEd (Amsterdamned, PO Box 862558, LA, CA 90086-2558)

SLAYER
"Diabolus in America" ✠
Music and fashion have come full circle - faster and faster in the last few years. In a genre like speedmetal, bands have either jumped on a new bandwagon, have gone soft like Metallica or disappeared. I predict within the next few years bands like Slayer will return to the spotlight. People want aggression and that is what Slayer provides. Now let's talk about this album. Like a bullet in the head, this will catch you off guard if you're not looking. This thing is the closest thing the band has released in years that comes close to their classic "Reign in Blood." Every track on this release exposes their power that brings back memories of why people started to crossover in the mid 80's. Big drum sounds, 100 rifts a minute guitar and you can really hear the bass this time around. All their trademark style is there and then some. Listening to this disc the first time around brought me back to the only time I saw this band. It was right before their first album, they opened for a hair band and blew them away. Hearing the power of the heavy guitars and the speed of punk really changed my life. I never thought a metal band could ever reach those heights. I'm pissed and so are they. -Don (American)

SLAYER
"Diabolus in Musica" ✠
1) The cover and art looks sorta like Marilyn Manson stuff, which is mostly ripping off Nine Inch Nails stuff, which mostly resembles Ministry stuff, which would still be crappy synth pop if it wasn't for thrash metal, like Slayer. 2) A decade ago, there were thrash bands referred to as "The Big Four": Slayer, Metallica, Anthrax and Megadeth. Metallica broke up after the album "And Justice for All" only to immediately reform as another band that coincidentally was also called Metallica. Given their sound, they should have called themselves Alternitiva. Anthrax pissed of the NYHC scene by co-opting the logo, got really silly, got a new singer and fell off the face of the earth. Megadeth... Well, I have always had a hard time taking fringe jackets seriously. Most people I know thought it was funny that they played Ozzfest. Slayer are still Slayer. 3) Reviewing Slayer seems almost pointless. You probably already have an idea of what they will sound like, what the lyrics will be like and whether you like them or not. 4) Slayer made a major publicity stunt of meeting with evangelist Bob Larson, who I myself got in an argument with at his 1990 Boston lecture on Satanism. 5) This sounds like a bunch of talented musicians playing fast, loud, angry thrash metal music ala the more metallish 80's thrash/ hardcore scene (Crumbsuckers, etc.), with influences seeming to come from bands that were influenced by Slayer to begin with. The lyrics are not poetry or informational, rather they are designed to be sung along to by young men blowing off steam at the end of the day, or mouthed along to by a bunch of sweaty guys beating the hell out of each other at a concert. -Rich Mackin (American, Slayer info: PO Box 1628, Hollywood, CA 90078-1628. Or just go to most record stores that aren't tight assed. (It's not like they're DIY.)

SLAYER
"Diabolus in Musica" ✠
The boys from HP take their brand of musical terrorism in a new direction on this, their 800th release. This is, for the most part, considerably slower than what they're known for, although there are a couple of thrashers thrown in. Now, before you get your undies all in a bunch and start whining about "sellouts" this and "traitors" that, rest assured: there are absolutely NO "power ballads" of any kind on this. What you do get, though, are songs with slower tempos that deliver just as solid a kick in the balls as anything off of "Reign in Blood" or whatever other albums have been cited to describe as their "golden years." Slayer has always been damn good at what they do and this is no exception. If Unsane were to become a Black Sabbath cover band, they would probably sound a lot like this, as "In the Name of God" demonstrates. Lyrically, they are still in their pain/"senseless violence is good" phase, and this goes well with the fact that, sonically, they are still more than capable of makin you want to go out and beat the shit out of something. More adrenaline rush from slower tempos: Go figure. Great packaging for this, too. Slayer is still a vital band, although many of their crank-addicted diehard fans will no doubt be holding their drawings of the Goat of Mendes and scratching their heads in confusion tonight. But they never really understood anyway, did they? Fuck 'em. -Jimmy Alvarado (Def American)

SMEAR
"Whatever, Mary" ✠ EP
Soft rock with harder edges, the sound is controlled even when they're noisy, like the entire spectrum doesn't ever open up, or Michele Shocked without the fear and loss. Early locks into a groove give it a spacey quality - kinda relaxing, a tad jaunty, but the overall feel here is that professional strong-arming seems to eclipse the musicians so it's impossible to hear the real sparks in lieu of tricks and sound effects. "Thirteen"'s pretty good stuff - the most satisfying track for me - a duet with DOA's Joey Shithead (who wrote it back in 1978), the tempo picked up a bit, the snarls come out with swearing, the guitars hit stride, and it makes me think that DOA would be real rippin' with a woman vocalist. -Todd (Sudden Death)

SNUFF
"Tweet Tweet My Lovely" ✠
Nothing excites me more than getting a new Snuff release than maybe something new by Oi Polloi. Maybe that is a weird comparison, but oh well. The boys present us 14 amazing pop gems only they can provide. With so many bands trying to copy their style, only they can consistently put out one great release after another. I have listened to this over and over and have to say that I like every single song. Maybe I'm a little biased because they have been one my favorite bands for a while. Don't go by what I say, but read elsewhere to see that any release by Snuff is a worthwhile purchase. -Don (Fat Wreck Chords)

SOY
"Tales from Tofugraphic Oceans" ⊙
I thought this was going to be hippie shit, judging from the picture of the hippie on the sleeve and from the name and title, but you'll be glad to know that it sounds more like devil within hardcore. It's really neither, but the vocals are really bad. The singer just screams with nothing much to say, except maybe his funny little grammar lesson. They enclosed a note to the reviewer saying that the singer left the band, which is good. I didn't want to be the one to tell him not to quit his day job. Actually, I did. That's why I just wrote that. But they have a new band and will be recording again soon. In the note, someone who I think is a band member writes, "fuck any of that old Soy crap." Good idea. -Juan Bastos (Doug MacMinn, 302-2634 Quadra ST., Victoria, B.C., V8T 4E4, Canada)

SPACE COSSACKS, THE\ THE FATHOMS Split ⊙
Fans of instrumental rock won't want to miss out on this. Both groups are top notch and do two songs each that showcase their respective obsessions with stretching the boundaries of human endeavor. The Fathoms take us to the bottom of the sea with "Fathomized" and "Comanche." The Space Cossacks blast us into orbit with "Red Sunrise" and "Space Probe." Each group has a superb full length release on Musick. I'll let you figure out whose is "Interstellar Stomp" and who's is "Overboard." Each band offers a track from their CD and one that is only found on this record. Relaxing, engaging and well produced efforts from some fine musicians. -P.Edwin Letcher (Musick, 202 W. Essex Ave., Lansdowne, PA 19050)

SPECIAL FORCES
"Posthumously Yours" EP
Here's five previously unreleased songs from this old Berkeley hardcore unit who's history goes back, way back. The material here was recorded with the next to last line up, with Orlando being the only original member left. Regardless, this stuff is pretty good, and a nice document of the past. The music is classic 80's California hardcore with an air of belligerence and the ability to not take itself serious. Titles like "On PCP," and "House Wrecking Party" are pretty good indicators of what to expect. -M.Avrg (Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704 - 0442)

SPRING HEELED JACK
"Songs From Suburbia" ✠
These Moon Ska madmen have jumped labels and brought us a new one. If you couldn't have guessed from the first sentence, these guys are ska. Mighty Mighty Bosstones without the gruff vocals. As my wife would say, "They're a happy ska band." Also, she loves them. Actually she was pretty excited when she saw this in my review pile at home. They are one of her personal favorites. I really should have forced her to do the review even though she said she didn't know what to write. I feel if a band is one your favorites, it's easy to throw down the words. One of the few ska bands that will last when the kids get tired and move on to the next big thing. -Don (Ignition)

SQUIGGY
"Middle Class Rebellion" ⊙ EP
More oi from Headache records. Flat production and shitty lyrics make this a waste of petroleum. I followed the advice on the record and played it loud, but it didn't get any better. Maybe I'm too old, or maybe my standards are too high, but this sucked pretty hard. Another thing: What's with all this "Oi! Oi! Oi!" shit? You're from

the United States, for chrissakes, not England. You're not rotting your life away on the dole in Westham, you idiots. "Oi" is the Cockney pronunciation of "hey," and I think it's a safe assumption that you weren't raised speaking with a Cockney accent. -Jimmy Alvarado (Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park NJ 07432)

STITCHES, THE
"You Tear Me Out" ⊙
The title track is a pretty catchy punk tune that reminds me a whole lot of The Dickies. The song on side B is a little faster that reminds of early '80s hardcore punk. This is my first record by these guys and it's a good one. I heard these guys put on a great live show. The second press is available now since the first pressing sold out in a matter of seconds. It's that good! Pick it up. -Richard (Dead Beat, PO Box 283, LA,CA,90078)

STRAIGHT FACED
"Conditioned" ✻
Tight, crazed, hard, and no fucking around hardcore that doesn't slip into the heavy metal trap door that's been sucking quite a few down. Fearless and Hostage Records alumni have always been smart and witty (as evidenced by the song title "Dr. Heckle and Mr. Been There Done That,") avoiding the easy cliche but nailing the entire youth crew, wrecking ball sound through the fucking wall. With the wank factor knobs dialed at zero, it's pure adrenaline filtered by honesty that's both brutal and true without ever lapsing into a parody or empty postures. Think of it as a distinct hardcore lineage, not a kinda-fitting hand me down hooded sweatshirt of hardcore, but the buzzing of a fresh tattoo. My only complaint is that too many of the songs tend to blend into one another, and I know they've got the arsenal to whip it up more, to keep the listener dizzy. As I've said before, they opened for Agnostic Front and weren't blown off the stage. That's gotta say something. -Todd (Epitaph)

STRANGULATED BEATOFFS
Self-titled ✻
A CD of samples stretched into songs, laced with barely changing structures. I'm completely making the process up, but think of songs of when you're really stoned and you get your answering machine to record a couple seconds of "Johnny Quest" when Johnny calls for Haji. OK. With only that small sample, make a song. Put on reverse fuzz, mask on some tinkertoy shit on the high end. Repeat for eleven minutes, weave a little sinister love into the mix. Title "dream of the genies." Ta da. A song. Repeat nine times and you gotcha an album. The ultimate opposite to a gyrational-crazy Club MTV hit. Other songs include: guy with sinister snicker, guy with whistle toy, cuckoo clock and static, song with a Ministry loop and static, piano and zigger fish, a lady going "Oh my favorite! Carob-flavored gluten balls," opening five seconds to "Anne of Green Gables,"... One of several things. Either you are so centered that you can listen to anything with abject interest and you're stunned by the sounds of faucets and trains and damaged feeds from antennae-starved TVs - and this CD will be a god-fucking-head/send. Or, it'll make you feel a little bit crazy because you get the end of the song in the first couple of seconds and it doesn't change all the way through. I'm sure there's someone out there writing a long dissertation on the transposed Derridian significance on repetition's importance considering morphophonemic transmogrification. I wanted something to record on my answering machine or something that scared me, which it provided. It went as far as subtle annoyance, which, I'm sure was only partially their goal. -Todd (Skin Graft, no address on CD)

STROLLERS, THE
"You'll Never See Me Again" ⊙
These guys are in the wrong time period. Late 60' psychedelic/surf sound with the clothes and haircuts to match. They are definitely influenced by that time period. I just can't figure out what band they sound like to me. I'm not that knowledgeable of that time period since it was around the time I was born, but that won't hold me back in saying that this is a great release. You guys at Low Impact are doing a great job! -Don (Low Impact, Box 475, 701 49 Orebro, Sweden)

STRUNG OUT
"Crosswords and Illusions" ✻ EP
There's only five songs on this and two of them are on their new album. It's good, it's Strung Out, but it's only twelve minutes long. Unless you're a really big fan and have to have everything they put out, I'd just check out the full length. -Juan Bastos (Fat Wreck Chords)

STRUNG OUT
"Twisted by Design" ✻
Big production and a Fat sound makes this their best release by far. More of a mature release for this California punk band. Stronger musically as they branch out from their punk leanings. More and more I would compare this band to Good Riddance. Actually, they sound a lot like them. If you liked Good Riddance's latest release, you are really going to like this one. -Don (Fat Wreck Chords)

STRUNG OUT
"Twisted by Design" ✻
There's no consistency to my musical tastes. I tried to boo Pulley off the stage at the Point a few months back, and I ragged their album in the pages of this very magazine a while back, and some of those guys are in this band and I like this album. It's like creeper weed. It's not much at first. You think there needs to be more, but gradually you get drawn into the pulsating beat, you become completely absorbed to the point that you lose focus on the things around you and lose yourself in it. It starts to become too much, then releases you. The rest of the album plays out in waves, sucking you in, wrapping you up, spitting you out. It's the best thing I've heard from these guys. It sounds awfully Fat Wreck, but in a good way. And the drummer is unreal. -Juan Bastos (Fat Wreck Chords)

STUNTMEN
Self Titled ⊙ EP
Solid punk rock from Philly. Uptempo rhythms steeped in Hanoi Rocks/Detroit damage, good chord progressions and above average musicianship make this worth the trouble. I know a lot of people, particularly Gary Pogo of the Black Jax, who would eat this for breakfast. -Jimmy Alvarado (Junk, P0 Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

SUBSONICS, THE
"Follow Me Down" ✻
Many claim the Velvet Underground as a source of inspiration. This super sparse trio would have no trouble pawning off their output as great lost albums from Lou and crew. Singer/guitarist Clay Reed, has the elder Reed's sound and look down pat and does the ovine vocal quaver with even more fervor. Much of the song material bears striking resemblance to Lou's in subject matter, basic structure and attention to obsessive details. Lou's $26 becomes Clay's $10. On its own merits, the music is lively, well paced and memorable if a tad too bare at times. Vendettas guitarist/singer Buffi Aguero provides the skeletal drums. I'm quite fond of this and I'm not even into the Velvets very much. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

SUMMERJACK
"Quixotic" ⊙
The vocalist has the voice of Billy Joe's first 7", right after they changed their name from Sweet Children to Green Day - hurried and curled, which is pretty cool, but they've got to learn how to end a song. The ones on here seem so long because they get as redundant and predictable as cows getting stuck in cattle grates. Remember: stab, stab, stab. End. Not stick fork slowly in, then a little harder, take a nap, think about it, wince, then try again, then break the skin. Songs that have nothing new to offer after the first minute or so. I've also got the feeling someone in the band's overcoming a big Sabbath and/or Rush fixation. Sorry, I wanted to like it but no dice. -Todd (Good Thief, PO Box 4916, Boise, ID 83711)

SVART SNO
"Smock'n'Roll" ⊙
This is a vinyl re-release of a CD that came out a few years ago. Completely ripping Swedish style hardcore, done by one of the masters. Killer thrash with no let up. All straight up intensity. great lyrics and high energy through out. Still a great release and deserving of your attention. Another great ripper release from Prank. -Thrashead (Prank, PO Box 410892, SF, CA, 94141)

SWINGIN' UTTERS
"Five Lessons Learned" ✻
I swear these guys sounded more street punk on their earlier releases. On this release I swear if I didn't look I would have thought that this was Social Distortion. In fact this whole CD has that S.D. sound throughout. I not slagging this release because this is probably going to be one of my favorites of this year. A variety of different songs makes this easy to listen to all the way through. That's not easy to say about a lot of releases that are out there. -Don (Fat Wreck Chords)

SYMPOSIUM
"On the Outside" ✻
I wish you could see the promo stuff that came with this major label release. I wish there was room to liberally quote it. The way the publicist rhapsodies over this band you'd think they felt better than heroin, coke, 20 year old whisky, ice cold beer and a handful of shrooms all at the same time; yummier than tight wet pussy; more exalting than the first glow of true love; and here, tonight, live on stage: the full-on second coming of Jesus Fucking Christ! Wow they must really be somethin': Redd Kross, Supergrass, Gen X and the Buzzcocks all rolled into one! They're clean! They're scruffy! They're poppy! They're punky! They're cool! They're mean! They're good! They're bad! They're all things to all men and have every possible demographic in their hip pockets! Oh yeah? I don't think so. Actually they're tres ordinaire, a trendy MTV style pop rock band whose songwriting isn't even all that great. There is one thing this band has though that is extraordinary: their promotion is fantastic! Yep, this band will go far on the strength of their incredible promotional writing that makes them out to be, nay, not young lions, but young gods! ...May I go puke now? -ShitEd (Red Ant, Infectious , Mercury)

SYSTEM OF A DOWN
Self-titled ✻
This is absolute shit. Wimpy jock metal. Korn meets Nine Inch Nails. The kind of music you play at low volume to save embarrassment in case the neighbors hear. -M.Avrg (American)

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TANTRUMS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Wow, this one took me by surprise. I'd never heard of them and their sleeve photo is rather silly but this rocks with vigor and aplomb. 60's garage, cave man stomp if ever I've been witness to such. Solid, propulsive bass lines, terrific guitar sound, strong drums and no nonsense vocals make for a great power trio. Both songs would have made more sense on an old Music Machine, Wailers or Count Five album than the weak ballads or lame covers that got tossed on. Of course these guys are from now and you can never go home, as it were, so we can only dig their skill at combining the best attributes of their heroes with their own prowess and song writing skill. Plenty of "yeah's," "all right's" and "wow's" to go around on the A side, "All the Way" and the B side, "Kickin' and Screamin'." I like it. Besides, if I gave them a bad review, they might throw a hissy fit. -P.Edwin Letcher (Sharky, 1726B N. Arlington Pl., Milwaukee, WI 53202)

TEXAS TERI & THE STIFF ONES
"Eat Shit!" ✠
This is one of those 70's style punk and roll outfits, this one with a female singer who moans and shouts and gets lots of sweaty juju working. The music is mostly midpaced, with a sleazy vibe to it and the vocals, like too many nights on Hollywood Boulevard. Teri is (in)famous locally for taking most or all of her clothes off when she sings - but that doesn't leave her bare, as she sports an interesting collection of tattoos. The CD label art was taken by Arlan at Fred Stuhr's (RIP) studio and is an outtake from a photo session for a Censor This interview of her and her band, then called Baby Bird rather than the Stiff Ones. I know, 'cause I was there handing her frosting and donuts to wear. 12 songs, one of which seems to be a Dicks cover, I guess that's a Texas thang. -ShitEd (Burning Tree, 10938 Magnolia #227, North Hollywood, CA 91601)

TEXAS CRIFFER AND PLOW UNITED
"Also Appearing As Martin Spanker
and the Bunny Humpers" ⊙
From what I can gather, these guys are against marijuana and have a song about suicide, but I like them anyway. It seems like straight forward rock'n'roll, but there's a hint of country (Butthole Surfers from the days when they were a good band - kind of country, not George Straight country [though John Doe from X was George Strait's drummer in a movie. John Doe from X]) or something infectious in the guitar, and there's a sincerity to the voice of the singer that wins me over. So even though they have two names and no title for the record (a problem, you'll notice, that I solved for them), it's definitely worth checking out. -Juan Bastos (F.O.E., PO Box 4, Bethlehem, PA 18016)

THANKLESS DOGS
"From the Land of Thunder" ⊙
I like this quite a bit. The influences are as simple to figure out as to what they're doing as someone sitting in a corner with a spike in their vein: Johnny Thunders, Stooges, early Rolling Stones, MC5, Dead Boys (of which they cover two. You guess.). Heavy, mid-paced, guitar-driven, melodic in a desperate, depraved, but effective and entirely listenable way. This is always a barbed wire/tightrope ballet - when is too much adoration merely derivation - the hugging of something long dead, trying to steal licks off it (like licking a corpse)? When can love's blood be transfused into something with a new life? I think The Thankless Dogs have figured it out. Not painful to listen to, not driving me to go directly to their sources and bypass the band - they harness enough sonic pop and grit, enough sludge, enough power to believe, if even for just the length of the LP, that they could have invented all this punk'n'roll shit, if the time/space continuum wasn't what it presently is. Excellent. -Todd (Idol, PO Box 20232, Seattle, WA 98102)

THOR
"Thunderstruck - Tales from the Equinox" ✠
I found this in the mystery meat review pile at Flipside. I can't believe they sent this in. If you can't already tell what this sounds like just by the title, let me paint a picture. Let's go back to the 80's and start at the Sunset Strip. Picture big hair, spandex and machismo and this is what the band looks like. The songs make me laugh and all I can think of is Spinal Tap. The scary part is these guys are serious. I hope you stupid fucks in Thor are reading this. Get a life, the 80's are long gone and the 90's are almost over. -Don (Star USA)

TILT
"Collect 'Em All" ✠
I betcha that Cinderblock could beat up Tim Lint. She can sure outpower him vocally: equal parts silk fist opera overdrive and gargling battery acid with 72,000 cold-cranking amps growl. (Tangent: I'd pay five bucks to send her back in time to do a duet with Glen Danzig via "Static Age" Misfits. Ohh yeah, it'd be like having an operapunk duet while the car launches off the side of a cliff and explodes on impact.) Anyhow, it seems that Tilt's suddenly realized their amps could go a couple notches higher which is nothing but good: loud, fast, singalongability, and intelligent lyrics ("Dear Wife" loosely parallels the plot and sentiment of *Johnny Get Your Gun* where gun rattling patriotism dissolves to abject horror, confusion, and mutilation - "Your photo is a dead thing to me now. My life - is wasted like the memory of your face."). You can't ask much more of your pop punk. Good shit and real easy to push repeat to. -Todd (Fat)

TILT
"Collect 'Em All" ✠
Female led band from the Bay area. Their latest to me is by far their best effort yet. I've heard comparisons from others of the Avengers and Red Scare. Strong lyrics on interesting topics make them one of the more intelligent bands in writing style that I would compare it almost to mid-period Bad Religion. I'm going to steal a tidbit from MRR and say that her vocal delivery style is similar to Greg Graffin on this release. Musically, I find that Avengers comparison is pretty strong probably due to the fact they are both from the Bay area and have some songs that could have well been sung by Penelope Houston if she was in a band in the 90's. A good all around release that I feel is one of the best releases this year. Shame on those who would pass this up because they are on Fat. -Don (Fat Wreck Chords)

TINA LOUISE
"It's Time for Tina" ✠
Remember how sultry Ginger was on Gilligan's Island? Well, she had already established herself as a whispery torch crooner. Compared to these recordings she did in 1957 with Buddy Weed and his Orchestra, the numbers she captivated the skipper, professor, et al. with, were up tempo fluff. There was an episode in which she did a Marilyn Monroe send up of "I Want to be Loved by You," complete with sexy poo poo pee doos, and I thought that was included. Not so; the tune here is called "I Wanna be Loved," and is much more serious in tone. The rest are works by Cole Porter, George & Ira Gershwin, Raymond Hubbell, Sammy Cahn and a host of others whose names are unfamiliar to me. Saturnine paeans to romance with smooth, sometimes jazzy, backup from a professional band that includes everything from horns and piano to guitar and a string section. Late 50's bachelor pad mood enhancement. -P.Edwin Letcher (Tainted, 847A 2nd Ave., Ste. 361, NY, NY 10017)

TITANS, THE
"Wild Guy" 10 EP
'60s-inspired Japanese punks interpreting American rock'n'roll with the occasional '50s touch. Picture a less intense Teengenerate and you'll get the idea. Not bad, not exceptional. -Jimmy Alvarado (Get Hip, P0 Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

TOWN MANAGERS
"We're the Ghettoest" ⊙
Crunchy, snotty. "Eyebrow in General" has a punk damaged pop feel that's bounced out of the back of dirt road pickup and dragged along like a toaster on a tire chain - sparks, unclear dust but lots of excitement in the tussle. Second song, "BaboomboomBaboomboom" is reverb-heavy surf reminiscent of Man or Astro Man where everything seems to simultaneously sizzle and drip. The cover has three college student/glue huffers holding bolt action rifles and revolvers under a flamey planet with their graffitied logo in the middle. The whole 7" (sounds and sights) has the feel of a collage where all the pieces gain strength because none of them are supposed to fit. The last song on the second side melds weird effects slipping all over the place, Chihuahua snaps, surf twang, and basic balls. Far left field but hey, at least they've got a campfire and are roasting some interesting nuts. Yeah, I liked it. (Attached hand-written note tells me that it features Joe Dead Milkman. Wouldn't have guessed.) -Todd (Marigold, 241 James St., Mt. Ephriam, NJ 08059)

TRAILER HITCH
"Long Tall Tales" ✠
I'm guessing there will he a flurry of bands who do this kind of thing - becoming popular after the success of Nashville Pussy. Some other groups that sprang to my mind include the Mentors, Poison Idea and Pygmy Love Circus. Much of this has a rockabilly flavor but it's spiced up with some death metal guitar grind and deep, guttural vocals. The main reason I mentioned the Mentors is I feel the band has a subtle sense of humor. But where the Mentors obsessed on getting drunk and violating women, Trailer Hitch is into getting drunk and driving big rigs. OK, they also like wrestling and cheap drugs but truck driving is rather high on their agenda. -P.Edwin Letcher (Man's Ruin, 610 22nd Street #302, SF, CA 94107)

TRANSPORT LEAGUE
"Superevil" ✠
Pummeling from that music den called Sweden (I think that is where they are from) comes to us these bad boys. Heavy, chugging guitars of power rock with metal influences. Dark, emotional lyrics with a little too much reference to religion to my liking. I can't put my finger on who they sound like, but I have heard this before. I'm thinking of White Zombie mixed with a touch of early Soundgarden with some black metal type lyrics. -Don (The Music Cartel, 106 West 32nd Street, 3rd Floor, NY, NY 10001)

TROUBLE, THE
"Crime and Punishment" ⊙
Docs, suspenders, crewcuts, songs of loyalty, friendship, the unity of being misunderstood and harassed by cops, and that lingering suggestion of violence caught up in the distortion between chords. No, it's not totally original. You can look on the sleeve at the black and white photos of skins and cops; you can look at the name of the band and the title of the record; and you can see that they thank the Dropkick Murphys and Ducky Boys and know basically what it's all about. But what it's all about fucking

rocks, and you should buy this record. -Juan Bastos (GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

TRUENTS
"Manhattan Express" ⊙
I'm starting to think that everything on GMM pretty much rocks, and the Truents are the rule, not the exception. This is a cool, somewhat melodic but a very punk three song record. It's catchy in the sense that emotions are contagious. The hostile dissatisfaction hooks onto your ear and creeps into your head, hanging on a part of your brain that you don't use that much, but still works, no worse for the lack of wear. Good stuff. -Juan Bastos (GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

TV KILLERS
"Fuckin' Frenchies" ⊙
Whenever I get down on how many bands here in the states follow the easy way out formula to $uce$$, it makes me love bands that do otherwise that much more, and that just ain't limited to the U.S. 'cause the T.V. Killers from France know that you can play the r' n' r game on your own terms with their full length, "Fuckin' Frenchies." Like their god-like neighbors, The Temporal Sluts from Italy, the T.V. Killers rock yer ass, roots style, ala Candy Snatchers/B Movie Rats vein and it's an oh-so-fucking-splendid feeling. Worth the spin. -Designated Dale (Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Dusseldorf, Germany)

UNDERCOVER S.K.A.
"The Things Men Do" ✠
One of the very few new releases that I can confidently say is well worth your money. Very twotone, very smile-on-your-face... Emphasis on the keyboards and lead guitar. Effort on the layout as well. Get this. -Josh (SlimStyle, 3400 E.Speedway, Suite 118-272, Tucson, AZ 85716)

VOODOO GLOW SKULLS
"The Band Geek Mafia" ✠
What's this like the FIFTH album!? I can remember receiving the FIRST album for review. That was when skacore wasn't nearly as popular and the main competition of the genre was the Bosstones. Needless to say, I was floored by VGS. Insanely fast and moshy, the CD in and of itself WAS a party. They made the Bosstones look like pussies! Now with the new album they've lightened up on the fast pacing and concentrated more on song writing. Still horn heavy, still with the Spanish feel to it. But I still can't forgive them for that Hickey incident... Damn right I hold a grudge. -Josh (Epitaph)

URBAN SURF KINGS
"The Man from S.U.R.F." 📼
I guess any place that has access to water and salt is also going to have a surf band or two. This trio is from the Halifax area of Canada and, according to their newsletter, they share the scene with three other twangy instro hounds. They have listened to the likes of Duane Eddy, Dick Dale and countless others and come up with their own brand of happy feet bop. Hear that classic surf beat on imaginatively titled originals such as, "Giant Cow," "Moncton Stomp!" and "Kookie's Comb" and do your best Johnny Rivers impersonation, Karaoke style, to their vocal free rendition of "Secret Agent Man." When I was a kid, I thought he was saying "secret Asian man." How?... why?... but, I digress. Besides these 7 tunes, the band has put out a collection of surf versions of Christmas songs and is working on a full length release, slated for later this year. Sounds good to me. -P.Edwin Letcher (Broke, 11 Summit St. Bedford, N.S. Canada B4A 2P5)

USERS, THE
"Friendly" ✠
Hippie garbage. Dreamy pot induced vocals over bargain basement Santana/fake jazz meanderings. A good portion of the "songs" on this eleven-track cruel joke last well over five minutes, complete with a cover of Bob Dylan's "As I Went Out This Morning." Five will get you ten he sues these dirtbags. The joke's on you, you stupid punk rockers: Hippies never went away. Wow. Bum my trip. -Ken (Bloody Daggre, 7336 Santa Monica Blvd., #705 W. Hollywood, CA 90046)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Del-Fi Beach Party" ✠
The label, whose first hey day was in the early to mid '60s, and was responsible for such class surf acts as the Sentinals, the Lively Ones, the Centurians, the Impacts and many others, is back with a vengeance. Not only is Del-Fi rereleasing their back catalog and making it available on CD, they are providing a home for new groups, such as the ultra cool El Caminos and scouring the vaults to put together a variety of comps. This one features a couple of instrumentals and a slew of wacky vocal numbers in the same vein and\or by the same artists as So-Cal hits of '63. Remember "Yellow Polka Dot Bikini"? Well, it's not here, but "Bikini" is and it has all the same elements that made you smile... or groan, as the case may be. Did somebody say McBeach Boys? Ever wonder what Bruce Johnston did before he joined the Brothers Wilson? Ever wonder what David Gates did before his string of hits with Bread? Get this 15 song summer fun fest and find out. Meet you on "Bongo Beach." -P.Edwin Letcher (Del-Fi, PO Box 69188, LA, CA 90069)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Fer Shure: A Tribute to the 'Valley Girl' Soundtrack" ✠
For those of us who remember the songs offa the original soundtrack of this film (and for those that hate to admit it but did anyways) there is a cool jog down memory lane awaiting for ya when you give this disc a spin. Not only are some of these songs as just as good as the originators, but it almost seems that a few of the covers were tailor made to be done in the future for bands like Servotron who cover "Electric Avenue" and Uncle Joe's Big Ol' Driver (RIP) who bash out "A Million Miles Away." Other choice chops include the Fuck Boyz (Yeah, THE Fuck Boyz) version of "I Melt With You," Radio Wendy's "Johnny, Are You Queer?" Cub's "Eyes of a Stranger," and the yearning-to-be Richard Butler-sounding "Love My Way" by Mineral. There's six other cuts that'll make you wanna say "Gag me with a spoon!" and having you play this the next time you're partying at your house after every one is getting loaded. Get it, kook. -Designated Dale (Itchy Korean, PO Box 570743 Houston, TX 77257-0743)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"1 + 2 Records Sampler Compilation" ✠
I've liked most of the CDs I've picked up on this label, most notably a number of Headcoats and Headcoatees things and the new Jackie & the Cedrics EP. This collection represents a less trashed out, more pop oriented peek at the roster. There is a lot of power pop and basic rock and roll along with some punk tracks, a few teen anthems and a cotton pickin' blues piece courtesy of Jack O' Fire. My favorite finds are by two good time retro outfits, Treeberrys and Shambles. The other contributors are Yum Yums, Splash 4, Phantom Rats, Swoons, Boyz Nex' Door, Campus Tramps, Scratch Bongowax, Alter Egos, Nomads, Pussy Crush, Devil Dogs, Fifi & the Mach 3, Jaime Fina, American Ruse, Grey Spikes(Hi Jeff), Gamma Men, Spent Idols, 16 Forever and Basement Brats. The bands are from all over the globe but the lyrics are all in English. -P.Edwin Letcher (1 + 2, Clean Nishi-Shinjuku 1F, Nishi-Shinjuku 7-5-6 Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160, Japan)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"What Were We Fighting For?" ✠
A Dead Kennedys tribute album is nothing but good news to me, and this could easily be a double CD or a box set, 'cause any punk band worth sticking an amp in can play at least or hum one DK song. Truth be told, I'd probably even listen to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir toot through "Frankenchrist" if they could ever be fooled into thinking it was a lost Wagner piece. This is a good, hearty handshake with Alternative Tentacles' 100th release, which has mostly AT bands covering their label's founders. This has none. Highlights vary - what's your favorite song or album? Arson Family, appropriately enough, burn down "Government Flu" like a happy, demented cult. Gob blister stumble through "Terminal Preppie" with "lalatadada's." Electric Frankenstein doesn't do it for me. Too slow, and they plug their own name in the song. C'mon, put a sparkplug in it and wipe your ego off at the door. Das Klown blows up and sucks down "Police Truck," the Dread blunt and bluster through "Moon Over Marin." Anal Cunt make "Religious Vomit" yet faster, making the entire song a long, crazed word being infested by a raging swarm of bees. Eyelid punch, kick, scream, fall down, and get pretty for a bit through "Forward to Death." Visual Discrimination and No Fraud stick the aggro, shout-a-thon, knobs up to eleven on "Hyperactive Child" and "Life Sentence." Politikill Incorect low fi glory stomp through "Jock-O-Rama" replete with cheerleader accompaniment (and in a real slick move, replace Canadian hockey for football if you listen close enough - without fucking the song up at all). Vitamin L, by far have the most distinctive track on this puppy, pulling the parallel to The Disposable Heros of Hiphopcrisy on the AT release on "California Uber Alles,"sampling, scratching, looping, hip hopping with heavy guitars and making it darn interesting and powerful on a completely different level (don't worry, it's plenty heavy). Drain Bramaged make pretty of and musically simplify "MTV Get off the Air." Blanks 77 huck up a couple phlegm balls, put down their beers for the chorus parts, and snot through "Too Drunk to Fuck." Insult sounds like you just killed their dog and they're chasing after you in their rendition of "I Kill Children." The Missing 23rd sound almost - almost - exactly the same as the band they're covering except Jello had more nasal twang on "Moral Majority." Final Conflict's version of "Nazi Punks Fuck Off," simply, kicks ass. Quite possibly the fullest, thickest song on the album. Good shit. It's always a treat to get a brand, spanking new album and knowing all of the words. -Todd (Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Argh!...A Brantford Compilation" ⊙
Four bands, eight songs, all of them raw punk, all songs under two minutes. I'm not blown away by this record, and I'm not moving to Canada to check out this scene, but if I suddenly found myself in Burlington, Ontario (where I'm assuming this is from) I'd definitely go to a show. The Young Offensive is the real standout of the comp. The woman singing rocks, and the band behind her ain't half bad, either. If you're curious what's going on in the Brantford scene these days, this is best place to start. -Juan Bastos (Soaps and Spikes, 431 Burlington Ave., Apt. 5, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7S 1R3)

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VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Suburban Voice 15th Anniversary Compilation" ✠
Wow, it's been ages since I've even seen a copy of this rag (I think the last issue I got was #8 or so) and here we are, at the 15-year mark. Well, congratulations to Mr. Quint for sticking it out this long. Someone should come up with an award for old punkers that stick around longer than 10 years without becoming glamour-boys or closet Republicans. Yeah, we'll call it the Golden Jackboot or something. They'll get a kilt specially designed by the makers of Depends for those "embarrassing moments in the pit" and a journal for all those tales that begin with "Back when you were watching Sesame Street, I was..." But enough of this boring-ass tangent. This CD comes with issue #41 of SV and it contains mostly rare or unreleased tracks from bands spanning the years 1980-1997. Aside from the annoying fact that the sound levels for the tracks aren't evened out (for instance, YOUTH BRIGADE SOUNDS LIKE THIS, FOLLOWED BY corrosion of conformity, who sound like this), Quint has provided quite a monstrous release for us to devour. You get 33 tunes from some of the cream of US hardcore/punk, England's Instigators and two of Quint's own bands. To be more specific, you get brutal hardcore from COC, DXA, the Outpatients, Nine Shocks Terror and Psycho; a track from the ultra-rare original version of (LA's) Youth Brigade's "Sound and Fury" album; Live shit from (Boston's) Jerry's Kids; an acoustic MDC; the Burnt's "I Wanna Pet my Cat"; a new version of "Status Symbol" by AOD... Look, just go out and buy the damn thing yourself. You won't be disappointed, and you get a copy of a damn good mag to boot. -Jimmy Alvarado (Suburban Voice, PO Box 2746, Lynn MA 01903)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"I've Got No Friends" ⊙
Eight bands, nine minutes and all of it good. Particular standouts are the Maggots' "Larry," Gringo's "Kill Your Mother Kill Your Father" and Violent Anal Death's glorious cover of the "Slinky" theme. Worth every penny you pay for it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Fat Einstein, PO Box 7531 Quincy, MA 02269-7531)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Confederacy of Scum Supershow Live '97" ✠
Like you need to fucking ask what ya have here on this disc, 'cause it's another fine release from Baloney Shrapnel Records guaranteed to piss off yer yuppyfied PC neighbors to no end. Whatcha got here is some bone-numbing scumfuck r'n'r from the likes of Antiseen, Cocknoose(my personal faves), Hellstomper, Rancid Vat, Limecell, and Conqueror Worm - 4-6 cuts of each band live at the Scumfest Aug. 29-30 '97 at the Outhouse in Lawrence, KS. This disc is a great sampler for those that have yet to be force-fed this undying style of rock and roll. Try it, creep. -Designated Dale (Baloney Shrapnel, PO Box 6504, Phoenix, AZ 85005)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Exitos Ago Go" ✠
The perfect solution for those of us who like obscure 60's records but don't have the time, money and/or obsessive drive to search the ends of the Earth to acquire the original records. This 26 track comp. brings the cheesy world of rock and pop, from south of the border, right to your hungry ears. And unlike a few Mexican collections (which are also very worth while, this baby presents works from Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Puru and the Canary Islands as well. Like the "Surf Beat From Behind the Iron Curtain" CD on the same label, I have nothing but good things to say about this, no matter how crappy the band's equipment might have been or how cheaply these songs might have been recorded. English language tunes sung in Spanish and/or heavily accented English, great originals and songs that you can't quite put your finger on where they are from. There are a variety of styles, too. Instro, psychedelic, teen pop. If it was popular in North America and/or Europe, it made its way to vinyl in every corner of the globe, sometimes with surprisingly cool results. -P.Edwin Letcher (A.I.P.)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Capitole Hardcore" ✠
30 different bands from France, most from Toulouse. As far as the music goes, it's all here. Punk, hardcore, grindcore, noisecore, etc. It ranges from melodic to noisy. Most of the tunes are along the faster lines, with a couple of slow ones thrown in. There's even some industrial influence to a couple of the bands. The songs also range from the straight forward to the varying degrees of experimentation. I pretty much like all the bands on here. Some of my favorites were the punk and hardcore of Elle, Four Monstrous Nuclear Stockpiles, Gargamelz, Headache, Screeching Mushroom, Dimness, etc. The grindcore of Massacration and the Carcass like crunch of Cabal. Punish Yourself sound a thrash version of the old French punk band Metal Urbain. Fucking really good sampler of what's coming out of France. There are some definite check outs here. This is definitely worth picking up. -Thrashead (Panx., BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse, Cedex 5, France)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Ska United: A Global Ska Sampler" ✠
Wow! It's so rare that I come across a ska compilation that is perfect from start to finish! Twenty ska bands and tracks from around the world, only two being from the U.S. The others are, for the most part, known in the U.S. but some folks probably don't realize they're not from here. Anyway, decent layout, unreleased and live tracks, tried and true contributors, and a recording quality so pristine I had the apartment shaking. PS- look for the great hidden track! -Josh (Moon Ska, Box 1412, NYC, NY 10276)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Tigermask Trash Au Go-Go" ✠
A collection of wildness from the Tigermask club impresario himself, Ralph Carrera. What you get here is sixteen slices of rock and roll kung fu from all the bands who have at one time or another graced the Tigermask stage including The Neanderthals, The Countdowns, The Bomboras, The Loons, The Boss Martians, The Go-Nuts (my personal fave), The Bobby Teens, The Foxations, The Saturn V Featuring Orbit, The Untamed Youth, Rumble King, Phantom Rockers, 13 Cats, Deadbolt, The Huntington Cads and The Hate Bombs. A great mix of stuff for all you garage cats who were drunk enough to remember and those of you who missed some killer shows. Highly recommended. -Ken (Dionysus, PO Box 1970, Burbank CA 91507)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Orange County's Punk Vs. Ska Round 2"
These "Punk Vs. Ska" comps are the best compilations I have ever heard. I still listen to the first volume to this day. The basic concept is a bunch of punk bands and a bunch of ska bands on one disc for you to decide which is better. The best part of the first volume is the concept revolved around it being strictly Orange County bands. This time they've shed that idea but I can't figure out why they still have the "Orange County's..." in the title!? Anyway, Round 2 is the first comp I have ever seen that includes recorded band interviews. The punk bands this time around are great, fast and snotty. We don't need any more EpiFat bands. But the ska bands are more of the immature 3rd rate unoriginal bands that are a plague right now. At any rate, a decent comp. -Josh (Skratch, 1214 N.Parker #10, Orange, CA 92687)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Voice of the Street" ⊙
A straight up oi/streetpunk LP here. They got the gamut of people here. Well known names like the Business, Frankie Flame, the Gonads, etc. To younger bands like Pressure 23 and Another Man's Poison. Either way you're getting some good mid tempo punk and oi in your face -Thrashead (DSS, PO Box 739, Linz 4021, Austria)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"The Essential Pebbles Collection" vol. #2-2 ✠ set
I love Vol. #1 and this is just as inspiring. All the material on the first disc is culled from Pebbles and Highs in the mid 60's vinyl and is offered on CD for the first time. Being a bit of a fanatic, I have some of this already but this is still a very welcome addition to my treasure trove of obscure hippy crap. The second disc is even more rare and the likelihood that any of you readers have heard it is the stuff that Satan's snow cones are made of. For every Blues Magoos who enjoyed at least one hit wonder status, there were thousands of bands comprised of shaggy louts and who could only dream about such incredible fame. This is their story in the form of the songs that the powers that be determined were not quite up to snuff. Objectively, they were probably right, but all this twang, fuzz, beat and snotty attitude sure sounds fine to me. -P.Edwin Letcher (A.I.P., PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Corrupted/Noothgrush split ✠EP
Corrupted's first song is slow grinding metallic HC that drags slowly along for two minutes before the sparse hoarse vocals even begins. By that time I was bored. The song took a full 6 minutes, and any decent punk band could have polished off all those lyrics and "statement" in well under 2 minutes, more likely 70 or 80 seconds. Their second is more of the same: ambulatory sleepytime for horrified mountain ranges. Noothgrush is similar, less heavy and more energetic in their first song, more like an annoyed

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sequoia tree stomping its way through the suburbs forever. The other two are too long. Hey if you hate humans so much, why are you still alive? Check this shit out: 5 songs in 47 1/2 minutes, do the math. -ShitEd (Reservoir, PO Box 790366, Middle Village, NY 11379-0366)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"This is Bad Taste, Volume 2" ✠+
22 track comp from the good country of Sweden. Highlights include the Langhorns (surf), Turtlehead (melodic punk), Intensity (punk/HC) and Misconduct (NYHC). But what I found to be my definite favorite is the CD Rom track by Turtlehead "Flex." Since I got my multimedia computer, I am sure getting to enjoy more with these enhanced CDs. With so many bad comps out now, I'm always happy to see one that doesn't sound like it was slapped together. Plus the CD Rom stuff is a big plus! -Don (Bad Taste, Stora Sodergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, Sweden)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Aus Neuwied" EP
This is basically a sampler of bands on the True Love label. They demonstrate their diversity through the selection of bands; Barseros, Rise Anew, Angry Nerds, Creutzfeld, and Hammerhead. Aside from being on the same label, these guys share the bond of being great bands. Pretty cool, and successful in encouraging the listener to check out future and previous material from these bands. -M.Avrg (True Love, Jan Kroll, Pf 1213, 56012 Koblenz, Germany)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"The Three Way Dance" ✠
This is brilliant, from the music to the concept. Three bands, No Redeeming Social Value, Romantic Gorilla, and The Six And Violence, face off on this five inch squared circle, as it spins a million miles an hour above the masses, to see who will be the champion of the vicious three way dance. A free for all of auditory mayhem and staged violence. Tables and necks are snapped, chairs thrown, body slams into thumb tacks... It's a bloody mess! Between songs bands get their chance to shit talk and taunt the others, then they're allowed to back all this up through the assault of their music. Who's the winner? Pretty hard to say. I think a rematch is needed. Can I get a hell yeah!? -M.Avrg (Striving For Togetherness, PO Box 564571, College Point, NY 11356 - 4571)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Eat Your Head" ✠
This is a great comp of Melbourne, Australia's punk and hardcore scene back in 1984. It's all here on CD - the LP in its entirety. There's some classic bands on here that any old early 80's hardcore fan will recognize. Bands like Civil Dissident, Vicious Circle, and Permanent Damage as well as great obscure bands like I Spit On Your Gravy, Murder Murder Suicide, Royal Flush, amongst others. The music ranges from mostly hardcore and punk although there is some more melodic influenced stuff here. It all has a real nice crunch to it. Lyrically, most of the bands have a real good message. The others are just goofy. Great well-rounded comp that has stood the test of time. -Thrashead (AuGoGo, GPO Box 542d, Melbourne, Vic 3001, Australia)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Homeless in BC" ✠
4 bands (Wisecrack, The Retreads, The Cretins & Storebought) from British Columbia, Canada. Wisecrack are more of a Fat sounding band with more of a poppier sound going for them. The Retreads have more of a mid 80's NY style punk sound going for them. The Cretins sound kind of Fat to me also. Storebought remind me of punk before crossover began. They are my favorites on this comp. They play old school hardcore that is straight forward and raw. -Don (Spawner, 19705 Fraser Highway, Langley, B.C. Canada)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Greatest Shits" ✠
Another fine comp from Fat Mike under the disguise of Honest Don's. Different tracks from a lot of the same bands (Diesel Boy, Dancehall Crashers, J Church, Mad Caddies, Limp, Riverdales, Teen Idols, Hagfish & Chixdiggit) on the previous Honest Don's comp. New on the label are Fluf and Anti-Flag. Bands that I guess don't really fit under the Fat label but he can put out on this label. -Don (Honest Don's)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Punks, Skins, And Herberts Vol.3" ⊙
This has four different oi bands from all corners of the earth. Classy Jacks from the US play mid tempo oi with kind of a heavy feel, like early 4 Skins. Austrailia's Sub Rosa goes for the faster Partisans approach. The Bloodclots also from the US take a more English hardcore approach, then Finland's Bitter Bois take the traditional oi sound, and crank it out. Good oi sampler. -Thrashead (Helen Of Oi, 35 Becton Lane, New Milton, Hampshire, BH25 7AB, England)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"What the World Needs Now...
Big Deal Tribute to Burt Bacharach" ✠
Pop band enthusiasts always cite the triumvirate of Beatles, Brian Wilson and Big Star as primary influences. Even lesser bands such as The Monkees, Badfinger, Raspberries, Shoes, et al, have their various proponents among the current crop of power-pop revivalists. It has only been recently, however, that Burt Bacharach, has received his due. Let's be honest, Bacharach's brand of heavily orchestrated pop is not the type of thing that most garage bands would be likely to try their hand at in their basement. But now, with the emergence of the underground LA pop scene and with bands like The Negro Problem and The Wondermints specializing in creating lush pop soundscapes, the Burt-man has made a hip re-emergence just in time for the Millennium. Big Deal Records, home of the New Pop Revival, has assembled a roster of bands to cover the E-Z strains of Bacharach's greatest hits. The results are a virtual encyclopedia of the variety and depth of talent that the term "power pop" now encompasses. Bands as disparate as Cockeyed Ghost (Cheap Trick meets The Who), Shonen Knife (Girl garage-punk) and The Vandalias (Raspberries' Pop) have taken a loving whack at their favorite Burt tune. A fun and irreverent record that really delivers. -Martin Banner (Big Deal, PO Box #2072 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009-9998)

VENDETTAS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Great, simple rock and roll. The band includes the Subsonics in their list of thank yous and I think the two would compliment each other rather nicely on a double bill. The Vendettas do a number of styles but it's all built around sparse instrumentation including some very minimal drum work. It works well here. The two main vocalists, one male, one female, usually sing independently but there is some group harmony on a few. Buffi's voice is more extrovertedly noticeable and can be over the top screechy, deeply sensual or playful, as on the 50'sish teen death anthem, "Please Kill Me," where she sounds a tad like Cyndi Lauper... In a good way. There is a cool, short, non-surf instro, "Rockabilly Handjob" and a lot of clever, classic ditties about sleazy livin' and love gone awry. -P.Edwin Letcher (360 Twist!, PO Box 9367, Denver, CO 80209)

VILENTLY ILL
12 Song EP ⊙
Andrew Lersten is back at it again. This time it's a 12 song EP. Rapid fire guitar riffs and obnoxiously rad vocals. Besides that all there is a drum machine as Vilently Ill is a one man project. Excellent, old school type hardcore that's kinda like a mixture of Neos, Rapt, Sore Throat, and early E.N.T. Do yourself a favor and pick up the other V.I. EPs if you can find them. -Richard(Knot Music, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI,49090-0501)

VISION OF DISORDER
"Resurrecting Reality" ⊙
A singer that's halfway between Pantera and getting his scrotum caught in the swirl of a power drill, making a blood soup of his sack, backed by a power-chording-happy rhythm section. A couple demos from '95 and a cover of the mighty Bad Brain's "Soul Craft" (credit for not picking an obvious - but raging - song). As a matter of fact, it sounds pretty much like Pantera (who's "Vulgar Display of Power" is something to aspire to), except when these guys slow down, the vocalist goes whispy instead of country damage. After several listens, didn't do a whole lot for me. In fact, made me want to listen to the albums they remind me of instead. -Todd (Crisis, via Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

WALLSIDE
"From the Sky" ✠
Current emo with throat-splitting vocals and emotional lyrics. Interesting guitar progressions with an almost offbeat sound. I would love to see them live because the recording I really feel does them no justice. The guitar is a little thin and could have been mixed and recorded differently. For those who enjoy the current crop of emo that has become more angry and powerful as time has gone along. -Don (Makot, PO Box 50403, Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

WEAKLINGS, THE
"Four More Reasons to Love" ⊙
Like the title of this little ol' vinyl slab sez - four more reasons to love- and I couldn't agree much more... if you have been one of the less-than-fortunate gabbos that haven't heard The Weaklings do r'n'r justice, by all means check 'em out whether this 7 inch or their full length on the same label. And when I speak of r'n'r justice, that ain't that sideburn, "daddy-o," flav-o-th-month jive; this is the neighborhood drunk plowin' yer mom down and then some r'n'r justice. You know, the good kind. -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

WEAKLINGS, THE
Self-titled ⊙
Fortunate enough to catch The Weaklings earlier this year, I'm happy to say that their full length here captures the Dead Boys/Humpers-on-speed vibe that they shove down the crowd's throats at their gigs with ass-numbers like "You Blow Me Away" and the Stones' classic "Star Fucker." I'm also thumbs up for the fact that it appears they have two guitarists here on the LP, 'cause when I saw 'em live they had only one and I thought next time around on tour twin guitars would make a mountainous difference... we'll see next time here in LA, but for now, we got this full length in indulge our spirits with. Amen! -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

WEIRD LOVEMAKERS, THE
"Flu Shot" ✻
They rock really hard, surprised the hell out of me how hard they came out of the gate. 20 seconds into the first song I was checking the jewel case to see if this band was from NYC. Nope, Tucson Arizona it says. Weird: they sound like '79 NYC by way of '95 Austin Texas. What I'm ineptly attempting to say is that a lot of this has a strong late 70's punk'n'roll style (even a little bit Pistols) gone all hayseed semi psychotic, leaving a taste of psychobilly without being at all rockabilly. They leave a strong impression in my mind of chaos and insanity, not unlike Crack or Nuclear Rabbit, or a slower, toned down Boris The Sprinkler. Good stuff. 23 tracks of theirs and a Clone Rays cover? -ShitEd (eMpTy, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

WESTON
"Matinee" ✻
This does sound like soundtrack music. Indie pop punk songs about record stores, guitar chords, the wanting of fame, and ill fated love. For people who like melodic punk, or probably saw the movie will be into this. It personally do anything for me. -Thrashead (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

WESTON
"Matinee" ✻
The concept of a movie soundtrack to a movie that never existed is the frame around which the band Weston hangs its latest album on. Weston defiantly carries on in the tradition of The Replacements and Husker Du with its American indie heartland sound. Like those bands, Weston plays honest, straight-ahead rock'n'roll without frills. Songs like "Indie Rock Star," "Opening Chord" and "Record Shop" bring back that joyous rush you felt when you first played "Tim" or "Land Speed Record." It doesn't get any better than that. Just four guys in that mythic garage thrashing out the pain and anger and hopes and dreams with a chord or two to spare. Weston is a band to pin your hopes on. -Martin Banner (Go-Kart, PO Box 20 Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES
"Rock on Sister Friends" ⊙
These guys (and girls) have been around for a while now. This is a very good release from this SF band. With three vocalists how can you go wrong? Fun, poppy pogo punk that is worth the money with all these bands putting out releases these days. -Don (Beer City)

WHITE STRIPES, THE
"Let's Shake Hands" ⊙
Another fine release on Italy Records. Being a two piece, the group is understandably minimal. Meg White plays sparse drums and Jack White plays guitar, piano and sings. Yes, that's the same Jack White who showed up on a recent Hentchmens single. The A-side is freeform rockin' blues that sounds more than a little like the Oblivians. "Let's Shake Hands" is a good wholesome song about being friendly. Look to your neighbor and offer him your hand. Jack's voice is always on the verge of cracking and on "Look Me Over Closely," he could pass for a whiskey throated French woman doing a tango. It's not that he sounds feminine; he just appears to have an accent and reminds me of Edith Piaf somehow. The piano work on this tune is subtle yet effective. I have an idea I'll be hearing a lot more from this band in the near future... we'll see. -P.Edwin Letcher (Italy Recs., 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

WILDBUNCH, THE
"The Ballade of MC Sucka DJ" ⊙
Two songs sound like John Spencer Blues explosion on heavy vicaden. "The Ballade of MC Sucka DJ" is every bit as ridiculous as you'd think it would be. But *The Wild Bunch* is one of the greatest movies ever made. It's a western about men addicted to violence, masters of war doomed to kill until they die, tragically almost rooting for their enemies. Renting the movie's definitely worth the three bucks you would've wasted buying this record. -Juan Bastos (Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

WIZO
"Kraut And Ruben" ✻
These guys annoy the hell out of me. The singer sounds like a German Fat Mike doing an impression of a cat coughing up a hairball. And it's so repetitive that I wish the cat would just puke and quit gagging and gagging and gagging and then I could clean it up and throw it away and be done with it. How many times can you say "Anneliese Schmidt" in a row? How many fucking times? But these are Fat Mike's favorite Wizo songs, and a must have for all fans. -Juan Bastos (Fat)

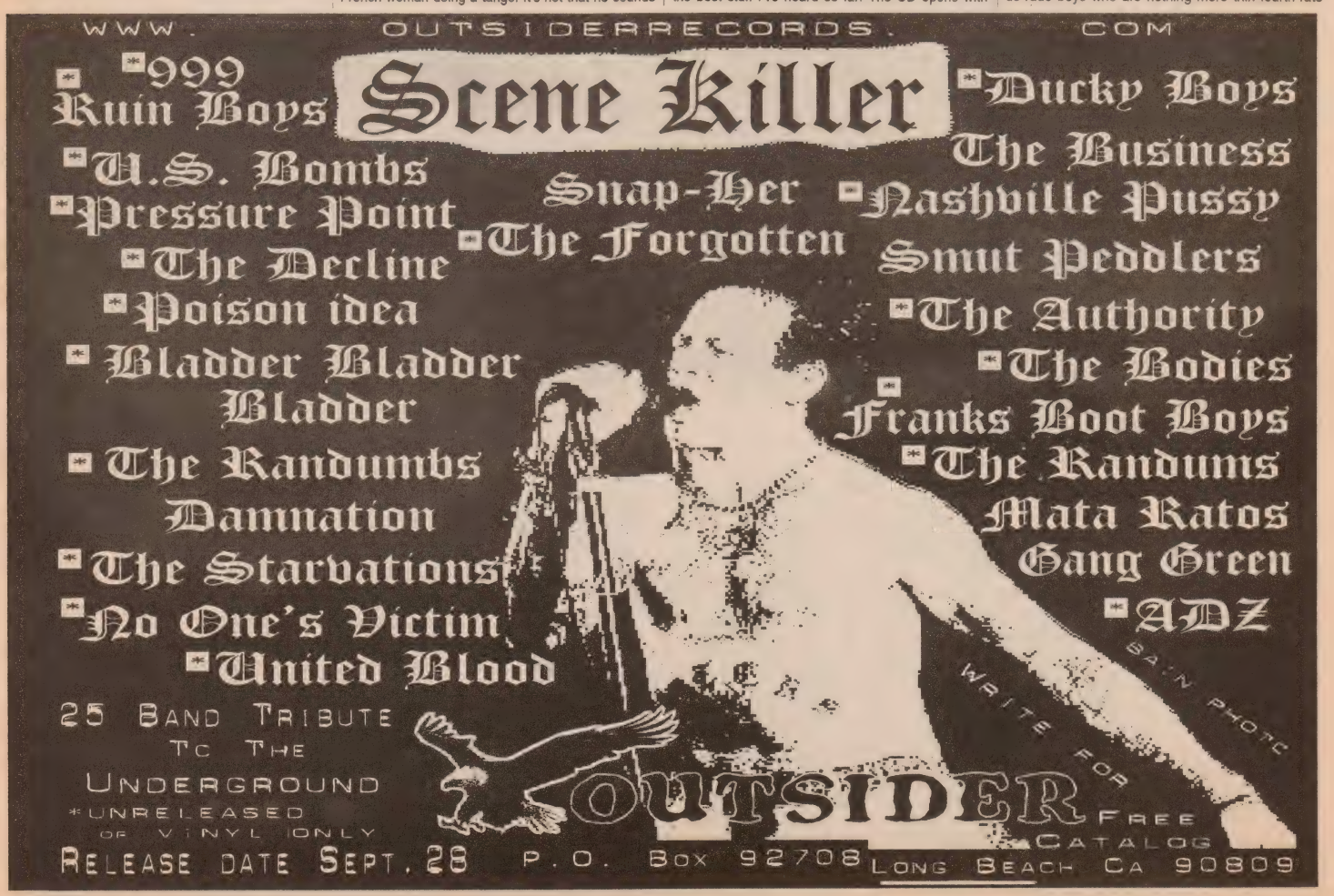
WIZO
"Kraut & Ruben" ✻
I've read elsewhere in MRR that this is a comp. of Fat Mike's favorite songs of Wizo. I also noticed that on the liner notes. These are songs that weren't on the LP that was released awhile back. Recorded between '94 and '97, it gives you a good balance of what we have been missing until Fat Mike brought their music to the states. If you like very polished pop punk, these guys are for you. I like more songs on this than I did the LP. The songs sung in German are usually my favorites and I have to say that "Anneliese Schmidt" is a gem. That song is definitely a classic in my eyes. -Don (Fat Wreck Chords)

WOGGLES, THE
"Wailin' with..." ✻
These guys have been around for 11 years and this is the best stuff I've heard so far. The CD opens with "Ramadan Romance" which is in the same vein as a lot of things I've heard from Girl Trouble. In fact, much of these simple roots rockers have a similar Pacific Northwest feel. The vocals are served up with grit and a recurring twangy cry. As my example of the, "you learn something every day" adage, I found out that the tune "Feathered Fish," found on the first Pebbles album and performed by the Sons of Adam, was written by Arthur Lee and performed live by Love though it never made its way onto a Love studio album. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know... well I care, dag nab it. I particularly enjoy the instrumental, "Sweet Tea," but it's all good, garage rock done in the spirit of fun. The basic guitar\bass\drum format is augmented by some harmonica and the Flesh Hammer, who ever or what ever that might be, on organ and vibes on a few tracks. -P.Edwin Letcher (One Louder, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE 99 1NW, England)

WORMWOOD
"Circle/Seven" ⊙
Black metal with 2 bass players and no guitarist. Kind of an odd, gloomy four piece that kind of baffles me. Reminds me a little of those overly serious Norwegian black metal bands. Dark, painful lyrics over bottom-heavy, distorted bass. Keyboards fill the background to make up for the absence of a guitar. -Don (PO Box 1957, Lawrence, KS 66044)

XPLOSIONS, THE
"Do it!/Scraping" ⊙
Cool rude boy skinhead stuff with the spirit of 2-tone that stays within the traditional lines of early ska. Ska punks of the new generation should check this out. I felt like I went back in a time warp back to high school when I heard this. -Don (Kollusion, PO Box 2717, Harlow, Essex, CM18 65Q)

YESKA
"Skafrocubanjazz" ✻
...and on the 412th day, after he'd created other things of greatness like the chicken, the remote control, the peanut butter cup and the swimming pool, God created Yeska, saw he couldn't top that, and decided to spend the rest of eternity building bird houses instead. Like the album tale suggests, Yeska play a mix of salsa, Latin jazz and traditional ska. What it doesn't tell you is that, from the opening piano of "Fideo (para aqui)," your ass will be moving like a motor home in a hurricane. Unlike those pseudo-rude boys who are nothing more thin fourth-rate



Rancid cover bands, Yeska are guys who know their instruments, know and respect the music they are influenced by, make the music their own (just listen to their version of Herbie Hancock's "Cantaloupe Island" to see what I mean) and can it play like motherfuckas. I could rant on and on about exactly how religious an experience listening to this album is, but what would be the point? I mean, what would you rather do, read about Jesus' cooler adventures in the bible or bang out with the man himself? I rest my case. To say that you'd be a moron not to have this would be a waste of breath. Yeska is good for your head (bad pun definitely intended) and you should worship at the altar often. -Jimmy Alvarado (Aztlan, PO Box 347376, SF, CA 94134)

YOUNG HASSELHOFFS, THE
"Win a date with..." ✠
Cutesy-poo Ramones niceties from some kids who plundered all two chords of Da Brudders songbook and regurgitate it back to you both musically and conceptually. Two songs that stick out in my mind are "Suzy Was a Doozy" and "Not Ugly Enough to Be a Ramone." Nice litte Holmstrom-type cartoon in the insert. I love The Ramones, too, but this is not offering anything that you can get in other Ramones clones. I think these dudes should stick to playing parties. Final analysis: Not as original as The Hanson Brothers, wimpier than The Mr. T Experience, not as boring as The Riverdales and not as nauseating as Head. You figure it out. Gabba gabba yawn. -Ken (Melted, 21-41 34th Avenue, Ste. 10A, Astoria NY 11106)

ZBIGNIEW KARKOWSKI & TETSUO FURUDATE
"World As Will" ✠
I'm pretty annoyed that the promo sheet that came with this CD, apologized for the artwork on the cover, and backtracked all around the fact that there is a Japanese swastika used. Example: "We would like to stress that it is not our intention to upset anybody..." blah blah blah. If I were Tetsuo and Zbigniew, I'd be livid. Let the work speak for itself. People who apologize for art sicken me. Anyone who wouldn't listen to the piece just because of the artwork, doesn't deserve to hear it anyway. Besides, I don't know who the promo person is trying to kid, saying "it's a strong and spiritual symbol, but not meant to offend." Well duh, but then again, Zbigniew and Tetsuo aren't idiots; look at the title of the CD. If that doesn't give you visions of Leni Riefenstahl, then nothing will. You can decide for yourself what the connections are and whether or not it's tongue in cheek. All of this hogwash aside, this music is powerful and inspiring, bombastic and completely unapologetic in its sonic barbarism. I highly, highly recommend it. Any fan of audio bombardiers and experimental marchmusic will be enthralled. Laibach and Blood Axis fans, take note. -Kirin (Soleilmoon/Staalplat, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

ZEBRAHEAD
"Zebrahead" ✠
Todd stuck this in my cubby, I guess on the strength of the record label, claiming it must be punk rock. I argued with him mildly, explaining that "zebrahead" was black slang for a white person who liked to hang with blacks, a wannabe black. Shoulda bet him a beer or something, I win. It's funk rock with hard intensity, plus rap vocals on the verses and sung choruses. Reminds me a little of that "rap-hardcore" shit that was coming out of NYC a few years back. Also reminds me of Infectious Grooves (the Suicidal Tendencies side project) a little. Very hip-hoppy. Not my thang. -ShitEd (*Dead Ed liked 'em in a live review. Whoops. -Todd*) (Dr. Dream)

ZERO TOLERANCE
"Sick of You" ⊙
This is some cool limey punk, kind of like the Buzzcocks, with songs like "Sick of You," "Get a Life," and "Boozer." And by "punk" I don't mean punk rock, though they definitely are. I mean these guys, and girl, sound like the kind of antagonistic bastards who'd walk into a party and piss you off until you either had no choice but to kill them, or you came to be best friends with them, plotting what party you'd seek and destroy next. It's got that real nasty, obnoxious-in-a-good-way kind of feel to it. And Helen of Oi is a hotty. -Juan Bastos (Helen of Oi!, 35 Becton Lane, Barton on Sea, New Milton, Hampshire, BH25 7AB, UK)

ZOVIET FRANCE
"Feedback" ✠
Engaging electronica, full of splooshbeats and gutbass. This is "painting music." It's aggressive without being invasive. If you're thinking "Kirin, are you saying this is background music?" I'd have to answer yes, but in the best possible meaning of the terms "background" and "music." -Kirin (Soleilmoon, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283)

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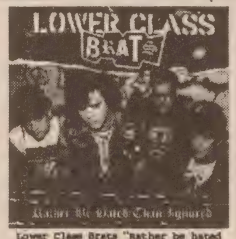

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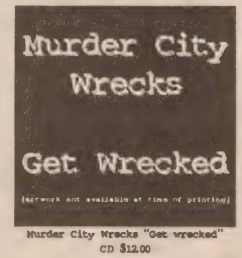

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LIVE VIEWS

SHOEGAZER, THE BAR FEEDERS, TONGUE, EX-FORK at Tropics in Fullerton 5/8/98 by Brenda Double

I don't know about you, but I like it hard & fast, and tonight that's exactly how I got it. It started slow and hard with Ex-Fork. Then it progressed to some hard, spastic, thrusts from Tongue. God I love Tongue - they fucking drool. I wish they would record some shit so I could listen to them at home. Being from San Francisco, The Bar Feeders were the only non-local band of the evening, but they rocked hard enough to be the highlight of the show. They're so fucking hard, tight, fast and full of changes. They left me with my brain scrambled and a severe case of whiplash. If this ain't punk, I don't know what is. It doesn't matter that Oscar was sick and they only played 5 songs. What matters is that Shoegazer are the most under-hyped, most all inclusive rock band. Every time they take the stage it's like being at Cal Jam watching Ted Nugent jump off his Marshall stacks. They're mind blowing, man!

NO TALENTS, THORAZINE, STARVATION at Al's Bar 5/8/98 by Pooch

Time to check out some non LA bands at the ol' Al-hole. The O.C. quartet Starvation opened the evening with the promise of some good r n'r, only to wear thin by sets end. The lead vocalist/ hollowed-bodied electric guitarist reminded me of Mick Jones in his voice and looks, but never bothered to interact with the audience. They seemed passionate and got a great sound from a difficult room, but without any memorable songs and personality Starvation failed to keep me excited. They've a single on the Stitches' label (who unfortunately I missed playing later), which may be more interesting than their live show. Dionysus act Thorazine (from Philly) went straight for the throat from the get-go. Imagine the Bags fronted by a tattooed biker babe of ass kickin' proportions. This Joanne lady shot monosyllables atcha like a verbal assault rifle, while the three musicians offered tight and fast support. Friendly and powerful, you get the feeling this band loves to play. Whether it was an original, like their ode to bikers "Vicious Cycle," or a take on Motorhead's "Snaggletooth," what Thorazine lacks in melody and originality, is more than compensated by their energy and enthusiasm. See them next time around, it's guaranteed no-risk entertainment. And speaking of entertaining, Parisian exports The No Talents made their LA debut memorable. Two girls, two guys, all shades and sassy, wearing matching No Talent tee shirts (talk about promotion!); singing songs in English about topics like courting and sex shops. Interested? On a Rodney level, yes. Gorgeous gals in fishnets fronting a Ramones-y repertoire (see, I know French). One with straight hair in a ponytail played and pointed to the crowd, while the curly haired one (sort of Poison Ivy like) filled the club with noise from her cool Danelecto guitar. They have quite a few releases under their fashionable belts, and if this is the current state of Parisian pop, Ooh, la la.

From France, it's the No Talents.
📷-Pooch

THE STITCHES, NO TALENTS, SMOGTOWN at Linda's Doll Hut 5/19/98 by Pooch

The chance to finally see the local legend Stitches at the Hut, coupled with a No Talent replay, got me navigatin' the 5 South on a Monday night. Arrived during Smogtown's set of energetic, but generic, Damned type punk. The four piece played tight and fast, with the guitarist stripped to his undies and the singer doing his best to entertain the barflies. Pretty good kick start to an evening. After an intermission of handshakes and O.C. gossip, the Stitches took the floor. They blasted one song after another, shouting 1-2-3-4 intros with very little in between talk. I've liked what I've heard on disc by them, and they didn't disappoint live. Their rep as mayhem inducing troublemakers had me expecting the worst in this little room, but perhaps the surprisingly small attendance kept any trouble from happening. Regardless, their look and sound brought me smack dab back to 1978. Singer Mike leaned into his stand while master blaster Johnny punched each rhythm, giving a dandy right face profile quasi duck walk during his Thunderesque solos. If the ground breaking 70's Heartbreakers/ Pistols tour entourage had had an orgy, the Stitches may be the illegitimate result. Sorry it took so long to see 'em, now I know what I've been missing. No Talents next; sassy sonic seducers, with hearts of rock and bodies for sin. Cecilia the seductress, writhed on the floor pleading "I Want Some More." Guitar goddess Lili lead the tattooed male rhythm section through numbers with titles like "Bad Movie" and "Meow." Voyeuristic eyes transfixed on the bodies in motion. A set French maid to order for the likes of Arlen Helm, photomasturbator extrodinaire, and myself; who had left Al's Bar three nights earlier unsatisfied, with a case of giggus interruptus. I feel better now, thanks No Talent. And thanks Doll Hut for staying the coolest club in the southland.

SHOEGAZER, THE CENTIMETERS, 400 BLOWS at Sacred Grounds in San Pedro 5/23/98 by Brenda Double

I went to see Shoegazer and was going to leave right after they played but, alas, I stayed and boy was I glad because I got to see 400 Blows. Shoegazer blew me away as always. It's like all these pieces that don't seem like they should fit but they do and it rocks. How many hooks can one song have? The Centimeters are a band everybody should see at least once. They're tres avant garde. It's like David Lynch live and I was the only one in the crowd who couldn't stop laughing. Just like their name says, 400 Blows delivers. They rock hard with no bass, just Christian from Rig making all kinds of rad noise on his guitar, while lead singer Scott dances in the crowd and on the tops of tables.

400 BLOWS, BACKBITER, AUTOMATIC HEAD DETONATOR at Al's Bar on 5/24/98 by Brenda Double

I saw, in the LA Weekly, that 400 Blows were playing tonight and I knew I had to

see them again. They were so good last night, I wanted to make sure it wasn't just a fluke (it wasn't). I had just taken 4 Tequila shots and smoked a couple bowls with my friend Melanie when Automatic Head Detonator started to play. My head was in the perfect place for what it was to experience; really hard rock. They're cool, huh, huh! Horns up! 70's stoner rock-n-roll. That's Backbiter. I was blown away again by 400 Blows. It's aggressive, it's punk, it rocks. Hey, it must be punk rock!

THROWRAG, THE HOOKERS at the Foothill in Long Beach on 5/31/98 by Brenda Double

Martin McMartin took the words right out of my mouth when he said, "Throwrag are LA's most raging unsigned band." Their music hypnotizes me. When they play, I feel like I'm witnessing greatness. They are the Rolling Stones of my generation. I predict they are going to be huge. I was exhausted by the time that The Hookers took to the stage, so I only stayed for 3 or 4 songs. What I saw I would definitely give horns up!

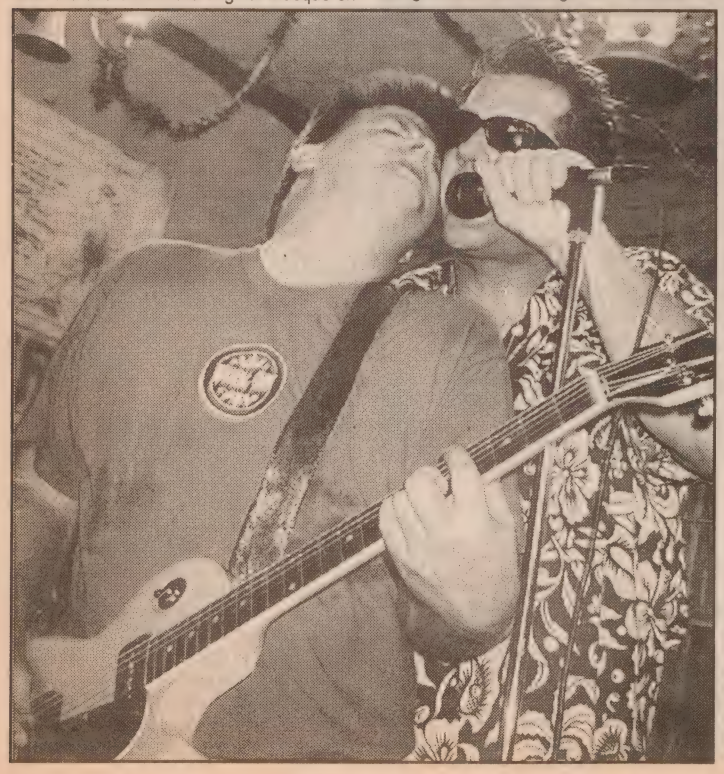
THE CROWD at You've Got Bad Taste in Silverlake 5/31/98 by ShitEd

You've Got Bad Taste isn't a club. It's a variety store belonging to Exene of X/Auntie Christ located in an LA neighborhood that could have been like a minature version of old Soho or Greenwich Village; except that Silverlake will never be allowed to fully develop into a true bohemian island of alternative culture because as soon as anything develops, it gets fully exposed by the media, which stillborns it automatically. In spite of that, Silverlake is the real deal (unlike the artificially created NoHo) because of the people who live in the area. I sure had a great time Sunday afternoon and so did a large number of locals who are in the know. Why go to a heavily advertised club and pay $10-$15 dollars to see an overrated band when you can see one of the best punk bands in So Cal for free? No stage, The Crowd set up on the floor, with the doors from the original Masque on the wall as a backdrop. The band was old-timers Jim & Jim & Dennis (Jim Decker announced to us that he'd just turned 40 a few days earlier), plus Humper Mark Lee and some redheaded guy (whose face looked vaguely familiar) on bass. They played their songs from 18-20 years ago and they played new tunes written this year and last. "And Her Curse" from last year's Flipside release sounded pretty good played next to "Living In Madrid" from the Beach Blvd comp. They were celebrating the release of a new 7" on Hostage Records, and in doing so Jim Kaa actually sang one of the songs with Decker on backing vocals. Most of the Flipside staff/writers were there, including Cantu, which surprised me a little considering how critical he has been of Exene in the past. Through the gig Exene kicked back behind the counter as if (yawn) it was just another day in Silverlake. Not for me: The Crowd shred!

VANDALS, LONGFELLOW

at Key Club 6/6/98 by ShitEd

Brian GTA, Jim Das Klown and I were stuck in horrible traffic trying to get to this gig. I was driving and swearing a blue streak while trying to get over the hill from the Valley. Fuckin' Hollywood Bowl! Consequently we missed DVDA, who we were told was funny and entertaining. Longfellow were weird and irritated all three of us. They had all the melodicore style flourishes down pat, and played clean and crisp, but it wasn't punk rock. For one thing, they wanked too much. For another, they sounded insincere. The rhythms were too smooth and no amount of fast playing on their part could convince me that they were a punk band. What the hell were they doing opening for the Vandals? Too many bands (should I name names? Uh, Pulley, None The Less, Jolt 45 are some) just



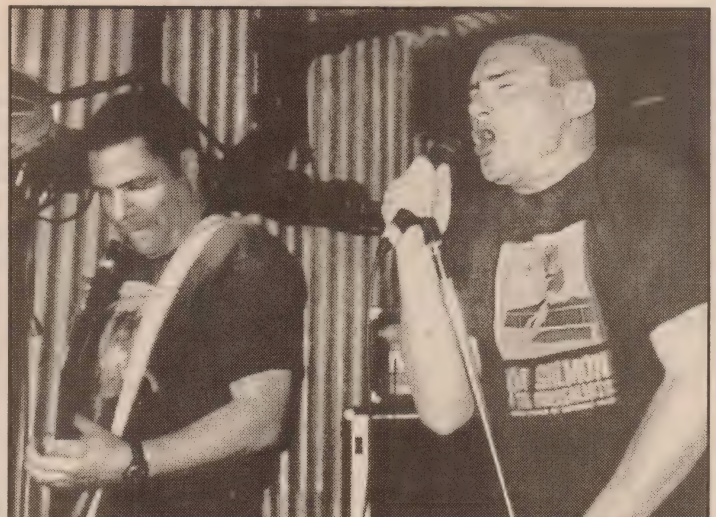
↑ Dave Quackenbush of the Vandals woos a married lady.
←Not kissing, singing: Jim and Jim of the Crowd. 📷s-Shited
↓Stitches at the Doll Hut. 📷-Pooch

don't seem to get it (PS: bands, getting mad at me won't make you a punk band). Some guy came out and did a "Rich Little Motivational Seminar," which turned out to be ranting, raving and verbally abusing the audience. The Vandals were the best I'd heard them in a long time. Each member of the band had good stage presence (very animated and energetic), making for balanced vandalian effrontery. It was more than merely Warren. You could see they were all having fun, and we all had fun too. They did a song I don't remember hearing before: "My Girlfriend's Dead," maybe off their new album. The best singalong was "Oi to the World." To hell with a set list: they took lots of requests, one of which was good old "Anarchy Burger." Toward the end, Dave gave up his mike to Warren, who promptly went berserk and got naked during their cover of the Simpletones song "I Have a Date." Maybe Warren always gets naked on his dates? He forgot the words at one point and Dave had to cue him by singing along. In any case, it was funny as hell to watch Warren pumping his hips while facing the giant projection TV screen behind the stage, admiring his own 20 times magnified naked butt muscles flexing as he thrusted.

APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN
at The Rave in Milwaukee, WI on 5/5/98
by Holly Jo Heartland

It's an odd revelation to return home (Mine being Madison, WI) to discover something that you never thought was there to begin with. My wholesome and innocent teen years closed me off to basically all music without a hit single or a country beat. I return to my roots to find that not only had it always been there, but it was fighting its hardest to keep kids like me away. Kids like me who thought we were way out there with our clip on blue hair extensions and our speakers oozing out the sounds of Nine Inch Nails and No Doubt. And now, in my aged wisdom, am I glad I wasn't "in the punk rock know" back then. I would have gotten my yuppie-fried, honky ass booted. At any rate, I was extremely excited to hear Apocalypse Hoboken. Flipside affiliates have been buying stock in recent years and it's my turn to cash in. I had a difficult task in finding a friend to escort me, that being because of their "Eddie Bauer/Dave Matthews" persuasions. I convinced a girlfriend, let's call her Sammie (her mother might read this), who I told to just not look anyone in the eyes and you'll be just fine. Kidding of course. Now, for the people living in LA who are accustomed to the frisking, the cops and the absurd rules of no bubble gum inside of The Palace, going to shows in more "primitive" parts of the country is a whole other, rather enjoyable, experience. There was a old timer in a Green Bay Packers shirt and a cheese hat greeting us at the door. A door that looked like the open wings of an angel. No line, no friskers, no chain wallet rules, no bouncers, no problem. We walked in just in time for AH's last few songs. The kids didn't seem too excited, for which reasons are beyond me. They were undoubtedly waiting for The Suicide Machines. I couldn't get "Sammie" to stick around that long. Apocalypse Hoboken sounded extremely good and extremely disturbed. They're an eerie band, to me, because they're so animated and excitable in their songs but their lyrics are so disturbingly arty and generally overly emotional and sickly reflective. Just the right personality combination for psychopaths. Their music is creative and poetic in a non-fruity way and hey, get this, rockin'. It's just about as aggressive as male poets can be on stage. I was even surprised at the untruthful image I'd conjured up in my head. Socially unattached geeks with degrees they were not. They actually appeared as my worst nightmare - frat guys. A couple of the non-geek Greeks even sported young girls on their arms the second after they landed off stage. Classy. I would have liked to have met them after the show but I was a woman that wasn't holding a condom in my hand so I probably would've been given the brush off. A few of them even made convincing caricatures of certain Flipside staffers. Pookie Musclehead was in there along with Tim From Pomona and ShitEd. Coincidence? Who cares? In conclusion, I came, I saw, I loved, I left. My last relations with love? No, the Apocalypse Hoboken show.

At the Drive In at Boardners
Nipdrivers at the Garage
-ShitEd



SHOEGAZER, THE BOBDRIVERS, THE BAR FEEDERS at Club Sucker in the Garage 6/7/98 by ShitEd

The Bar Feeders are one of those Bay Area crazed punk bands that are wack in attitude rather than ferocious. You know the type: Stikky, Crack, Nuclear Rabbit. They played very fast, quirky and cheerily nuts. The packed room adored them and cheered loudly after every song. After their set, I got involved in a very serious discussion with Oscar Shoegazer, which we took outside so as to be able to hear each other. Consequently we missed the next set, so all I'm able to report is that it was Jula Bell from Bobsled and one of the Nipdrivers, plus some other guy. Shoegazer was amazing. They played fast and furious, with weird time signatures, yet it wasn't "alternative" or jazz or anything like that. Nope, raging punk rock! They played a few new songs, one of which was mostly in 5-time and was so insane and exhilarating that it drove me almost out of my mind. By the end of their set there was an explosively violent slampit cranking in front of the stage, which I understand completely because it's next to impossible to stand still while Shoegazer is playing. We were compelled to do something: pogo, jostle our neighbors, or just plain go berserk, which a half dozen guys did.

AT THE DRIVE-IN, SHOEGAZER
at Boardner's 6/10/98 by ShitEd

This gig was a celebration of the completed new recording by At The Drive-In, for Fearless Records, and Blaze James' birthday. It was mixed already, from the sound of the music (cassette? CD-R?) they played before and after the bands. Free food on the sideboard, chips and veggies to dip, with some weird stuff I was too chicken to try, like a Japanese food roll full of artificial coloring. Hung out with my time split between the Fearless crew (Becker and Becca Porter), and the Alias Records minions (Rick Tongue and Jennifer). Becca was mooching beers from anyone willing to buy, so what else is new, ha ha!? Her pal Shawn Stern of BYO/Youth Brigade came down for the show, too. Shoegazer started off the night by playing too loud for the tiny confines inside Boardner's, so distorted that they were little more than a solid wall of white noise during the first two songs. The bartender made them turn down three times before they were to a tolerable, and non-painful, balance. They ripped, not quite the near-religious experience of three days earlier at the Garage, but amazing nonetheless. At The Drive-In started slow and melodic, causing me to worry unnecessarily for a couple of minutes that they were starting to wuss out into one of those weak emo-crybaby bands. No way. Soon they had picked it up and were raging between blistering fast Fugazi style, and midpaced intense caterwauling from the bowels of some personal hell. Hair raising, let me tell you. These two are among the most energetic live bands I've ever seen, absolutely frantic flailing. Check them out if they play near you.

BILLYCLUB, THE DECLINE
at Bollocks 6/12/98 by ShitEd

Bollocks is an all-ages club, that is real punk rock, as opposed to the mainstream businesses in Hollywood that merely book punk bands. It's in a bad neighborhood, but the people working there are very cool. The security guys for instance, were very forgiving of minor misbehavior by punks. There was some rap-rock band on stage when I got there, but I didn't catch their name. Second up was The Decline, and in the first song the singer accidentally stepped off the stage during his gyrations and fell flat on his face! He wasn't injured

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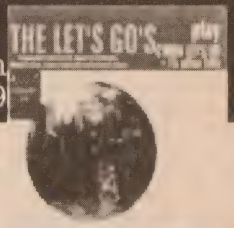

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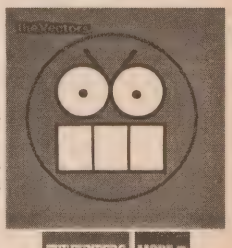

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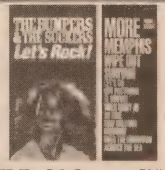

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and got up and finished the set of 70's style punk'n'roll. Third up was Billyclub from Dallas, Texas, but there's only one Texican in the band. Two of the members are British expatriots, ex-members of UK Subs and Exploited. The music was that kind of perfect hardcore punk rock that is fast, tough and violent without being in the least bit metal. Very reminiscent at times of both old Exploited and early Rollins Band. It was fun hanging with them. It was the drummer Matt McCoy's 30th birthday, but he didn't act a day over 15!

NIPDRIVERS, BELL RAYS
at the Garage 6/21/98 by ShitEd
This turned out to be a very memorable show. It was the reunion of the Nipdrivers, a band that I never saw play live back then, though I used to hear their spazzy songs played on KXLU now and then. Brian GTA and I got there sorta late, we took our time because the other band I wanted to see, Betty Blowtorch, had to cancel because Bianca (don't call her Butt Trumpet) hurt her back. Darn! She has some of the worst luck. The Bell Rays were a 70's style R&B rock outfit, with a singer that sounded about halfway between Tina Turner and Janice Joplin (i.e. Big Momma Thornton). Not my sort of music, and definitely not Brian's, so we hung outside with a bunch of very drunk punks. Soon enough it was the Nipdrivers' turn, playing in front of a rowdy crowd. As they were setting up, one of the drunks from outside passed out on the stage. One of the Nipdrivers amused himself by unplugging his guitar and touching the plug against various parts of the guy's body in order to wake him. Every time he did there was a loud static hum from the amp and the guy twitched semi-awake from the mild shock. It was pretty funny. The moment they began playing the place went out of control. The pit was insanely violent, more like an 80's show, with Max and a few others flailing and thrashing wildly. The Nipdrivers just fueled the hell out of them with their demented staccato hammering. A few people mistook the aggro energy as an excuse to get confrontational, which resulted in several fights, three of which resulted in blood streaming from heads. People were being knocked down all over the place, beer bottles were used as clubs on heads, it was quite the 80's hardcore scene recreated by and for the Nipdrivers. And just so you know, they were really great, simultaneously intense and funny throughout their long set.

CRUSADERS, NEUROTONES
at Club Mesa 6/21/98, by Pooch
Accidently found myself on Club Mesa's doorstep and, after seeing who was on the night's menu, decided to stick around. Glad I did. Local lads Neurotones opened with a big drum bang and raged their psychobilly nonstop 'til the end of the line. Cramps influence noted; with singer Paul soundin' like Lux, minus the over-the-speakers-edge visual athleticism. Damn fine band, simple and tough like it ought to be. Chords open on cue then close up, letting the rhythm carry the songs. Equipment, like their songs, are updated versions of classic rock style. Hell, even guitarist Mike connects his Gibson to his blonde Fender amp using a coiled chord! The Neurotones are cool, sharp, and wild; the sonic equivalent of James Dean. Page boys with attitudes, The Crusaders (from Sydney, Aus.) took no time putting the previous band's gear through yet another onslaught. On tour in the U.S. for the first time, this seven year old costumed quartet focused on material from their current Dionysus "Fat, Drunk, and Stupid" CD. Clean, tight, and garage, with dual guitar engine pumpin' aural exhaust over the uncharacteristically reserved audience. Fuck 'em it they can't take a riff. At least a fight up front showed some emotion and cleared out the front rows. These bands deserved a better audience. Hope the Crusaders make it to our shores again, the sound of Motorhead meeting Standells is only too hip. From "I Dig Your Holes," through the Aussie 60's punk The Elois' cover "By My Side," they've got lances big enough to put many of the modern paisley pantywaists to shame. Yep, sure glad I hung out. You should've been there, too.

←Billyclub's Karl Morris caught taking a leak behind Bollocks
↑Barfeeders at the Garage. 📷s-ShitEd
↓Crusaders at Club Mesa. 📷-Pooch

B-MOVIE RATS, STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS, SODA JERK at Gabahs (formerly Anti Club) on 6/26/98 by Jeepers
The B-Movie Rats blew out of the gate with shrieking tires and never slowed down from there. They came on like a bag of trip hammers, jolting eardrums and physically beating my skin with their extreme brand of hardcore speeding rock and galdang roll! Whenever I see these guys, I am completely impressed and this time was no different. Their sheer pleasure at being up there kicking ass is so abundantly evident in their actions that one gets swept up with them. Curt frantically bounced around, stomping his foot like a bald Angus Young on a serious coffee binge, Derek did his quick foot maneuvers while pointing, screaming at the ceiling, the audience, the world, while Bill on bass stood like a mountain letting his fingers cover the whole damned fretboard, pumping out precision notes as solid as they come. Rick looked politely angry behind his way stripped kit and he beat out intricate textures in double quick time. That guy is unbelievable! In fact, they all are! They managed to throw in some covers. "Stay with me" by the Faces and "American Nights" by the Runaways were in there and they made them their own by rocking them to the hilt! If you care anything for tough, ass chewing, r'n'r and haven't bought their new CD "Killer Woman," you outta get in yer GTO this instant and lay some rubber to yer fave store. Let the glass packs do the talking. The Cheetahs came out next and knocked over those left standing after the Rats blasted the place. The Cheetahs cranked out their MC5ish, big riff trance inducing punk and roll numbers with such a physical force that everyone in the audience took an unconscious step back. Frontman, Frank, asked everyone to get back up front and when they did, he and the bassist, Dino, leapt on top of them. Tables went over, the crowd danced and some carnage occurred. Art on rhythm guitar cut his hand and bled all over his axe and his face. He smirked out through the blood at us lay people and snuck in some Johnny Thunders references when no one was looking. At one point, Frank jumped on some folks who were sitting quietly enjoying the scene and knocked them flat on the floor. When they got up, some guy had Frank's guitar and got on stage playing an out of tune solo. Meanwhile, Frank still had the microphone and made use of it from various places under a pile of audience bodies, being thrown around on top of audience bodies and then the big crash landing back on stage into the drums. This

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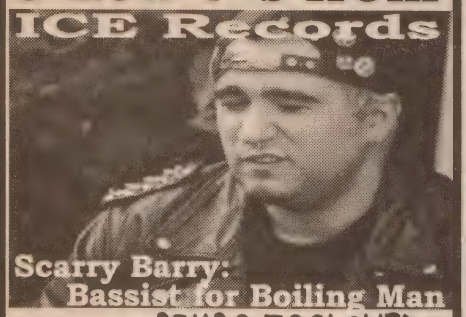

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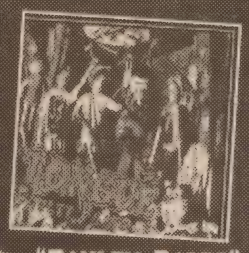

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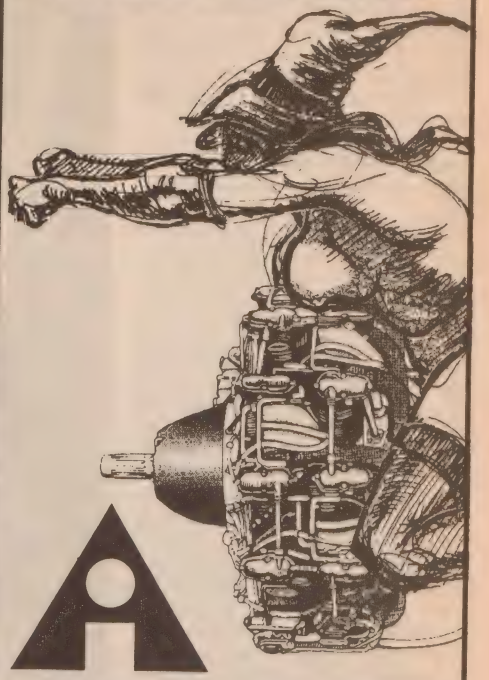

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was all pure rock and roll energy! Babies, this is why I bother to breath! Soda Jerk either didn't show or left out of fear for following up after such displays of raw power and fear free careening about. As far as the "new" Anti Club goes, I give it a thumbs up for the courteous staff and general coolness that one should expect from the guys who brought us the gone but not forgotten Raji's. Over and out.

GUNS, BOOKS AND TOOLS, BIS ENDE at a private party on 6/28/98 by Jeepers

On the night stated above, I was taken to a party in Highland Park where I caught two bands playing in a living room. I was so impressed by these groups that I felt it necessary to make mention of them. The house itself is high up on a hill over looking the valley in between Mt. Washington and itself, the bands were setting up in front of the big picture window that afforded us this massive view. There were xmas lights strung all over and some oil paintings of giant cow heads and black gestural masses. The mood was somewhat solemn as the first band started. They were bis Ende and they had a drummer playing a full kit with brushes, a bass player seated on a couch, a conga player, a tape loop with sound effects such as organs and mild industrial grooves but out front of the whole thing keeping it in everyone's focus was the dynamic confidence of Gitane (formerly of Christian Death). Gitane stood with one hand in her pocket and dark glasses on her covering her eyes as she beat the room with her mournful sound. The strings had a slight mideastern groove to them and Gitane sang along appropriately in that vein, wailing. Very intense! The second band up was Guns, Books and Tools. The band consists of three members playing guitar, bass and drums. The bassist, Drew, sings too. I listened to them and thought of several pop bands with bright sounds that also contain a strain of melancholia. The songs had a lot of texture and space and never moved beyond a mid tempo but I didn't care. I felt that there might be some Morphine records over at Drew's home since his style included some bittersweet chords while Jeremy on guitar (from Bazooka) dabbled in Velvet Underground rhythms. Brian on drums (Sacchrine Trust) has a great sense of subtlety and violence when necessary. I suspect him to be a lover of Bop. I talked with the guys afterwards and asked them if they had ever heard of Mission of Burma and they said that they had heard of them but never heard them. I told them that M.O.B. had fractured pop melodies interwoven with smart lyrics that were dark and pretty at the same time. Jeremy said that that description sounded like their band. I agreed.

COUNTDOWNS, ANDRE WILLIAMS, 5.6.7.8'S, GUITAR WOLF

at Moguls, 7/2/98 by Jeepers

Edwin gave me a ride to the show in a very generous fashion - that is so like him - and then we got into line. A line? I was a little surprised to find the line there but, then again, we were here to see some bands from a foreign country who had a fair amount of press over the last few years, so, perhaps I should have expected the line and the $10 cover. So what, 10 bucks! I threw it at the guy at the door with a smile on my face since I was sure that this was going to really be a big event. You see, this was my first time seeing any of these groups and I was sure that it would really

Chixdiggit 📷-Todd

be "something." The Countdowns started off with sonic sort of voice and kick drum chant. Sounded somewhat Southern Baptist. The front man seemed to really be working that angle with his suit and style. It was amusing but became grating. The band was reminding me of a punk George Thoroughgood with some touches of Blues Explosion, especially in some of the drumming. I liked what they were doing but got tired of it before the set was over. Then came Andre Williams' backing band in red graduation/ church robes and guess what... It was The Countdowns again, only this time they were augmented by a trumpet and another guitar. They sounded very good covering the old hits after Andre came out looking very good in his red outfit and white, long coat. He danced and shuffled and sang some of his hits including, "Shake Your Tailfeather" and "Jail Bait." I was enjoying what he was laying out very much when I bumped into a friend who was roadying for Guitar Wolf and he dragged me into the "Smoking Lounge" (the parking lot) to do some catching up. When I went back into the club, Andre was just finishing. He looked happy but tired. The 5.6.7.8's came out next and blazed through a rocking set of sweetness. They had their Motown styled dance moves worked out and their back up singing was also very cool. Their campy good fun, tough chick music had the crowd rocking out and I looked around seeing a variety of LA musical "cool" folks nodding their heads to the beat. I saw Edwin up front taking photos, smiling like a kid in a candy shop. The 5.6.7.8's, wearing glittery gowns and tiaras, screamed, wailed and waved their instruments in time to the beat and all the while I knew what I was going to say to describe them: They're cute as hell. I know that no one else will be happy with that description but there it is, I said it. When Guitar Wolf took the stage, I was really hoping for something amazing. They blew out and started blazing away with a fury that I can only describe as all show and no go. I watched them for a long while and tried very hard to imagine me liking the music live or recorded but could not find it in me. I could see their influences easily but they did not seem too interested in playing songs as much as they were interested in being very intense and looking good while hitting way out of tune chords. They were really into it, I could see that, but that wasn't enough for me. They leapt about and poured gallons of sweat from every pore of their bodies but it never really sounded like any of them were playing the same song. By the end of the set, the guitarist/ singer had what looked like three strings left on his guitar and ignored his back up guitar so that he wouldn't have to step out of the lime light for a moment to switch. The energy was good but the music just wasn't, although I am sure that plenty enjoyed it and I say more power to them. Meanwhile, my phone never rings and I eat too much spaghetti from a can.

CHIXDIGGIT and **THE QUEERS**

at the Roxy, 7/21/98 by Todd

What a show. Missed the Nobodys, who I heard were great. It was very strange. When I walked into the Roxy - something about the heat and the noise - I transformed from a late twenties guy into a screaming, almost fainting fourteen year old girl with pigtails aflailin'. Throughout the evening, I let out shrieks of delight, was barely able to contain myself, and was hopefully wishing for songs to be played; someone had definitely slipped a rupinol of teeny into my bop. Chixdiggit know how to play while simultaneously whipping an audience with the teflon tongues of seasoned anti-hecklers. All in great fun. Starting every song with "this'll be the last song of the evening," and tearing through mega hit after mega hit (if only they were popular) culling through their repertoire, tighter than spandex on an aging heavy metaler, as fun as watching Regis and Kathy Lee getting beat by street punks, and as wholesome and nice as Candaians tend to be; I was thrilled. I think they sound like Brian Adams getting tossed out of an airplane but seem to be the only one who thinks so, so don't listen to me. (On a barely important sidenote, they have a song, "Henry Rollins Is No Fun," and since they had an interview in the last issue, I wrote Henry Rollins and asked if he, in fact knew Chixdiggit, and if he was, in fact, unfun. He replied - the postcard's in the layout of that interview - and so I handed lead singer KJ the postcard. At first he thought it was from me, so the joke wasn't funny. Then at the end of the set, he read the name at the bottom and thought it was a fake. Hope he didn't throw it away.) Anyhow, back to being a squealing preteen girl, which there was a whole flank of them for the Queers. Last time I saw the Queers, they sucked. Well, they were OK for a band that didn't move and looked like grandpas waiting for the bus to come so they could leave the stage. This was no longer the case. It was Joe and two of Jon Cougar Concentration Camp and the drummer from the Darlingtons. Whoever thought this up if a fucking genius. Joe actually jumped off of the ground. Believe it. Pop punk probably wouldn't be the same without the Queers, letting legions know that it's OK to suck both Ramones and Beach Boys tits simultaneously and still be a punk rocker, were on fire - exhibiting that fast and loud can be harmonic and melodious. It seemed they had more sting, more raw bites. The crowd ate it up, word for word, from every album, except during a cover by an obscure English band, when, while into it, the crowd didn't mouth the words. The song? "The Kids Are Alright" by the Who. No wonder the youths of today are in such disarray. Really fun, satisfying show.

PERFECT, GLORITONE

at Spaceland by Pooch

Found myself smack dab in Silverlake's finest for a free Monday extravaganza. Caught enough of Japan's Zoobombs to remember they were noisy and well received. Tempe's Gloritone came off as a sort of Goo Goo Dolls meet Bush, minus energy. Full sounding trio with strong singing and playing, but little in the way of memorable songs and personality. By the time the trio had finished their last song, "Speed of Sound," they had started to show some energy, but it was too little, too late. Perfect came on all suits, style, and tighter than ever. Ya, Tommy Stinson's up front, but there's no doubt this is a group effort. Mark's singing was nearly as snazzy as his Billy Zoom guitar, and the rhythmatists gave these creatures of pop solid support. Lotsa good camaraderie and musical and verbal interplay separate Perfect from so many boring local acts. And they actually know how to entertain an audience, not an easy task nowadays.

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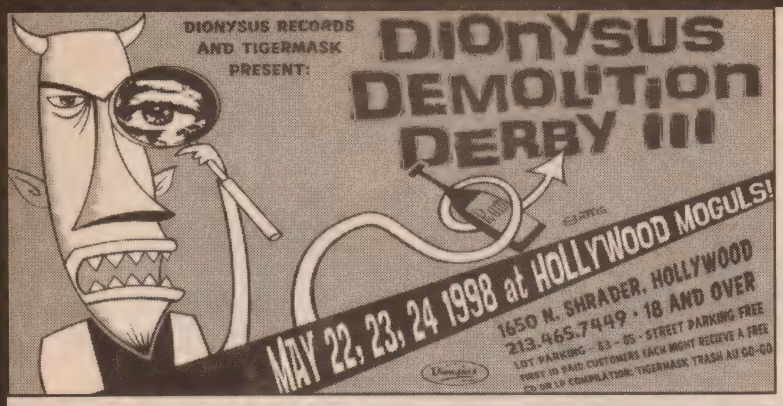

This year's **DIONYSUS DEMOLITION DERBY** was three nights of 50's and 60's inspired music that went down May 22, 23 & 24 at Hollywood Moguls. The event was co-sponsored by Tigermask and each night had a theme. It had been a long time since I spent three nights in a row rocking at the same club but I had a good time and it was late Sunday before I was finally burned out on fun. The early music shut down policy, that has been in effect at Moguls, meant that everything had to start at an ungodly hour. I've heard that things are going to be changing for the better soon but, for this week end anyway, things had to wind down by midnight or the club risked being shut down. The first night featured rockabilly acts and was augmented by Incredibly Strange Wrestling and some cool old music footage provided by Hollywood Book and Poster. The line up was **Johnny Legend and His Naked Apes, The Hellbillys, 13 Cats and Ray Campi.** Johnny was in rare form and spent a good part of the Naked Apes' set dirty dancing with some gal from the audience. Between bands the action was in the makeshift ring. I don't care for wrestling and about the only thing strange about this group is the wacky names they use, so I spent the break down/set up time watching films of Motown and other acts of the 60's in the lounge. During the second band's work out, I had one of my epiphanies. What if there was a band of overweight roots rockers called The Hillbellys? Just a thought. The bands were all tight and it was great seeing Ray Campi again, but the thing from this night that stuck in my mind was a joke. It is a crass gag that compares the ease of picking up women and dog shit, in this instance old rockabilly women and old dog shit. The main reason I remember it is that I'm kind of weird that way with jokes and because I have heard it at several other shows since.

The second day, Saturday, was scheduled to start at 3 in the afternoon! Thankfully, a series of unavoidable delays pushed things back a bit. Space-based sci-fi was the name of the game and the LA Cacophony Society was in attendance. The evening was made special by their space suited shenanigans, the club's decor, the participation of the various sponsors and vendors, in the theme and, of course, all the bands. Saturday's show was made up of **The Foxations, The Phantom Rockers, The Saturn V featuring Orbit, The Satelliters, Deadbolt, The Crusaders** and **The Meteors**. I managed to interview The Crusaders without missing anyone's set and found time to check out some of the goods offered by the variety of merchants who had set up booths in various nooks and crannies. Things went smoothly 'til The Crusaders got about 3 songs into their set. That's when the power for the whole club blew. There was some sort of emergency back up for the exit signs and a few other things, but it was 45 minutes or more before the show could go on. The Meteors managed to squeeze a quick performance in before the curfew, but by then Moguls was a bit of a ghost town.

Sunday was designated as Tiki day and the club was transformed into an island paradise... Or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The lounge was alive with such madness as burlesque and music provided by the girls of **The Velvet Hammer** and **DJ Otto Von Stroheim**. The power held, this day, and was used up quite enthusiastically by **The Countdowns, The Hate Bombs, The Go-Devils, Johnny Chan & the New Dynasty Six, The Tiki Tones, Sammy Masters, The Boss Martians** and **Cocktails With Joey**. This was the day I found out all the pictures I had taken the previous two days were no good. I took another roll or two, thinking the bugs had been worked out, but Sunday's shots didn't come out either. I guess anything more advanced than cave drawings is beyond me. I interviewed The Hate Bombs and spent some time picking up various records from the vendors and bands who set up merch areas. All 3 days were fun, fun, fun and I hope this third anniversary Demolition Derby won't be the last. Maybe by next year, the camera won't be such an unfathomable technological wonder to me.

-P.Edwin Letcher

1

1. Lee Joseph and The Crusaders
2. II Saturn V's
3. Cacophony Astronaut
4. Nam, Amy Joesph and Jill from Caroline Distro
5. Ray Campi (on standup bass) and 13 Cats
6. The Saturn V featuring Orbit
7. Tripp Fontaine of Johnny Chan and the New Dynasty Six
All 📷-Edwin

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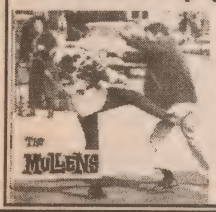

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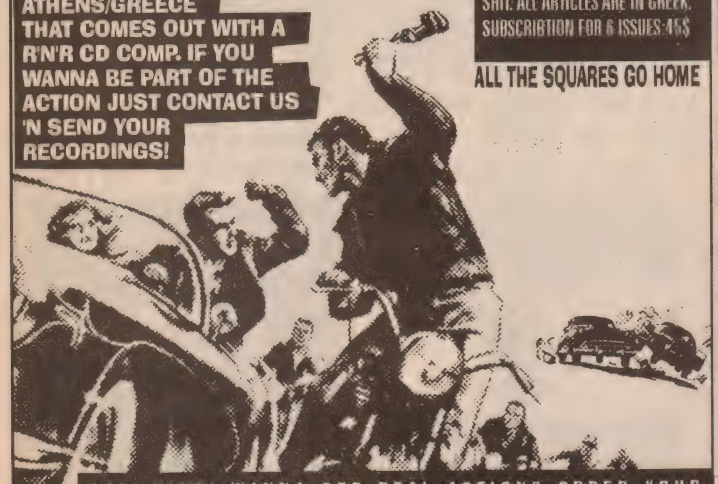

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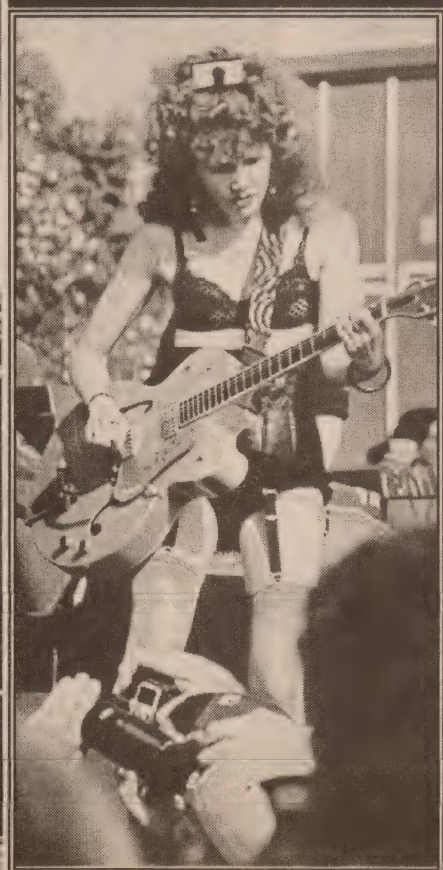
†Lux and †Ivy of the Cramps.
Next page: 1. Paladins. 2. Reverend Horton Heat. 3. Blaster Phil Alvin. 4. X's Billy Zoom. 5. X's D.J. Bonebreak. 6. X



Saturday, July 4th, 1998, and what more a better way to celebrate than to go see some of America's best at the Hootenanny '98 out in Orange, CA. Three stages of all-day fun proved the high point of my summer with a huge lineup that proved to be the best of the year...

Arriving early in the afternoon, we got to check the **Paladins**, who, despite singer Dave G.'s hand injury, was spillin' out some tasteful rockin' over their swelling crowd. **The Blasters** played like they were on a mission from the heavens above with Mr. Phil Alvin leadin' the way like a guitar-strapped fallen angel. I mean, c'mon - the fricking Blasters! **Rev. Horton Heat** delivered the rock goods like a 1940's milkman - on time, fresh, and good for you, motherfucker! I have yet to see another insane live guitar nut besides Dick Dale after seeing the Rev. go off. **The Cramps** shared their ass-shakin', devil-may-care brand of a good time to the crowd that day as well. Even decked out in the black and rubber clothing - The Cramps remain one-of-a-kind to this day. **Social Distortion** picked through their back catalog with songs like "Backstreet Girl," one of their best Stones covers, and "Prison Bound." Yeah, I know, no Social D. pix - the ones that did come out weren't happening and besides, there were no good photo opps. of the man, Mr. Chuck Fucking Biscuits, who, by the way, rules the stage when S.D. runs through their set. And last, but by no means whatsoever least, **X** finished the day putting a smile of everyone's face who was listening. Each one of the four original members were there to play and I hope to christ that someone was smart enough to shoot a video of their set, 'cause it was on! Between Exene's and John's unmistakable harmonies, as well as kick-ass style, D.J. was claiming his spot on the skins like he damn well should and Billy Zoom played through the whole set with the Zoom finesse and the "That's right, motherfucker!" smile upon his face. Yes, I'll say it again - X definitely ruled my 4th of July this year. Extra, extra thanks to Deb at Interscope for making my summer that much more enjoyable this year and also to Mr. Gary Hornberger for whom without, you'd be photo-less as he slaved all day gettin' these pix together for ya... (and helpin' me out photo-wise as well!)

-Designated Dale

All ◘ Gary Hornberger

HOOTENANY

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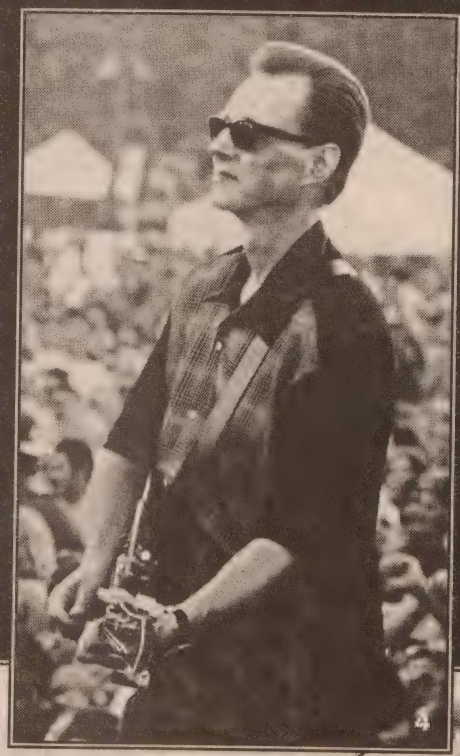
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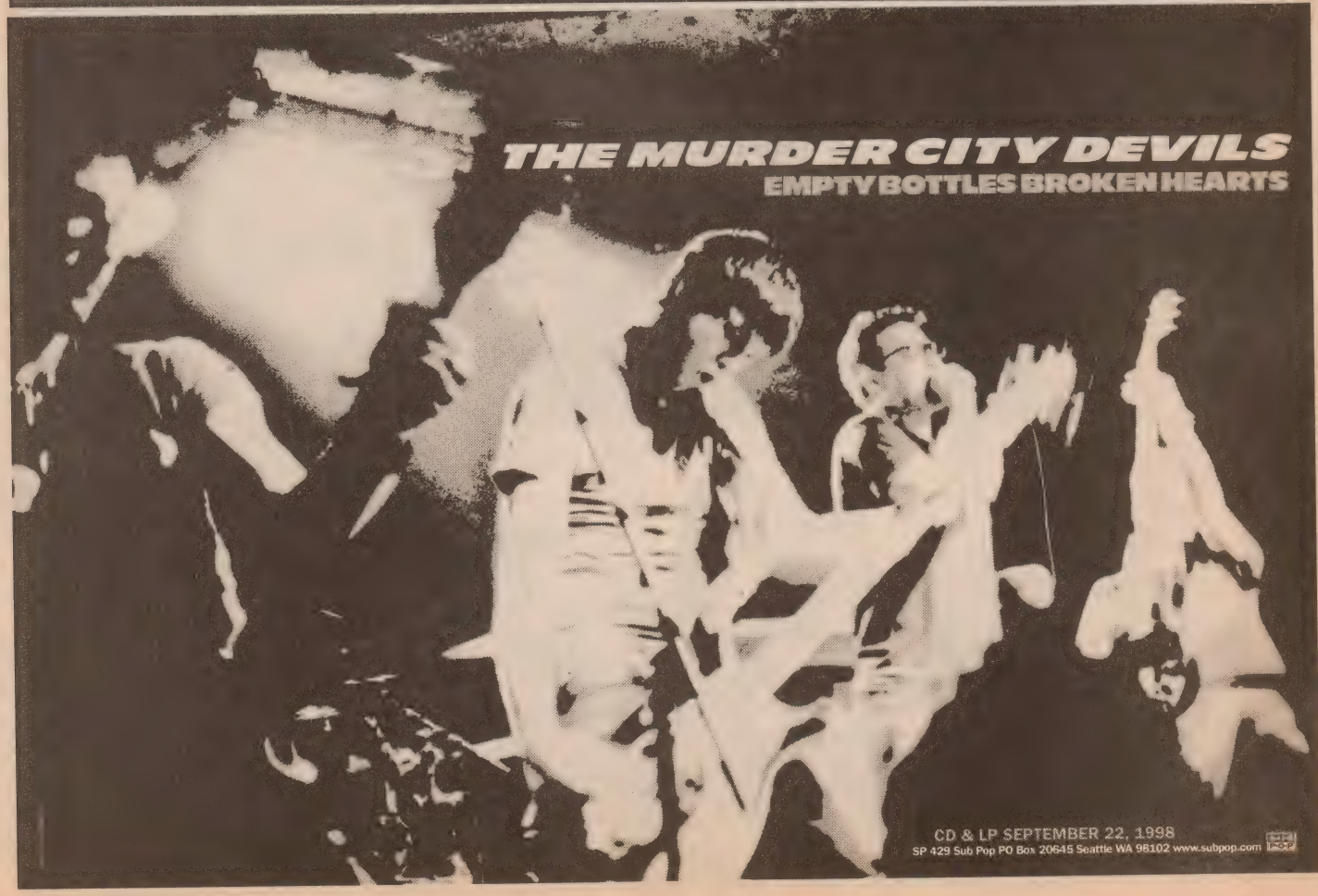
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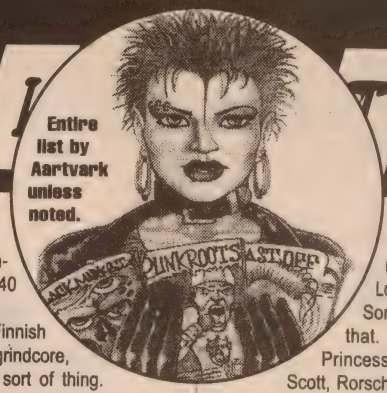

10 THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW
#19, $3ppdUS, S-64-T
(8315 Lake City Way NE #192, Seattle, WA 98115)
Northwest news, columns and punk thoughts. Interviews with: Lopez, The Retards, Moral Crux and Discount. Music and zine reviews. Very packed with writing. Every time there's just more and more and more! [ten@u.washington.edu] [http://weber.u.washington.edu/~ten]

3RD GENERATION NATION
#12, $4ppd, L-72-T
(c/o Ralf Hunebeck, Muhlenfeld 59, 45472 Mulhelm, Germany)
Lots of German reading with columns, music/zine and live reviews. Interviews with: Toilet Boys, The Pushers, Generation X, Merle Allin, Forgotten Rebels, Bonecrusher and more. Pretty good read. [realshock@aol.com]

69 FLAVORS OF PARANOIA
#5v2, $3.50US, HS-52-FT
(2816 Rio Vista Ct., Farmington, NM 87401-4557)
Poetry, prose, photos and illustrations. If you like reading other people's creative efforts or would like to share your own, have a gander at this well put together zine. [69fop@harmful.com] [http://www.harmful.com/frontpage.html]

ABUS DANGEREUX
#57, $5, L-40-FT
(B.P. 172, 82001 Montauban Cedex, France)
French zine w/ news, reviews, interviews, views and information on music. Comes with a sampler CD compilation. Inside: Pitch Shifter, Sleepers, Mogwai, Zen Guerilla, Les Thugs, Fleshtones and more.

ALPHA MEGAZINE
#0, 2000 lire, L-50-R
(c/o Rota Andrea, via Giotto, 3, 2431 Almenno San Salvatore (BG), Italy)
A punk rock type zine written in Italian. Columns and lots of audio reviews. Interviews with: The Manges, Deh Pills, Impossibili, Belli-Cosi, The Chromosomes, Screeching Weasel and more. Homemade musical entertainment.

ANNEXX MAGAZINE
#13, 3 stamps, S-56-T
(PO Box 18475, San Antonio, TX 78218-0475)
Columns and Texas happenings. With W.S. Burroughs. Interviews with: Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Cretins, Atari Teenage Riot, Brand New Unit and Guttermouth. Movie, live, zine and music reviews.
[annex@mail.txdirect.net]

APPLE BROWN BETTY
#7, ?, HS-32-R
(PO Box 245, Montvale, NJ 07645)
Some rants and thoughts. Interviews with J Church and Humble Beginnings. Local live pics. Live, audio and zine reviews. [applebrownbetty@hotmail.com]

ASENNE #0, $1ppdUS, HS-8-R
(J-P Muikku, Apajakuja 1 D 14, 80140 Joensuu, Finland)
Little zine done in Finnish that covers DIY, grindcore, crustcore and that sort of thing. They've got a tape label sort of thing going, so if you wanna know what's up with that sort of thing out of Finland, you'll wanna contact them. Also, they've got free classified sections. [jpmuikku@cc.joensuu.fi]

AURAL INNOVATIONS
#3, $3US, S-28-T
(c/o Jerry Kranitz, 1364 W. 7th Ave. #B, Columbus, OH 43212)
A new newsletter with "space-rock" an its focus. Terrastock II festival. Spacerock 101 part 2. Interviews with: National Steam, Moby Trip and Nick Turner (part 2). Music reviews and more. Filling in a gap that's rather vacant in the zine world. [jkranitz@infinet.com]

BABYSUE REVIEW
#27, $2ppd, S-32-T
(PO Box 8989, Atlanta, GA 30306-8989)
Absurdly honest music reviews that are hammed up for your enjoyment. The fabulous Babysue comics will make your belly ache. All this and more can be yours in this Babysue supplemental! [lmnop@babysue.com]

1. Number. Directly following the zine name is the issue number of the zine listed here.

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(PO Box 311, Southampton, PA 18966)
Covering all types of 60's and related music and memorabilia. Interviews with The Diaboliks, and Tee and Thee Crumpets. Also: Chess Records, The Before and After, "modett" style and fashion. Travels to Europe. Also plenty of book, audio and zine reviews.

BEANS & FRANKS
#13, $1ppd, HS-28-R
(PO Box 1851, Pensacola, FL 32589)
Stories and lots of reflecting on the past of Beans & Franks and the past in general for that matter. Stories of dates and holidays, horned goats and more. Pretty amusing and includes illustrations.

BLEACH
June '98, $3.95US, T-100-F+
(2060 Placentia Ave. C3, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)
High gloss magazine with all the trimmings that come along with that. Reviews, views, articles and all that. In this issue: John Cryer, Chris Dunn, Andy Warhol, Vincent Gallo, Bill Ding, Louise Fletcher and more. [bleachmag@earthlink.net]

BITE ME!
#13, $2US, S-38-T
(6038 Hayes Ave. #1A, Los Angeles, CA 90042)
Some bits of this and that. Interviews with: Princess Superstar, Klay Scott, Rorschach Test and more. Also: music, zine, live and video reviews.

BRASS FURNACE GOING OUT #4, 75c+1stamp/trade, HS-28-R
(17229 SN Greengate Dr., Sherwood, OR 97140)
A cut'n'paste type zine. Stories, dreams, thoughts on science fiction and more. [ladyjane420@yahoo.com]

CAPTAIN CRUSH
#?, ?, HS-16-R
(c/o Rena I., 5854 Freeman Ave., La Crescenta, CA 91214)
Thoughts and drawings in a cut-up zine. Holden Caulfield, land mines, Dear Diary, some poems and a few more bits. [rena12345@aol.com]

CENSOR THIS
#10, $2ppd, S-56-T
(PO Box 4312, Sunland, CA 91041-4312)
There are lots of computer doctored photos in this issue. Interviews with: Dead Lazlo's Place, Dr. Special Agent Zebra, Armed Citizens and the Bar Feeders. Music reviews and lot's more irrelevance to read.

CONSTANT AGITATION
#5, $1ppd, HS-26-R
(PO Box 1582, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1582)
Mostly a photos zine of local shows. The photo reproduction isn't bad even though it's photocopied! Includes: Molotov, The Fags, Mazinga, Blue Onion, The Groovie Goulies, The Muffs, The Brewts and more.

CREATURE CREATIONS
#2, *, HL-12-R
(PO Box 634, Greencastle, PA 17225)
Holy cow (no pun intended), two in a row! It's another zine based around the word of God! This has a weird heavy metal/horror spin on it and comes with lots of quotes. You can order some amazingly deceptive t-shirts and just when your friends think you're "down" with the heavy metal dark side of the force, you can spring Luke on them. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't been holdin' it in my hand.

CUPS #90, 19.9/12iss, S-46-F+
(189 Orchard St., 4th floor, New York, NY 10002)
Cafe culture, micro brews, U.S. comic book market. Music, book and film reviews. Interviews with: John Lurie, The Brian Jonestown massacre, Dan Bern and Vincent Gallo. Upscale, but with ample writing to read.

ESTRUS RECORDS QUARTERLY #33, $1, HS-16-T
(PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)
All the Estrus Records stuff you want to mailorder. Also, you can read about: The Gimmicks, Monomen, The Makers and others.

EX DIGEST #24, 4DM, L-60-MT
(Postfach 703, 1061 Wien, Austria)
Lots of German reading inside. Zine, comic, music, book and film reviews. God is my Copilot, Peter Bagge, Show Business Giants, Chris Ware and more. Good layout and great everything.

EXOTIC MAGAZINE
#60, $1.95, S-48-F+
(625 SW 10th #324B, Portland, OR 97205)
Bare breasts, provocative articles plus where and how to info on the topless scene in Portland and Seattle. In this issue: AIDS in the porn industry, Brian Jonestown Massacre and Exotic Dancer Fan Fair in Las Vegas. Columns, lots of sex talk and more for the hard and not so hard up. Website, video, book, CD-ROM and audio reviews. 18+.
[xmag@teleport.com]
[http//:www.xmag.com]

FORTHRIGHT #1, $2, HS-40-R
(4133 Ocana Ave., Lakewood, CA 90713)
Columns and music reviews. Interviews with: No Innocent Victim and ZAO. A thought and complaint about MRR, which they're still buying issues of for "research." Some excerpts from "Undergrace Zine." From the crosses and flaming hearts I'm beginning to think that the centerpiece to this zine is the big J.C. (not JC Penny's) Two in one issue! [forthright@collegeclub.com] Fabulous.

GOOD AS ANY... BETTER'N SOME Sum/Fal 98, *, S-22-T
(PO Box 88, Franklin, PA 16323)
The full catalog of all the stuff that's offered by 'em for your mailorder enjoyment. Have a look. You might be surprised at what you'll find. Music, videos, magazines... [goodasany@gatacticis.com]

GRAVY #5, $3.95US, S-96-MT
(158 Morin St., Chateauguay, QC, Canada)
A real beefy packed issue. Audio reviews and the poster art of Canada's Rupert Bottenberg. Interviews with: The Makers, Rick Trambles, the Delta 72, Railroad Jerk, Huevos Rancheros, Fu Manchu, Southern Culture on the Skids, Electric Frankenstein, Man or Astroman, Dub Narcotic, El Vez and more! Lot's to read and an attractive layout. [gravy@gravy.cam.org]

GROUNDSWELL #1v4, $1, S-12-T
(PO Box 174, Prospect Park, PA 19076-1307)
"Sowing the seeds to question authority." In this issue you can read (about): authoritarian grammar and fundamentalist arithmetic, contemplating the meaning of the last twenty-five years, C-Bo arrested and more. Seems like there's not a lot to read, but it will give you a hell of a lot to think about! [tristan306@aol.com]

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GRUMP #1, $2ppd, S-20-R
(309 S. New St., Champaign, IL 61820)
Interviews with: Guitar Wolf, Rob Vasquez and Bill Johnson. Audio, zine and live reviews. [corpsebag@hotmail.com]

HERE BE MONSTERS
#15, $5ppdUS, L-30-R
(c/o Clive Roberts, 36 Folly Fields, Wheathampsted, Hertfordshire, England AL4 8HL)
A great zine with loads of reviews and everything passed onto a great working of the cut-out style. Interviews with: The Dwarves, Leech Woman, Brad (Rhetoric Records), Unsane, Glueball and U.S. Maple. A real bargain with a low cost - And now for only $5ppd(!), you'll also get a CD from Meth OD. Full length, ten tracks. You can't loose!

HEROINA NOVA #41, $5ppd, T-40-M
(Hrvatske Republike 20, Osijek 54000, Croatia)
Croatian music journalism - a real mix bag of stuff! In this issue: Nashville Pussy, Subway Dogs, Nova, Blue Oyster Cult, MonoMen, New Bomb Turks, Lazy Cowgirls, Majke, Monika Skaberne and more. All sorts of reviews including hi-fi equipment! Mick Jagger is on the cover. [heroina@glas-slavonije.tel.hr]

HEY, WORLD - CHECK ME OUT!
#?, *, S-16-R
(c/o Poe, 1116 Shepard, Lansing, MI 48912)
This is a zine of sorts pretty much devoted to a scuff the crux of which is correspondence from Rev. Tin-Ear (Angry Thoreauan) to Bob Black and then between Tin-Ear and Susan Poe aka Rev. Crowbar (Popular Reality). Could this be a clash of the titans? Is this a well documented mock court case? Whatever the case here, it might be amusing from a third person perspective looking in. Hey, it's almost free.
[http://www.popularеality.com]

HOI POLLOI! SKAZINE
#5, $2ppd, HS-56-T
(3660 Monroe Ave. #59, Rochester, NY 14534)
Interviews with: Skavoovie and the Epitones, Less Than Jake, Paul Phelps, Bin Skala Bim, Mighty Mighty Bosstones and more. Audio, live and zine reviews.
[javaccar@orion.naz.edu]

HOOFSIP #44, $1.50ppd, S-26-R
(c/o D. Augustine, PO Box 7636, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302-7636)
Letters, some comics, music and zine reviews, lots of commentary and more bits. Interviews with: Incubus and Far. Comes with Pshaw mini-zine #6.

HOT CHERRY #3, $1ppd, S-40-T
(2119 S. Brentwood Ct., Lakewood, CO 80227)
Interviews with: Against All Authority, Jughead's Revenge, Armchair Martini, The Pietasters, The Nobodys, 30 Foot Fall and Mu330. Some audio reviews too. [hombo@aol.com]

INK NINETEEN
July'98, $2ppd, T-42-FT
(PO Box 1947, Melbourne, FL 32902-1947)
Columns, news bites, show dates. Publication and music reviews. Covering all the music that hits their town. Weekly paper style! Dr. Plutonium, The Jesus and Mary Chain, Undead, Phylr, REO Speedealer and more. [info@ink19.com]

KILL THE SCENE #10, $2, S-30-R
(PO Box 9042, East Ridge, TN 37412)
The "official magazine of the Confederacy Of Scum." Interviews with: Eric Perfect, Andi Nauerz (Born Bavarian), Sikko (Community of Filth), Widowmaker, The Tunnel Rats, Todd Goss and more. Some reviews, views, news and a bit more.

LIGHT WATER
#1, $15/6issue, S-32-T
(PO Box 7152, Garden City, NY 11530)
Getting off to a fresh start with issue #1. Garden burger recipes. A look at the Long Island punk and hardcore scene. An interview with Ian MacKaye. Audio and film reviews. Some prose and live pictures. [lightwater@aao.net]

LIMOUSINE #6, $2, HS-32-R
(PO Box 11, San Mateo, CA 94401-0011)
Pretty well put together and thoughtful. Pain and nothingness. Good things. Films, artwork and ponderings. A good zine for those that want a little free-form thought stimulation. [libby@netmagic.net]

LIP SERVICE #3v10, $2.95, L-30-F+
(8739 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069)
Do you want to know about the soundtrack to the Avengers movie - probably more than most people want to actually see it. News and views from the inside of the record industry. [don@lipservicemag.com]

LOCA #11 (free in LA) S-52-R
(2168 S. Atlantic Blvd. #290, Monterey Park, CA 91754)
Assorted articles, short stories and rembrances from local LA scenesters. Dave Matke's (ex Bed of Eyes) chronicles his days of drag in club restrooms. Flipsiders Shane and Nipper Seaturtle (Gwynne Kahn) write about prison rights and keeping appointments respectively. Tommy of the LA Times describes their ass kicking in Vegas and Gwynne Garfinkle raps down her ex mother in law. Some good, funny and enlightening reading here. Perfect for those MTA rides from the east side. -Pooch

LOLLIPOP #44, $4.95US, S-138-FT
(PO Box 441493, Somerville, MA 02144)
Loads of articulate and well written record, film, video and book reviews. Inside: Swoon 23, The Toy Dolls, Rubberneck, Damaged, Teen Idols, Hagfish, Circle Of Dust, Clowns For Progress, Mystery Machine, Wild Strawberries, War, Diesel Boy and more. [http://www.lollipop.com]

LONE STAR SOCIALIST
#18, $8/yr, S-12-T
(PO Box 2640, Austin, TX 78768)
Celebrating their 20th year! Texas labor update. Thoughts on the TX death penalty. Socialism for the 21st Century and more socialist thoughts. Thoughtfully, from Texas. Socialism might come back in style with the new millennium. Don't be left on shore!

MAGNET #35, $3.50US, S-112-F+
(1218 Chestnut St. #808, Philadelphia, PA 19107)
Lots of music oriented information. Paul Schutze, Bill Laswell, Cows, Nic Dalton, Caustic Resin, Girls Against Boys and more. Music, book and other reviews. [magnetmag@aol.com]

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL
#184, $3, S-172-T
(PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146)
You got the columns, various reviews, scene reports, adverts, classified ads and all the fodder that make MRR so loved by many. In this issue: Devoid Of Faith, Indecision, UXA, Umlaut, Ricanstruction, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs and more. Also, the Pioneers of Punk feature is Black Flag. The thick newsprint guide to everything punk.

MICROMAG #9, $2ppd, M-96-MT
(PO Box 442337, Lawrence, KS 66044)
A pretty good little read that fits into your pocket and will keep you entertained for some time. Lots of live photos, audio and video reviews. You'll find: The Makers, Dionysus Records, Demolition Derby coverage, Bart and the Remains, special reports and more.
[http://www.pilgrimage.com/micromag]

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST
#8, $1ppd/TR, S-40-T
(3032 McIntosh Dr., Logmont, CO 80503)
With columns, The Gimps, miscellaneous thoughts, prose and illustrations. Also, Janitors Against Apartheid vs. Tomato Head Records. Interviews with: The Suicide Machines, Pinhead Circus and Muckafurgason. Also zine and audio reviews.
[midgetbd@hotmail.com]

MOSHABLE #18, $7ppdUS, L-47-FT
(c/o Lars KroghPoste Restante - Kobmagergade Postkonto, Kobmagerade 33 - 1000 Lobenhavn K., Denmark)
A great read from Denmark that's written in English for easy consumption. In this issue: Nashville Pussy, The Cramps, The Coyote Men, The Pleasure Fuckers, The Dirtys, D Generation, The Ramones, Biffen, Scooch Pooch Records, The Hookers, The Flaming Sideburns and more. Zine and lots of music reviews. Packed in with stuff!

MUCKRAKER, THE #7, $1, M-80-R
(PO Box 125, Worchester, MA 01603)
This issue is called "nomads" and it basically explores that concept of nomadic American life. A tale of transition through many parts of the land in words and pictures. Read all about it and see what you think. This publication also happens to be free to prisoners.
[dmcmahon32@hotmail.com]

MULTIBALL #14, $3ppdUS, HL-60-T
(PO Box 40005, Portland, OR 97240-0005)
Pinball maniacs entertainment value! Candybar countdown, a visit to the pinball championships. Paul Bunyan giants around the US. Interviews with: Edward Bunker, Dwight Sullivan (pinball programer), Aaron lee and Mike LaVella (Gearhead). Cool pinball hangouts and more. A great and different read!
[wilcof@ix.netcom.com]

NATURAL MYSTIC
#7, $1ppdUS, S-32-T
(C.C. 3893, Correo Central (1000), Argentina)
The happenings in Argentina. Music, live and zine reviews. Also, Cleanser, Logical Nonsense and a few more bits.
[distintos@overnet.com.ar]

OHM CLOCK MAGAZINE
#5, $5ppdUSA, S-56-T
(PO Box 230033, Tigard, OR 97281-0033)
Delve into some pretty spooky and frightening stuff with this fifth and final issue. Interviews with Apocalyptic Heathen, Blood Axis, Diabolos Rex, Shaun Partridge (no kidding!) and David Vincent. Audio, video and print reviews. And quite a bit more of that spooky dark side of the force as some would call it. [elixxir@spiritone.com]

ONE UP #2, *, S-2-R
(c/o Noah Gordon, 18 Blackberry Ln., Amherst, MA 01002)
Get your magnifying glass out cause' you'll need it to read all of the tiny paste-up printed thought that are scattered everywhere and every-which-way!

OPTION #81, $3.95US, S-114-F+
(1522-B Cloverfield Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404)
Super gloss style and sense with Elliott Smith on the cover. Also includes: Johnny Dowd, Nnenna Freelon, Firewater, Longstocking, Komeda and more. Features: Money Mark, Heiroglyphics, Miles Davis and Elliott Smith. Lots of glossy pictures! Music reviews, quick information, snipits and all of that.

OPULENCE #?, ?, S-40-T
(PO Box 2071, Wilmington, NC 28402-2071)
If you've wondered what "WEFEST" is, you can find out in great detail. Also: mail art appreciation, photos, a crossword puzzle, Opulence! catalog and more.
[kenyata@juno.com]
[http://www.smellygig.com/wefest/]

OX #31, $20/4ish, L-132-T
(PO Box 14-34-45, D-45264 Essen, Germany)
Packed with writing, poetry and reviews. CD comp with 37 tracks! Crammed to the gills with news, views and more. Discord Records, Jabberwocky, The Jam, Refused, Unwashed, Neurotic Assholes, The Peechees, Terrorgruppe and more. A real great deal!
[http://king.dom.de/ox]

PEOPLE'S SKA ANNUAL, THE
#5, *, S-66-MT
(PO Box 1418, New York, NY 10276)
Lots of good information to read for all the ska fanatics. Interviews with: Chris Dowd (Fishbone) and Prince Buster. Also: soul misc and ska, Ska Brewing, The Skatalites, Madness, lots of audio reviews and more. Pretty informative. [the_ska_annual@hotmail.com]

PLANET CHOCKO
#4, $1ppd, HS-32-R
(PO Box 1160, Maywood, NJ 07607)
Local photos, comics, the art world and more. Interviews with: Sifu Shi Yan-Ming (Shaolin Monk), Stacy E. Walker and Bobby Steele (Undead). Quick, but interesting. [planetchocko@hotmail.com]

PLEASE FALL MORNING
#1, $1ppd, HS-28-R
(c/o Seth, PO Box 49657, Atlanta, GA 30359)
Late night thoughts and ponderings on varied topics of an autobiographical nature. Hmm.

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for those who were crucified

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POPSMEAR #16, $3US, S-86-F+
(648 Broadway - 2nd flr., New York, NY 10012)
Glossy pop-format with smear-writing that competes with the best of 'em. This issue: altering Mayor Giuliani, Dr. Seuss, Charles Manson postage stamps, explosives history, UFOs and Satan, Russ Meyer, John Taylor and more. A well rounded issue. Not for kiddies.
[jpopsmear@aol.com]
[http://www.popsmear.com]

POPSMEAR #16, $3.00 S-84-F+
(50 W. 23rd St. 6th Floor, NY, NY 10010)
The N.Y. 'zine with everything.' Columns and bottom page quotes a-plenty. Reviews of books, discs and porn cumming together. Funny topics throughout; explosives, UFO's, Superman, Manson stamps, rejected Dr. Seuss books, etc. Good interviews with Russ Meyer, Colt .40 Feinberg and ex-Duran John Taylor. Educational and amusing interviews with Nashville Pussy's Corey Parks, Fig Dish and porn star Sana Fey. PopSmear is original enough to warrant the cover to cover treatment. -Pooch

PROFANE EXISTENCE
#35, $3ppd, S-64-MT
(PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)
Anarcho punk stuff. News, views, thoughts and actions. Mumia Abu-Jamal, Zapatistas, Unhinged, Insane Youth, Greenpeace, Sin Dios and more. Lots of scene reports from overseas. Music and zine reviews and more.

PUNCHING THE CLOWN
#2, $1+stamp, S-36-R
(367 Blue Heaven, Dullar, Quebec, Canada)
Columns. Interviews with: The Queers, 97a, Big Wig, Straight Faced and more. Music and zine reviews. A pretty descent roundup from Quebec. [punchingtheclown@hotmail.com]

REAL OVER DOSE
#17, $10ppd/3issues, HS-72-T
(64 Chatsworth Dr. - Rushmere Park, Ipswich - Suffolk 1P4 5XD, U.K.)
Lots to read all crammed in! Columns, local news and otherwise. Letters, classified ads. Interviews with: Bouncing Souls, Zeke, The Headchecks, The Donnas, H2O, New Bomb Turks, Teen Idols, AFI, Rancid and more. Music, zine and live reviews.

ROCK BRIGADE #144, ?, S-92-F++
(AV Paulista, 2073-Ed.Horsa I., Salas 821/822 - Sao Paulo, Brazil)
More super glossy rocking out - Blind Guardian, Rotting Christ, Saviour Machine, Heavenwood, The Misfits sneak in there and loads more of guitar-wielding gods of rock! Enjoy this Brazilian read oozing with guitars!

SAUCY #4, $3ppd, HL-96-R
(c/o Maggie McD., 320 York St., Cornwall, ONT, Canada K6J 3Z3)
A work of love by someone not jaded enough yet to know any better. There's lots of reading for the price. Comics, artwork and thoughts. An interview with Propagandhi. Also, Willie Nelson of Perth, Ontario and his trips to Chernobyl. There's a 28 page insert story booklet with photos and pretty creepy futuristic content. Actually, this issue's centered mostly around a nuclear topic. [vitaminm@cnwl.igs.net]

SCANNER #1, $2ppd, HS-40-T
(6 Chatsworth Dr., Rushmere Park, Ipswich Suffolk, UK IP4 5Xa)
Columns, live, film, audio and zine reviews. Interviews with: DOA, Dave Monk, Good Riddance, Nemo and Vanilla Pod. A seriously decent read from the UK.

(SIC) VICE & VERSE
(no $ listed) #1 S-60-R
(PO Box 27635, LA, CA 90027)
Premier litzine from the dangerous duo of S.A. Griffin and Rafael Alvarado, with LA locals well represented. Some stories, lotsa poems, book and music reviews are arranged so as to not bore. Continuity, versatility and personality make this new kid on the shelf something very special. -Pooch

SKATEPUNK
#1, $2+1stamp, HS-28-R
(3115 Foothill Blvd #M182, La Crescenta, CA 91214)
Interviews with: Sloppy Meat Eaters, Adam Bomb, No Such Luck, False Alarm, Steve Caballero, Phirocious Allstars, Veteran Flashbacx and Boy Kicks Girl. Music reviews, some pictures and a few bits more.

SKRATCH #29, ?, S-72-FT
(1242 Caracas Dr., Placentia, CA 92870)
Letters, live and music reviews. In this issue: Litmus Green, The Stiff Ones, Everready, Brandon Cruz, Man Will Surrender, Snap-Her and more. [scottskratch@earthlink.net]

SLIVER #4, $3, S-96-FT
(27 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930)
Well put together, clean and easy to read. News, music, web and zine reviews. Anthrax, Cradle Of Filth, Crisis, Cave In, Boy Sets Fire, Aaron Turner, Indecision, Shadows Fall, Unsane, Coalesce and lots more. A good read. [grail@silvermag.com] [http://www.silvermag.com]

SLUG & LETTUCE
#55, 55cent, T-16-T
(c/o Christine Boarts, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632)
Book, music and zine reviews. Classified ads. Indispensable DIY information and networking! Great resource. Get it!

SOAP & SPIKES FANZINE
#4, ?, S-32-T
(c/o Derek D., 431 Burlington Ave. #2, Burlington, Ontario L7S 1R3, Canada)
Pretty punk rock with a punk rock layout. Interviews with: Nicki Sicki, Jim O'Conner (Poseur shop), Final Conflict and The Sinisters. Audio reviews and more bits. [snspikes@netcom.com]

SOUND VIEWS #50, $2US, S-46-T
(96 Henry St. #5W, Brooklyn, NY 11201)
Columns, NYC happenings, 50th issue anniversary! In this issue: Sulfur, Rob "Bucket" Hingley, Rick Shapiro, thoughts and opinion and more. Music and live reviews. Pretty good.
[SoundViews@aol.com]

SPIDER STOMPIN' #2, $1, HS-20-R
(c/o Lily Boe1, 608 Cedar, Berkeley, CA 94703)
Some photos of asses. Hank Williams bio., "Plummer cuts" vs. "mohawks." Mostly amusement and fun. A light-hearted read.

STUBBLE #23, $2.50ppd, S-32-T
(PO Box 1420, Attleboro, MA 02703)
Interview with J.J. Burnel. Video, audio and live reviews. Comics and a bit more.
[stubble@aol.com]

SUBVERSION #6, $2ppd, S-48-T
(PO Box 320141, San Francisco, CA 94132)
Audio, zine and live reviews with photos. Letters and thoughts. Death penalty for kids, beer world reviews and ponderings and lots more from Mr. Rogers world!
[subversion@usa.net] [http://www.geocities.com/sunsetstrip/studio/4632]

TEMPLE OF STING #3, $2, S-32-S
(PO Box 357, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156)
Pretty lighthearted and somehow with a deep running feeling of doom. Plenty of anti-Sting sentiment. "Bee speak" glossary. Sting sightings and stories. Trephination, audio and zine reviews. Also: Acetone, Momus, Mac McCaughan and some more.
[beesting@popstar.com] [http://members.tripod.com/~janinebee]

TERRORPOP #6, 35kronor, L-54-MT
(Storgatan 1, S-582 23 Linkoping, Sweden)
Swedish zine much in the same style as Ox or Zap or something like that. I imagine that it would be rather interesting if I could read it. Inside: Citizen Fish, U.S. Bombs, Snap-Her, Sloppy Seconds, Torture Kitty, 17 Years, Usch, Falling To Pieces, The Skalatones and more!
[terrorpop@hotmail.com]

TOXIC FLYER
#26, $2ppdUS, S-48-T
(c/o Billy Whitfield, PO Box 39158, Baltimore, MD 21212)
In this issue: Man Will Surrender, Bouncing Souls, Yum Yum Tree, Stisism, The Pleasure Fuckers and more. Zine, music and live reviews. Lots of live photos of punk rock bands and more.

TRUST #70, 4DM, L-64-T
(Salzmannstr. 53, 86163 Augsburg, Germany)
Hellacopters, Flying Luttenbachers, The Ex, Dropkick Murphys, Bill Waterson and more. Lots of music reviews, updates, tour dates, news and views, plus all of the other great stuff you've come to expect in your German reading experience. [dolf@augusta.de] [http://planetsound.com/media/trust]

TURNING THE TIDE
#2v11, $4ppd, S-46-MT
(PO Box 1055, Culver City, CA 90232-1055)
Independence of Puerto Rico, political prisoners, Hawaiian sovereignty, U.S. secret police in the 90's, mandatory school uniform policies, native liberation and more. A really packed issue!
[mnovickttt@ige.apc.org]

U.S. ROCKER
Vol.9 #7 $2.00 T-28-T
(4758 Ridge Rd. #279, Cleveland, OH 44144)
The north coast's preeminent guide to industrial, metal, hardcore and everything guaranteed to piss off your parents. Under new ownership, but still heavy on all things rock and Cleveland. Melvins, Danielson Family and author Dave Hickey get interviewed and live disc reviews round out this abrasive puppy. -Pooch

USELESS EARLYRIPES
#4&5!, $5ppdUS, L-106-T
(c/o Mitch & Suzie, Boppstr. 3, 10967 Berlin, Germany)
A really packed zine worth the $5! They're basically into anything except "industrial noise" which means it's pretty much no holds barred. Endless reviews of all sorts, news, interviews and more. Mostly in German, but there's a growing part that's in English and they're trying to include more English for non-German readers. Totally worth getting or contributing too if you can dig their vibe. You get 2 issues almost for the price of one! Motards, New Bomb Turks, The Hives, Smugglers, Angry Samoans, Poison Ivy and much more.
[mitchuseless@t-online.de]

VERA KRANT
#14, DFL40/yr., HS-28-F+
(Oosterstraat 44, 9711 NV Groningen, Holland)
The great little zine from the Netherlands. Always with a nifty color cover and some creative inside pix. Fleshtones, NoMeansNo, The Hellacopters and more.

VERT ZINE #18.99, *, M-12-R
(373 Robinson Ave., Barberton, OH 44203)
This zine keeps getting smaller! You get a free sticker with this issue! This is pretty thin between the pages. Maybe their web page is beefier? [vertzine@aol.com] [http://members.aol.com/vertzine]

VIZINE #7v2, $1.00, HS-20M+
(4633 W. Paradise Dr, Glendale, AZ 85304)
A pretty heavy paper stock zine that's distributed for free in whatever's town it is that it's from. You'll find: Monster Magnet, 808 State, Heather Nova, Soul Asylum, Crucible Crunch and lots more. [vizine@vdr.com]

WAR CRIME #9, $2, S-64-T
(c/o Mike, PO Box 2741, Tucson, AZ 85702)
Letters, columns, human rights around the world updates, Sabotaging heavy machinery, anti-environmental organizations, antibiotics health hazards. Book, audio and zine reviews. An interview with Brother Inferior. Political prisoner updates and more.

WELL FAIR #2, $2, HS-32-R
(PO Box 95516, Seattle, WA 98145)
A split with Eloquence zine. The Well Fair side contains mostly tales of world travels. Germany, the Czech Republic, Sweden, Spain, Morocco. Take yourself for a little trip!

X-TRA #20, $8/12issue, S-28-MT
(2484 Hammer Ave., Norco, CA 91760)
Music and live reviews. Interviews with: Chixdiggit, Second Chance, Mobtown and Youth Brigade. It's from the record store with the same name. The address is listed, so drop in.
[xrecords@aol.com]

ZINE WORLD
#7, $3ppdUS, HS-64-T
(537 Jones St #2386, San Francisco, CA 94102)
Zine news from around the world, reader letters and, of course, lots of zine reviews. Doing a better and better expanding job in listing and keeping people into the zine world in touch with each other. For those into zines, this is a must for your grassroots efforts!

POETRY

EDITED BY POOCH

Freedom
by Natalie Pace

I ran away from your house, Grandma
But I wasn't running away from you.
Your house was an hour closer to the
interstate,
That's all.

The stroke put you in prison
Didn't it, Grandma.
Black shadows crossing every wall.
Kaleidoscope eyes looking down on you.
Pudgy arms poking your face with needles.
Laughing at you, weren't they Grandma.
But you made them pay.

I prayed for a ray of hope
But the only light was my cigarette.
I heard echoes, "you whore, you whore,"
And at the end of the tunnel, Mom and
Dad's closed door.

But neon lights sure are bright
Mamboing in Monte Carlo.
James Bond throwing out
thousand dollar chips.
Succulent laughter billowing
out of pursed lips.
And oh! that heavenly chorus singing
"Hallelujeh"
as you glide radiantly
toward immortal rapture.
And oh! that platinum chorus singing
"Natalie"
a rock-n-roll song
named just for me.

That old, ugly truck driver.
That old, mucky ditch.

I stuck out my thumb,
Stepped right up to the silver screen
Ready to embrace my happy ending.

You, old and blind,
Useless, you must have thought,
Shuffled down the dirt path, stopped.

Freedom called to his
Shy and polite bride.
Conscious of dirtying the carpet,
or unconscious--a sign?--
You removed your slippers.
Gently he carried you in.
Lovingly he held you under
Gurgling and flailing,
Moss veiling your face,
Crawdads snapping at your hair
Wisping in the murky meandering current.
The tiny bubbles no more.

Hollywood
by Crayton Divination Moody

I tried to tell me
But me wouldn't listen
I've failed to listen again
Call it intuition
An inner voice of precognition
You've all heard it before
But did you stop & listen?
That feeling you get,
When somethin' just ain't right
But we never listen
Stop & pause
No, we always ignore or fight
Something there, if you don't know
You should!
So next time stop & listen
Knock on wood...
Is it reality,
Or is it Hollywood?

Enlightenment Of Perspectives
by Nicholas Martella

Oppressed by ignorance, neglected of praise.
Achievements, worthy of eminent respect and admiration,
Shunned by devious beliefs, which snub reality,
Bring about hostile animosity
towards unprecedented concepts.
Eradicating Their presence, or simply overshadowing it.
Casting an omnipresent aura of resistance above them,
Though, never are they truly absent, only subdued.
Awaiting the appropriate time for their ascension,
From the ranks of submissive and intolerant oppression,
Into the idealistic, open minds,
Of those who wish to offer them sanctuary.

Her Cruel Breasts
by Paul Semel

there was something cruel about it
her asking me how her breasts
looked beneath her shirt
there was something cruel
her asking what I thought
how much I liked
her breasts
like she just didn't think
it might bother me

it wouldn't have been so bad
if I'd never asked her out
if she had never said
she wanted someone
anyone but me
touching her breasts
and even though
I didn't want her any more
didn't want to be the guy
that gets to touch her breasts
it still hurt to look

but she didn't think of this
didn't think it might hurt to look
might remind me
of things I can't have
and it was sort of cruel
her asking about her breasts
like it never occurred to her
it might just hurt

August
by Sabrina Fontaine Kelata

You never bought me flowers,
only bottles of Scotch.

I am your lost intent.
Your reason not to care.
I am your need,
neglected.

You are a desert
in my bedroom,
dry and hot.
We are like this city
constructed on sterile ground.
We form no roots.

I am a pit-stop on the highway,
where you never stay for long

Alberta Hunter
by Lyn Lifshin

long gold hoops flashing
eyes flashing hands
on her hips nothing
on her isn't moving
"gonna lay it on
you" born in
Memphis got a
nickel for bread
went to Chicago
"never knew my kisses
meant so much never
dreamed life had so..."
85 laying it on
you dancing
belting it
hair pulled
straight back not
to miss anything

Pooch here, thanking all who participated in the first ever Flipside poetry night at Beyond Baroque. Gwynne's Kahn and Garfinkle, Raf Alvarado, S.A.Griffin, Iris Berry, St. Theresa Stone, Scott Halstad, T. Thrasher, and Keith Morris's jazzy spoken word combo created a memorable and enjoyable evening for all in attendence. Had a blast. Who knows, maybe we'll do it again sometime? Anyway, got some cool stuff here, so read on.

Masterpiece
by Niki D´ Andrea

"Okay," he said. "Now paint the Masterpiece.
Don't piss on the canvas and call it art.
There are *rules* about this sort of thing."

"You have *this* much space and *this* many colors,
and everything must be in absolute order,
so grab a vision out of some textbook and get going."

"We want perfect abstraction,
we want perfect sense,
nothing too bright,
and nothing too dense.
Don't sweat on the oils
and don't bleed on the brush--
You have exactly one hour,
but try not to rush."

"Make it sour but sweet,
Surreal but concrete.
Make it all red--
no, make it all blue!
Make it all gold
and all purple too!
See how easy it is for us
to make an *artist* out of you?"

"Okay," he said. "Now paint the Masterpiece."

Untitled
by Greg Rodgers

She had it all
And didn't know
Experimentation caught her eye
And then she flew
Away from reality
Dreamland lofty satisfying
The danger awoke
So she came back
Comfort again
Nuclear protection
Now back for good
It didn't last long
She dove
Into guilt and betrayal
Succulent narcotic moisture
Her returning friend
In and out like this she went
Alternatives ingested
Stabbed
Guzzled
Breathless
Taking care not to care
Craving prescribed destiny
And she lost the fight

Insomnia part 2
by Kent Gowran

A curl of smoke
rises from the
end of my
cigarette and I
look at the
clock 1:44 am
I have to be to work
in less than
6 hours I
can't sleep I hardly
ever sleep more
than an hour or so
she rolls over
arm searching
then sits up and
wants to know
what's wrong why
aren't I in bed
next to her and
I tell her
nothing is wrong
I just don't sleep
much she sighs her
eyes close
she sleeps while
I smoke
stare out the
window and notice
how
for once
the crickets
are louder than the
car alarms.

Crossbay & Pitkin - 12:30 am
by Will Tarrant

she was selling CD's for five bucks each
and I had to wait for a friend to pick me up
so naturally we wound up talking

she told me about being off heroin
and
how hard it is for her

I told her about being a drunk
and
how easy it is for me

granted it wasn't the best thing
we could talk about
but at that time of the night
we weren't looking for role models
we were just looking for conversation

pigs blood soup
by Soriya Kim

i watched my father
fail at life

he would confess it all
through his dreams

his proudest moments
were sitting around the table
with old friends
drowned in hennessey
and malt liquor

war stories
through rotten teeth

when we fought
he would tell me
he wasn't afraid

he had killed men

a stick upside the head
a sharp edge through the pillow

it would be over for me

i remember him grabbing
a kitchen knife
waving it in my face

i remember the words
"i'll cut your throat"

the blood in his eyes
shot

the war ain't over

bachelor (not by choice)
by Seth Ferranti

the no-lady dude
the loser
the secluded male
the shy-one
the no-brainer
the dork
the i-can't-get-a-date-man;
the geek, the square,
the nerd.
he possesses;
no charm, no finesse,
no-wits-about-the-ladies
the forever bachelor
the pay-the-hooker dude
the unloved one
the sad man
the no-attention dude
the mama's abandoned guy
not the boy-next-door kinda-fellow
the skinny, the fat, and the odd
the good, the bad, and the ugly
the loser
the i-can't-get-a-date-man;
the no-lady dude.

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BOOKS VIDEOS

BELADONNA: A NOVEL OF REVENGE by Karen Moline

Beladonna is an eighteen year old American girl in pre-war Paris who has notions of becoming a society girl. In recent times, this lifestyle has been contemporized as the all-purpose debutante. Monikers aside, here's what it is: Someone whose sum of talents add up to the grand total of *zero absolutely*, and looks to coat-tail a ride upon the backs of others into eternity, all the while plucking French cigarettes from goldbox cases, batting painted eyelashes and mastering the art of the pose. Which brings us right back to Beladonna. While attending a High Society Masquarade Ball with the goal of looking to connect with wealthy aristocratic men, her plan backfires and she gets used, abused, and tossed aside like a bony heap of yesterday's le rubbish. Some 15 years pass and we find Beladonna at a swank New York night-club drinking tea and running from beatniks while poised for the revenge she's been planning all those years. In between, there's lots of preening and primping, maid-ens blushing scarlet and chapters with names like, ha ha, get this: "The Cascade of The Contessa," in yet another attempt by Karen Moline to shove the sado-mach/romance theme thru mainstream's sensibility (ahem) hole, after her previous effort, "Lunch."

"Beladonna" makes you feel as if some-one ripped of your first edition copy of *The Story of 0*, removed the intrigue, van-quished the tension and lobotomized the story line, *then* injected it with a bunch of Danielle Steele outtake characters with a set of Oprah's old crusted dope syringes and then asked a dozen unemployed and obese humans to sit on it after they'd been out in the rain for a while. Then, they'd re-packaged it, bought advertising, printed up millions of copies and wanted you to buy it back for twenty-five bucks. -Thomas Christian (Warner Books, $25.00, 499 p.)

BOOK OF LETTERS #9

Once again, Rev. Rich Mackin imbibes the fertile waters of humor and poetic activism, swishes it around, and gleeks it between his teeth in the off chance that corporate headquarters of Any CorporationTM in America is bending over, exposing a chink in its PR armor, facilitating some sort of rust, ass rash, or response. You see, Rich writes letters that are sharp, well-placed, and funny as they are poignant to compa-nies - and he's getting sharper. Responses run the gamut of no reply to in-depth apolo-gies, to answering their own self-posed questions, responding not to Rich, but to some third party called "consumer." This is his ninth book. I suggest you buy them all. It's like getting stabbed while you laugh; Rich has the pulse and a little trace of blood that is the tragicomedy of lifting the mask of how most corporations present themselves versus how they respond when posed with statements that aren't necessar-ily praise. Gems unearthed this time out: what's so good about Olestra (Olean) if it causes anal leakage, how Shell feels about owning Nigeria, (And in an letter so well researched, Rich includes a picture and history of The Red Baron, German WWI fighter pilot, in response to a TV ad) asks Red Baron pizza if they think it's a good idea to produce "a lot of disillusioned nerds out there when... no protective Nazis mate-rialize to protect them," and asks the Angel Soft Toilet Paper people if they realize "that connecting divine beings with fecal matter seems in line with satantic rituals in which the divine is mocked, often with human feces to desecrate people and objects?" A true find - not directly assaultive so compa-nies respond on occasion and he's not on FBI files, but truly imaginative, thoughtful and engaging. If this doesn't make you pee from laughing so hard, I suggest more flu-ids in your dieat. Either that or you are truly humorless. -Todd (PO Box 890, Allston, MA 02134: Books are $2 ea. plus $1/order p&h)

CONSPIRACY, THE by Mark Bruback

There is also another one that I've mis-placed but you can get them both at a very low cost by writing Mark at the address on the end of this review. First of all, Mark is an incredibly aware individual and lives what he talks about. I also interviewed him and we talked about how frustrating it was for him to grow up in a military family. The other kids in his environment gave him a hard time so this made things worse. Mark's poetry is very direct and to the point about all controversial issues that he, at times, give you in the first person. It's easy to recognize the characters in this messed up corporate world and how deceived they are. For example, here's a short untitled one from Mark: (John Hinkley Jr./ America's taxi driver/ doped up on Valium / part of the "MKULTRA" project/ shot Cowboy Ronnie/ in an attempt/ to save his beloved Iris/ from a life of prostitution and drugs/ Reagan the pimp survived/ but, here is a good man/ who stood up to/ the filth, the shit, the cunts, the dogs/ here is.../ a hero? -De De Troit (Mark Brubeck, 2508 5th. St. 158, Seattle, WA 98121-1516)

EASY RIDERS, RAGING BULLS by Peter Biskind

Tracing a colorful line that begins with the maxi-wigout hippie film "Easy Rider," film journalist Peter Biskind cuts a paisley path through the stodgy, bleak-and-white Hollywood of the mid-1960's to show a new generation of movie stars emerging in the wake of the watershed release of the film "Easy Rider."

Aptly subtitled *How the Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'Roll Generation Saved Hollywood*, the book follows the rise to ascension of the then young-and-unknown Martin Scorcese and George Lucas, Warren Beatty, Stephen Spielberg and Francis Ford Coppola, among others. Mad tales of a rambling and rousing Dennis Hopper reach near legendary proportions, and director Hal Ashby is glorified in mourning. Truth be told, the five hundred plus pages are filled with fiascos and gos-sip and all the back biting, nail clawing, sex, drugs and money grabbing of the post-boom generation, from "Taxi Driver" through "The Godfather," that saved(?) Hollywood, and defined American film through the Seventies and eighties. -Thomas Christian (Simon & Schuster, 506 pp, $25.00)

GOLDMINE PRICE GUIDE TO ROCK 'N' ROLL MEMORABILIA

The folks of music collecting for ANY-THING you happen to be looking for over at Goldmine have put together a Large Marge size of a reference book on this addiction. Like the book boasts, it DOES have listings for more than 800 artists with price (guides for autographs, touring memorabilia, record awards, guitar picks, and tons of other promo merchandise that all us fanfucks are sure to be lusting after or already have cov-eted. What's really slick about the book is that it has photographs of some of the actu-al stuff, like the autographs, and tells ya how to look out fer the counterfeit shit. Lotsa photos of the like. Really clues you in on what you are searchin' for. Like I've said in the past, Goldmine is the authority when it comes to music hunting, so if you can't get yer paws on this book, be sure to check out a copy of Goldmine at your newsstand or inquire to the same adress below about hooking up a subscription for your rabid-ass fan-boy self. You'll thank yourself later. -Designated Dale (Krause Publications, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI. 54990-0001) ISBN # 0-87341-490-x $24.95 USA/$34.95 Can.)

MIGHT IS RIGHT by "Ragnar Redbeard"

Much speculation has been made regard-ing the author of this book. Anton LaVey says in his forward to the book, that he per-sonally observed evidence that the book was either written by Jack London, or that at least London copied the book, word for word, in his own handwriting. I guess it's a "chicken or the egg" type question.

Assuming that Jack London did write the book, I find the book's current champions, (George Eric Hawthorne, Anton LaVey, Katja Lane, Michael Moynihan, etc.,) to be unlikely supporters of London himself.

Jack London, in his lifetime, wore many hats. One of the most prominent public ones, was that of a socialist, and I don't mean National Socialist, either. London expressed sadness that many people mis-construed his novel, "The Sea Wolf," as a tribute to ideas of Nietzschean superhu-manism. He wrote, "... I attacked Nietzsche and his super-man idea... no one discov-ered that it was an attack upon the super-man philosophy."

Like Nietzsche, Jack London battled with his body, through sickness and fatigue, to make it follow the panoramic scope of his mind. I've often wondered if the person-al frustrations these two men suffered, by having grand minds and failing bodies, led them to write poetic works glorifying the strength of the body.

If indeed Jack London wrote this book, or even if London only re-copied the manu-script out of some respect or affection for it, then it must be taken in context to the full body of London's life and work.

I feel it is somewhat vulgar to suggest that because London was a great writer, then, therefore, "Might Is Right" is a work to be taken as a personal manifesto and a visionary document of "self-preservation." It is, most assuredly, a powerful piece of work; it is not, however, a book I believe Jack London would have wished anyone to base a worldview on.

Jack London expressed the belief that the Anglo-Saxon race was superior to all other races; he expressed a fierce fond-ness for the idea of individualism; and yet, at the same time, he publicly declared him-self a socialist, and a lover of humanity who cherished ideas of "equality and justice for all." I do not believe that Jack London was insincere. I believe that Jack London was a man capable of embracing contradictions, and I believe that his writing reflects this.

To presume, as Anton LaVey did, that "Might Is Right," somehow made Jack London a good Satanist, or to presume, as George Eric Hawthorne does, that this book is a blueprint for the survival of the white race, the "blonde-beasts that Jack London spoke of, " is pushing things a bit. It is to assume that London's writings were lit-eral and autobiographical, and, if London was the artist and writer I think he was, he's rolling in his grave.

It's a book, people. It's a powerful book, a thrilling book, a bombastic book, and sometimes it's an annoying book, but it's a book. Can no one in the satanic/Neo-Nazi/ Asatru camps see, that if indeed Jack London wrote this book, he had the good sense to live his life in a balanced, level-headed manner?

Jack London himself was no smug mis-anthrope, hating the people of the world, he was no queer-killer, no woman-basher, no lover of Odin. He was a man. He was a writer. He embraced dichotomy after dichotomy, and made them his own. If indeed he penned this tome, he likely named the author "Ragnar Redbeard" as a good-natured jest, as a chuckle, as a cue to the reader, to take this all with a bit of hot-toddy, enjoy the romp, give it some thought, and then raise the glass to "going over the top, and to blood that runs hot."

I enjoyed the read, again; (the first time I read "Might Is Right" was about 7 years ago, when you could only get it from places like Loompanics,) and I found the forwards by LaVey and Hawthorne somewhat unnerving, as they don't seem to be getting the joke, the art, the beauty of it; or, if they are, they're not letting on. To LaVey's cred-it, he was a man with a great sense of humor, and it's nice to see him publicly tip his hat to London and to Redbeard, since most of the rhythm and the tone of the Satanic Bible are inspired from "Might Is Right."

I encourage people to read the book. It's inspiring, disturbing, enlightening, provok-

ing, and if nothing else, something to read on the bus when you're out of other things to read. Be careful though, many people, when they believe they're thinking, are merely re-arranging their prejudices.

Let this book be a catalyst to opening yourself up to thoughts that perhaps you never let yourself think before, and then ask yourself, "Why does this make me uncomfortable? Why does this inspire me? Why did I just throw this book at the wall? Why did I pick it up again? Why am I suddenly talking to myself?"

To close, I'll let Jack London wrap it all up with a fine quote, which goes something like this; "It is so much easier to live placidly and complacently. Of course, to live placidly and complacently is to not live at all..." -Kirin (M.H.P. & Co., Ltd., PO Box 226, Bensinville, IL 60106)

P.A.Y.B.E.V. (Protests Are Your Best Entertainment Value) #1
Heard of Rich Mackin? He's one of our newest monkey boys at Flipside and the proprietor of the most hilarious and always entertaining little collection of inquiry letters to mainstream businesses concerning his qualms with such things as companies' ill concern with false advertising, his own insane, yet excellent, marketing ideas and his concern for the new Olean (TM) posing a warning of possible anal leakage. Damn funny stuff. It now seems that he's started yet another themed pamphlet aimed towards educating the goof-ball, wanna-fight-for-somethin'-but-can't-think-up-anythin'-good crowd. And it does just that. This here booklet's title is "Nike Operates Sweat Shops Worldwide and All I Got Was This Lousy T Shirt" and focuses on accusations that Nike has been mistreating their factory workers overseas, Nike's head honcho, Phil Knight's, big business bullshit schemes and excuses, independent investigation cover-ups, plenty of quirky photos of a Rich Mackin invaded protest of a Niketown (TM) opening up in his home town, the connection between the Hale Bop comet cult and Nike shoes and the police report of the solely arrested Vermin Love Supreme. All topics in which most of us have heard something about I'm sure, but don't know enough to base an opinion on. It's informative, truthful and funnier than this joke: Q: "How many lesbians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?" A: "Two. One to screw it in and one to bitch about it." -Holly ($2.00 - $1.00 postage for orders under $10 - to: Rich Mackin, PO Box 890, Allston, MA 02134)

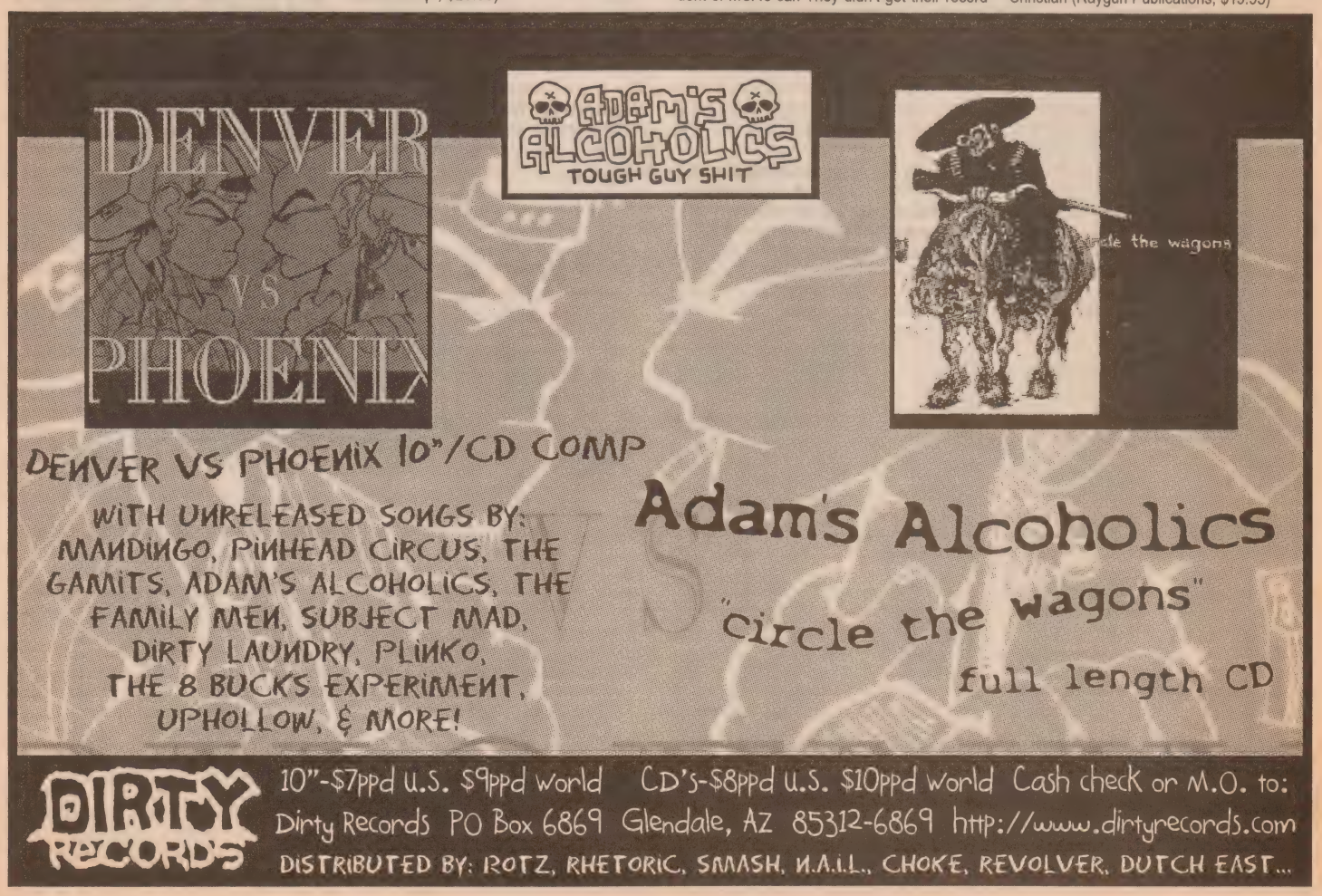
STUDENT BODY by Jane Harvard
A female reporter working for her college newspaper uncovers an unseemly ring of prostitutes, strippers, johns and other illegal happenings near her college campus. After some journalistic digging, she is horrified to learn the ring of illicit activity is organized and managed by none other than her fellow classmates looking to make some extra money on the side.

The work of fiction is a collaberation between four former students from Harvard's class of 1986, hence the nom-de-plume of Jane Harvard. The book's front cover boasts a half-naked coed draped only in a slinky school flag while the story is punctuated by secret scribbled diaries and characters whose names sound as if they've been plucked from 80's porn flicks (Desiree, etc.). Besides the obvious hype and titillation, this one shows some promise in its ascending intrigue, which slowly builds and climbs to a point of anticipation where some brilliant, flowering Anais Nin-type prose would just blow you away, but instead, you get academized into a slow, painful tooth extractions with the jargon of "applicability" and "miscreants" fer krissakes, popping up like big red stop signs over desire's highway. John Cale once sang, "You know, I think sometimes it hurts you when you spend too long in school." This is one of those times. -Thomas Christian (Villard/Random House 354 p., $23.00)

SUBLIME: STORIES, TALES, LIES & EXAGGERATIONS (A movie screening) at the Carpenter Performing Arts Center at Cal State University, Long Beach on Tuesday, July 14, 1998 by Holly Jo
Picture yourself back in the old high school audi torium, but this time, instead of there being the obvious presence of the odd, the ugly and the o utcast, the crowd is filtered through and the coo l-from-concentrate is flooding over the theater seats. Hipster HQ. Sublime look-a-likes. Tan girls in tank tops, bleach-haired beach boys and overwhelming applause when the word "weed," or any reference thereof, is mentioned. I chose to see this screening despite my skepticism of the kinds of people that would be in attendance. I enjoy Sublime's music. It's relaxing, it puts me in a nice mood. They're versatile in their sounds - many of their songs taste a little different, they're laid back and they're the modern, popularized (in an MTV type way, of course) predecessors of historical reggae, ska, pop, surf and punk. Good? Bad? Hell, it was a free movie. Interviews with the likes of Mike Watt, Pennywise, The Ziggens, Lordz of Brooklyn, the band member's families, Brad Nowell's wife and son, Sublime sound engineers, No Doubt, blah blah blah. Sublime were obviously very influenced and influential to many of the southern California bands. The documentary was damn long, but you got the whole story of the band - how they did what they did. That's what I was curious about. If there was any re-occurring theme to this film, it was definitely their very cultured drug intake. Half of them even were loopy for their interviews. If you think that's real cool, fine, but it did eventually kill the lead singer, Brad, and it also made them all mighty chubby little cookies. A story told that was highly admirable by myself was that of a potential record deal signing visit to MCA Records where they weren't getting the attention they believed they deserved and proceeded to slap a Sublime sticker on the president of MCA's car. They didn't get their record deal because of that but they each did gain an extra ball in my book of coolness. A lot of concert footage is shown, a lot of dog stories are shared and many of the sequences are taped as retrospective music videos. The show's worth seeing if you're at all interested in Sublime, of course, but if you've got a serious personal issue with hanging out amongst modern day beach hippies and industry women with vogue get-up and cell phones in action *during the movie* for 2 1/2 hours, the general Sublime fan base isn't for you. * * * (That means three stars.)

TAANG! TV: VOLUME ONE
What a great idea and a so-so execution. Example: SSD! Holy shit! I didn't know there was any footage. The down side - it looks like violent black and white amoebas fucking. Negative FX start a song. Then it ends before it begins due to a fight that isn't filmed. Hmm. The Mighty Mighty Bosstones lip synch through "Devil's Night Out" in what I swore was using Ratt video stage props. Stiff Little Fingers have a pro video that has people getting more and more clean. The highlight is Poison Idea, fat, ugly, and mean when the lyrics don't go in synch with their mouths. Bullet Lavolta sucks worse than a Foreigner cover band and Spaceman 3 kinda faded into static. -Todd (Taang!, 706 Pismo Court, SD, CA 92109: $12 + $3, or PAL for $20 post paid.)

TWO TIMES INTRO: ON THE ROAD WITH PATTI SMITH by Michael Stipe Black & white photolog collaborative between REM mainman Michael Stipe and Patti Smith. He paints Polaroids. She poses in visional icons; a postmod dance of Mapplethorpes and retrovisiture to Robert Frank's "Americans" too. Words & visions therein of all what's great about these shores make you down right patriotic when you realize it: Tom Verlaine, Allen Ginsburg, Lenny Kaye, Sonic Youth's Thurston brings down the house - a fitting tribute to a legend. -Thomas Christian (Raygun Publications, $19.95)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17 year old male interested in politics, government corruption, activism and music, wishes to correspond with interesting people. Especially those who reside in Central America as I plan on traveling there next summer. Write Sod M. Disdain, 9706 82st, Fort Saskatchewan, AB., T8L-3V2, Canada.

bAnal Probe Fanzine is accepting submissions for the *Menstruation Issue*. Please send your true stories about "that time of the month" - men/women are all welcome. Deadline: October 1st. PO Box 4333, Austin, TX 78765 or oysterpubs@mindspring.com

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Need demos/live/rough mixes of Japanese "Doom" (Not U.K.), Volume Dealers, Garlic Boys, Gauze, G.I.S.M., Zeni Geva, Registrators, Teengenerate, American Soul Spiders, Urban Terror, Melt Banana. Send lists: Terrance, 3115 Overcross Drive, Houston, TX 77045-3648 USA.

Video zine! 2 hours live of Candy Snatchers, Nashville Pussy, Zeke, REO Speedealer. Bands, send videos for #2. $13 ppd to Mike Meroney, 314 Parkhall South, Laurel, MD 20724. Video list comes with order or send $1.

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Serious punk collector is in need of the following items: "Sounds of Hollywood" compilation on Mystic Records, circa '84, by Destroy LA (aka Alternative Beat) zine. Any Electric Frankenstein vinyls. Any GG Allin materials that I don't already have. Early Husker Du vinyls like "In A Free Land" single on New Alliance, etc. Any Bad Religion goodies. ALL's Australian CD single on Interscope Records, "Million Bucks" b/w "Away She Went." Anything else you may have such as pix, interviews, bootlegs, posters, whatever of the above mentioned artists as well as Dag Nasty, Descendents, Afghan Wigs, Chrome Cranks, Murder Junkies, Bob Mould, Nashville Pussy, Shades Apart. Send lists of stuff you want to get rid of to Randall Helmstutler, 11 Harvest Lane, Bassett, VA 24055.

Screw 32 are gone, but their merchandise lingers on. CDs, LPs, t-shirts, patches and stickers. Send SASE for a list of what's left. Cheetah's Records, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704.

Skin doing zine from prison, "Yardbird." Punk, skin scene, drugs, crime, legalization, sex, $tatistics, politics, open forum. Portuguese/French/Canadian raised in Guyana & USA. Lived in Europe. Kick box, do tats, guitar. Need articles, photos, connects. Ken Delph 97A2226, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821.

Need live/demos of Tad, Killing Joke, Siouxsie, The Cure, At The Gates, Man Or Astro-Man, Trenchmouth, Th' Inbred, 76% Uncertain, Godflesh, Coroner, Kepone, Die Kreuzen, White Zombie, Kyuss, Obliveon, NoMeansNo, Sabbat (U.K.), Treponem Pal, Star Pimp, Young Gods. No Nazi losers! Send lists: Terrance, 3115 Overcross Drive, Houston, TX 77045-3648 USA.

Taking bids: I have an M-copy of Flipside Tunes Vinyl Fanzine #3 from 1987 (I think). This is in great shape and is still sealed! Features bands such as the Adolescents, Circle Jerks, MIA, White Flag, Mad Parade, 7 Seconds, Doggy Style and others. Bidding starts at $20 - do not include shipping in your bids. Mail bids to Randall Helmstutler, 11 Harvest Lane, Bassett, VA 24055. Auction closes sometime in November or until I get tired of waiting for mail.

Rapid Fire Magazine #17 contains: Anti-Flag, Unseen, Suicide Machines, Kawasaki KLR-250, CD/zine/motorcycle and 92 live band reviews. $2.00 ppd. Full page ads=$75, 1/2 page=$50. Offset printing services available. Rapid Fire, RD#1 Box 3370, Starksboro, VT 05487-9701. (802)453-4078 anytime! All checks to Paul Allison.

Video wanted! Good quality. Buy or trade. The Damned (1997-98), Fuzztones, The Cramps, The Cynics, The Nomads, The Pandoras, Zeros (wimp!), Dickies, The Plimsouls, Redd Kross, The King Normals, The Fleshtones, El Vez, Flamin' Groovies, Chip and Tony Bands (X-Dils), Southern Culture on the Skids, The Bomboras, Honk! If You're Horney (LA band), Pearl Harbor and Wall of Voodoo. Write with info and price. Cyril Ruth, 3520 N. Woodlawn Ave., Metairie, LA 70006 USA.

Forbidden, taboo, banned, non-politically correct CDs, videos, tapes, records, t-shirts and collectibles that are blacklisted by the music business, and very likely your local record stores. Lightning Rod, Skrewdriver, Mistreat, English Rose, Ovaltines, Bulldog Breed, Pig Killer, Carl Klang, No Remorse, Johnny Rebel, Standarte, Brutal Attack, George Lincoln Rockwell and many, many more! Send $2 for catalog (refundable on first order) to: MSR Productions, Dept. FS, PO Box 1291, Wheat Ridge, CO 80034-1291 USA. Or go to http://www.pipeline.com/~david/index.htm

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Real Overdose Magazine is going from strength to strength, currently the UK's most popular A5 zine. New issue includes Rancid, AFI, Donnas, Zeke, New Bomb Turks, Bouncing Souls and a glut of Brit talent. Next issue out August - Always $3. Any contributions gratefully received, cheap ad rates too! We're just looking to make contacts all over and have fun while we're at it. Also, please send any "Married With Children" stuff you find - pay or trade. Shirts, pix, posters, whatever. Also, send wax wants lists for trades. Just get in touch and maybe check out our band Lovejunk - New LP in October. We ain't fooling around. This cost us six bucks! 64 Chatsworth Drive, Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP4 5XD, England.

Help me! Starting a new zine and need help. About punk rock, thoughts on subjects, government, religion, racism, myself and anything else. No fascist, racist, bigot material. If you have anything, please contribute. Ads, zines, records, articles, stories, advice - send it. Don't know when I'll be finished, but I'm trying. Mike Meade, 4250 Sandy Bluff Rd., Plano, IL 60545.

Attention bands... Addiction Records is currently accepting material for distribution world wide through our mailorder catalog, print ads and soon to be the coolest underground, independent distributor on the web. We are looking for bands that already have a ready product: CD, 7", video, etc. All genre of music considered, but we like to specialize in fast, noize, punk and heavy industrial. However, if your shit's good, let us hear it. Please send sample product with contact info to Addiction Records c/o Ryan Scott, PO Box 2325, Matthews, NC 28106 USA.

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Fat Lip magazine needs your band's demos and photos for next issue. Girls, send your sexy pictures. We print anything. For a copy, send one dollar for postage to Fat Lip Records, PO Box 716, Orangevale, CA 95662-0716.

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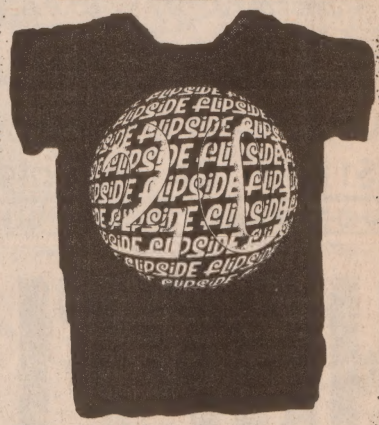

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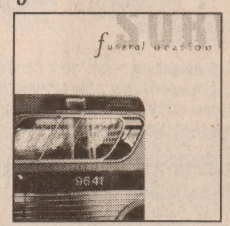

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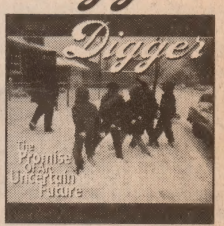

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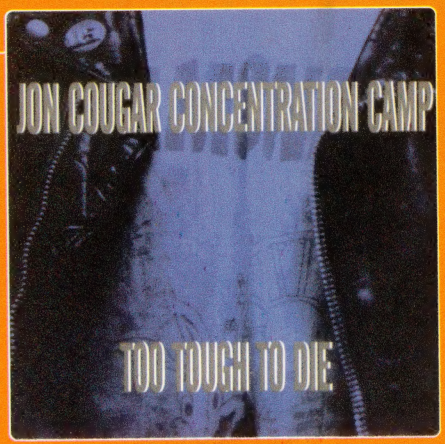

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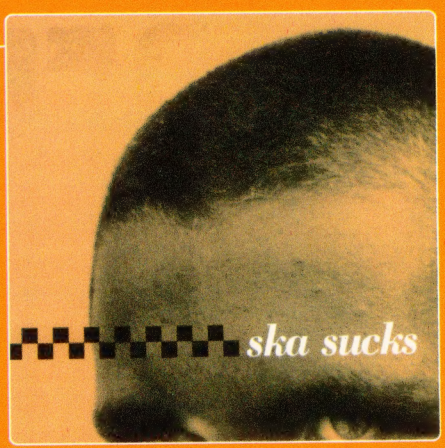

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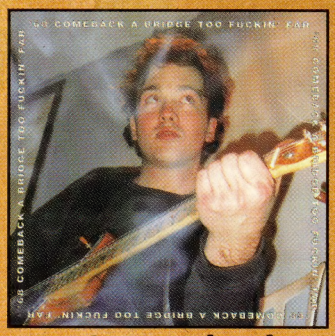

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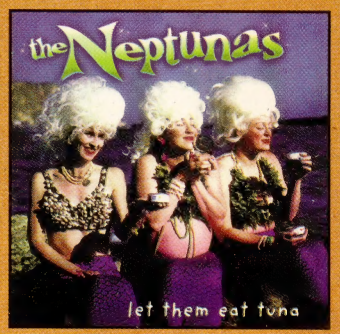

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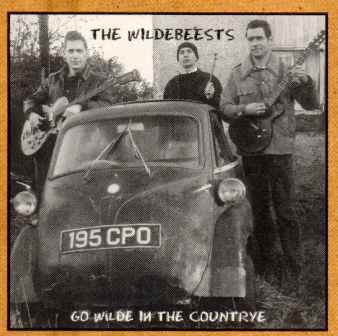

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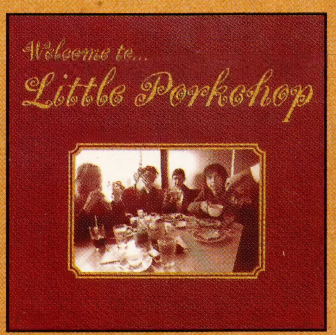

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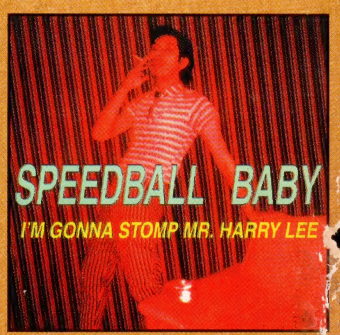

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